August
1928

The BOOKMAN

A Revue of Life and Letters

Wood-Pulp Literature
By *Henry Morton Robinson*

Things, *A Story*
By *D. H. Lawrence*

Poetry in Bernard Shaw
By *John V. A. Weaver*

Jim Tully's Fairy Tales
By *Eugene Whitmore*

Also
Katharine Anthony, C. E. Ayres, Ernest Boyd, John Cournos, Wilson Follett, Nancy Hoyt, Will James, Alfred Kreymborg, Harry Salpeter

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The BOOKMAN

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In the Bookman Office

Contributors to this Issue

Shortly after his name had become known through critical articles in several magazines, C. Harley Grattan left New York for an extended trip around the world. The longest halt in his journey was in Australia, where he made a study of local life and culture which has resulted in several articles eventually to be incorporated in a book. Mr. Grattan's first article appeared in *The American Mercury* in 1924. It dealt with James Russell Lowell as a critic, and is now assured immortality by being referred to in a footnote in Parrington's "Main Currents in American Thought". Most of Mr. Grattan's articles deal with some aspect of American literature or international politics.

* * *

"Things" is one of the few stories in which D. H. Lawrence has set down some of his impressions of American citizens, gathered through a varied acquaintance with them, both in Europe and in this country. A book of short stories by Mr. Lawrence has just been issued, "The Woman Who Rode Away". His next book, for which no date is given, will be called "Lady Chatterley's Lover".

* * *

It may be well to point out to readers that though he entitles his poems in this issue "sonnets", Alfred Kreymborg does not restrict himself to the exact classical forms that are usually understood by the term. Mr. Kreymborg has followed the completion of his labors in connection with the forthcoming "American Caravan" with a visit to Yaddo, near Saratoga, New York, where a flourishing literary colony has arisen in recent years.

* * *

We are pleased to re-introduce Wilson Follett to readers of The Bookman after a lapse of several years, with a personal tribute to Joseph Conrad. Mr. Follett gave courses in writing in four colleges and universities in the years from 1911 to 1918. He has contributed articles, reviews and stories to sundry magazines, and is the author of "Joseph Conrad, A Short Study" and "The Modern Novel". Since 1918 he has been active in the publishing of books rather than in the writing or criticizing of them. We hope before long to have articles from Mr. Follett on Ambrose Bierce and Stephen Crane.

* * *

Henry Morton Robinson's name has become familiar to readers of literary magazines through his critical articles, stories and poems. Mr. Robinson taught for a while in the English Department of Columbia University after his graduation, and now acts as poetry advisor to several publishing houses.

* * *

Besides stories for several magazines, Nancy Hoyt has written two novels, "Roundabout" and "Unkind Star". Until her recent departure for Europe she was one of the book critics for *The New Yorker*. Much of her life has been spent in Washington, the scene of her story in this issue. Miss Hoyt's sister is Elinor Wylie.

* * *

The advance reports on John V. A. Weaver's new novel, "Her Knight Comes Riding", just being published, indicate that it is the best thing he has yet done. Mr. Weaver is best known for his poetry in the American dialect, published in several volumes. He was formerly literary critic of *The Brooklyn Eagle*. In recent years, some work for the movies included collaboration in the scenario of that fine picture, "The Crowd". In connection with his paper on Bernard Shaw in this issue, readers will recall that Peggy Wood, to whom Mr. Weaver is married, did distinguished work in the title rôle of Mr. Shaw's "Candida" a season or two ago.

* * *

Harry Salpeter is a New York newspaperman, best known for his association with the literary staff of *The World*, where he has made a reputation as a reviewer of books

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IN THE NEXT NUMBER OF

The BOOKMAN

CREDOS

In the next few numbers of THE BOOKMAN, America's leading authors will be represented by statements of their personal and professional beliefs, the fundamental ideas from which spring their work and careers.

Among the authors in September:

GERTRUDE ATHERTON	THEODORE DREISER	RUTH SUCKOW
JAMES BRANCH CABELL	FANNIE HURST	THORNTON WILDER
JOHN DOS PASSOS	DONALD O. STEWART	W. E. WOODWARD

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and a writer of interviews with authors. He writes us, "You may say that I have also done a little writing on the side and that months and months of reading and hours and hours of interviewing has dulled neither my zest for books, nor my respect for some of the people who write them".

* * *

The letters of WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS in this issue are the third of a series of selections from his correspondence which began in the May BOOKMAN. The selecting of the letters and the explanatory notes were done by Herbert Gorman. Next season the complete Howells correspondence, edited by his daughter, Miss Mildred Howells, will be published in two volumes, under the title "Life in Letters of William Dean Howells", by the Doubleday, Doran Company.

* * *

KATHARINE ANTHONY is the author of two biographies, of Margaret Fuller and of Katherine the Great. She had previously written three books growing out of her activities as a social worker, "Mothers Who Must Earn", "Feminism in Germany and Scandinavia" and "Labor Laws of New York". Miss Anthony is at present in Connecticut working on another biography, the subject of which is not yet announced.

* * *

A book of biographical studies by JOHN COURNOS will appear in the fall.

* * *

The initials "O. K." are those of a young Englishwoman who is now living in this country.

* * *

WILLIAM G. LYTLE, JR., winner of the prize for this month, began news-story work as a cub on the Tri-State News Bureau, former city news association in Pittsburgh, in 1918, during summer vacations from the University of Pittsburgh. He went to work for the old Pittsburgh *Chronicle Telegraph* in 1920, doing general assignment and getting some desk experience.

In 1923 he joined the staff of *The Pittsburgh Press,* a few weeks after it was purchased by Scripps-Howard, doing general assignment, Sunday and daily features, and policy stories. He left newspaper work in 1925 to work as a publicity man. Mr. Lytle writes us, "After thirteen unhappy months of that, I found that I detested press agentry so thoroughly and liked newspaper work so much that I couldn't stay away from a city room any longer. Applied for my old job at *The Press* in 1926 and have been here ever since that time".

* * *

Knowledge of circus life was first gained by EUGENE WHITMORE when as a small boy he ran away to join a travelling show as its bill-poster. Since then he has been an avid follower of all that concerns the fascinating world of the tan-bark circle and the canvas roof. Mr. Whitmore is a native of Texas, his birthplace being Lockhart, near San Antonio. For several years he has been managing editor of *Sales Management,* and has contributed many articles on business subjects to magazines.

* * *

Summary of Boston

Cornelia Thornwell, wife of a former governor of Massachusetts, widowed at sixty, after forty years of sheltered ease feels free at last to disregard the wishes of her conventional family and begin life anew. She goes to Plymouth and, as a working woman, she boards with an Italian family there. Bartolomeo Vanzetti is her fellow boarder. She comes to know him well, and to know him for an idealist and a social revolutionary.

Of all Cornelia's family, only her granddaughter, Betty, is completely sympathetic. Betty, visiting a school friend in Plymouth, finds her grandmother again, meets Vanzetti, and becomes an ardent Radical. On returning home she shocks her parents with her liberal views. When America enters the World War, Cornelia and Betty align themselves with the pacifists, and Betty, coming from Radcliffe to live with Cornelia, is included in the government surveillance of pacifists. After the Armistice, Betty and Cornelia are arrested for participating in a suffragist parade and Betty is sent abroad by her parents with a cousin, but, once in Hungary, Betty goes to work.

(*Continued on page IX*)

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THE arbiter of the news stories submitted in the contest for the month of June is Clarke Salmon, managing editor of the *New Orleans, La., Item.* Among the many fine news stories sent in from all parts of the country, Mr. Salmon will select one. The story will be republished in THE BOOKMAN for September, with comment on the story by Mr. Salmon concerning the story's special merits. An award of $100 will go to the reporter who wrote the story and the story will be formally entered among the twelve stories to be voted upon by THE BOOKMAN'S jury of awards at the end of twelve months. THE BOOKMAN will award an additional $100 to the reporter whom the whole jury deems to have written the best of the twelve news stories printed. In the case of a tie, this amount will be given to each of the winning contestants.

The jury consists of the following members, all of them trained newspaper men of the highest standing in their profession:

JULIAN HARRIS, *editor, Columbus, Georgia, Enquirer-Sun.*
JULIAN MASON, *editor-in-chief, New York Evening Post.*
PAUL PATTERSON, *editor, the Sun papers, Baltimore, Md.*
CLARKE SALMON, *managing editor, New Orleans Item.*
HENRY JUSTIN SMITH, *managing editor, Chicago Daily News.*
CASPER S. YOST, *editor, St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

City editors, managing editors and reporters on all newspapers throughout the country are urged to co-operate in making the contest comprehensive by sending us stories by members of their staff or stories they themselves have written, or stories that have been called to their attention.

In all cases two clippings of each story should be sent, with the date it appeared, the name of the newspaper in which it appeared, and the reporter's name plainly indicated. In cases where there has been collaboration, the name of the collaborator should also be given and the extent of his work indicated. In such cases the award will be shared by the collaborators in a manner specified by the juror.

One juror is sole arbiter for one month, another juror the next month, and so on. Stories are not to be sent to any individual juror direct, but addressed to:

Editor of THE BOOKMAN, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Clippings for the month of August will now be received

THE ARBITER FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST WILL BE JULIAN MASON

[THE AUGUST STORY SELECTED WILL APPEAR IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE]

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(*Continued from page VI*)

When Betty's Red sympathies are discovered by her employers, she leaves for Italy, where Cornelia joins her, finding her under the protection of a French communist writer and a young American investigator. News reaches them of the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti for alleged participation in a hold-up and double murder at South Braintree. Investigators, in interviewing witnesses, found that there was considerable disagreement as to the essential details.

At the same time, Coacci, an Italian anarchist sentenced for deportation, is being sought by Federal authorities for jumping bail. The immigration officer, in company with the Chief of Police of Bridgewater, a town which had likewise suffered from bandit raids, finds Coacci at his home. Stewart, the chief of police, is suspicious of Coacci's desire to be sent away at once, but when he returns with another officer he discovers that Coacci has already been deported. But a man named Boda is found at the house in company with Sacco and Vanzetti. These two refuse to clear themselves, for fear other innocent men will be involved.

Cornelia and Betty hurry home from Italy to their aid.

The case presents a hopeless tangle through the conflicting reports of witnesses. Lee Swenson, a famous liberal lawyer, decides to take the defense. About this time Betty announces to Cornelia that she and Joe Randall—the young American investigator who has followed her from Italy to assist in the trial—have "married themselves".

* * *

O. R. Howard Thomson, Librarian of the James V. Brown Library, of Williamsport, Pa., writes us about the Prize New Story by Allen Raymond printed in our May issue:

"Only mildly interested—or is it amused—by the present flood of literary prizes, I still read in the May BOOKMAN Mr. Nason's comment on your February award to Mr. Allen Raymond for his account of the funeral of the late Earl Haig. The point I almost hesitate to make has nothing to do with the obvious question as to whether the article is not

(*Continued on page XII*)

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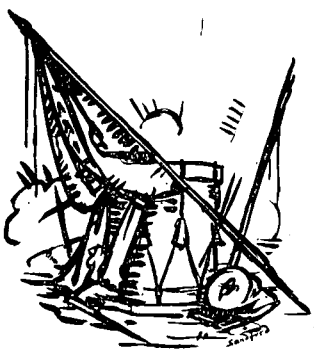

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(*Continued from page IX*)

primarily a catalogue with floral trimmings rather than a moving recital of a great chief's obituaries. It has to do with that which one had thought was inescapable of chronicle—the absence of the King. Elsewhere I discovered that it was not compatible with a King's dignity to attend the funeral of any one not of royal blood. Petty princelings, ineffectual dowagers and old maids. Before the event I had sworn that Albert of Belgium, if not George of England, had torn up such a scrap of paper, but he did not. The occupants of palaces sent representatives to the last rites of their saviors.

"Possibly the English sovereign's absence was fitting. The Guelphs, as far as Great Britain is concerned, are newcomers; the Haigs have been in Bermerside since 1150—since the day of Malcolm IV. After the Guelphs are forgotten, the Haigs will continue. Did not old Thomas the Rhymer pen the couplet

'Tide, tide, whatever betide
The'll aye be Haigs in Bermerside'?"

* * *

And F. A. Williams, of Los Angeles, is moved by the anonymous "In Demand" to write:

"It is quite evident why the author of "In Demand" must write anonymously. It is also one of the sorrows of our modern life, dominated as it is by a despicable press supported by a more venal judiciary, that such a condition exists. A good name should be able to go forth for the sake of its influence and in so doing be protected from a dastardly press agency.

"There will be many guesses as to the writer's identity and probably most of them will be wrong. There will also be many guesses as to the location from which the message is sent out. All of the latter, no doubt, will be correct. I am certain, however, that my candidate for the honor was domiciled in Los Angeles or Hollywood during most of his experiences. The setting is perfect.

"It would be worth while to know the gentleman and his other writings."

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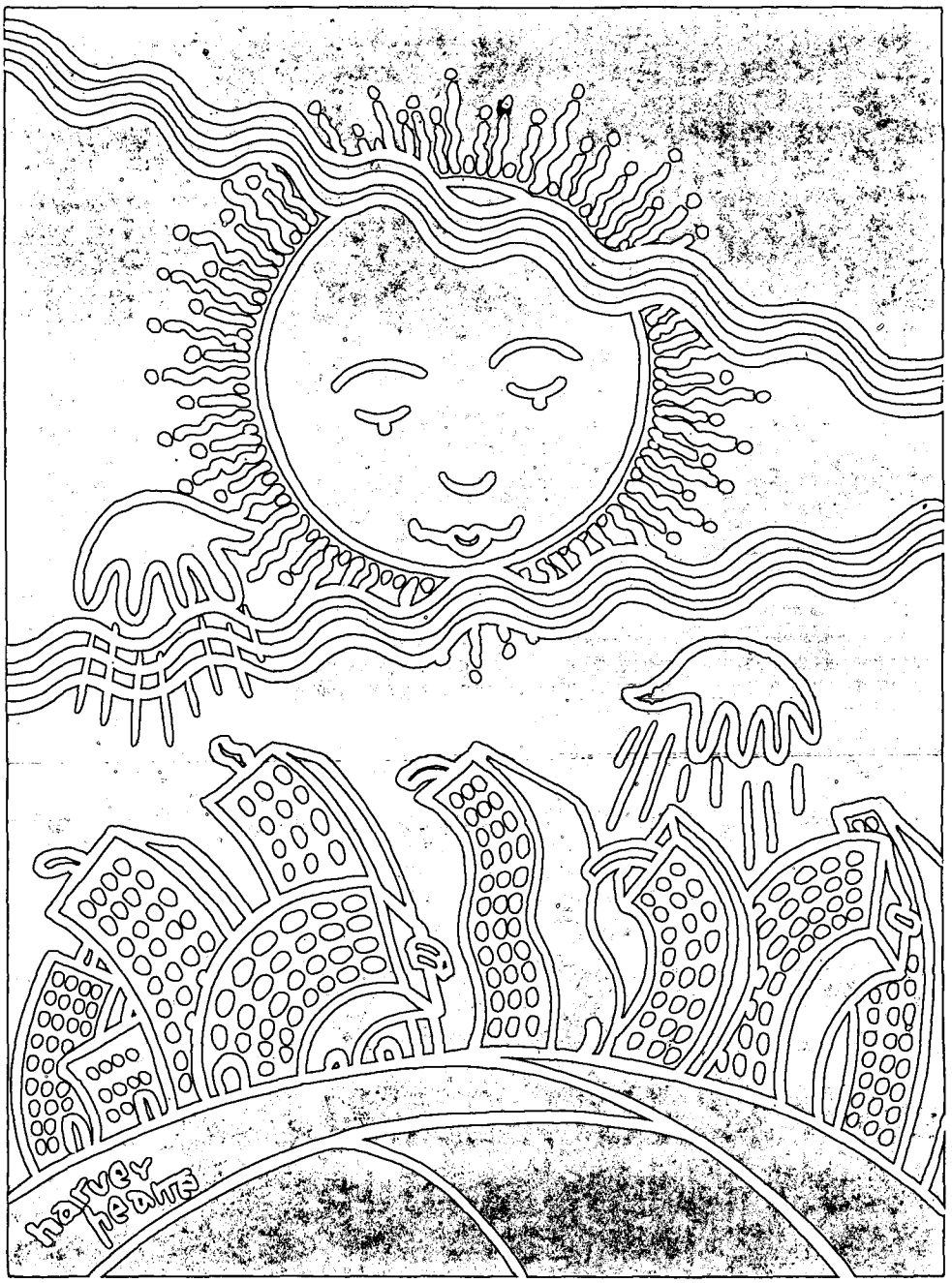

Mid-Summer, by Harvey Peake

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AUGUST, 1928 VOL. LXVII, NO. 6

The BOOKMAN

AUSTRALIAN LITERATURE

By C. Hartley Grattan

AS in all young countries, the culture of Australia is to a very small extent an integral part of the national life. It has not worked itself into the social fabric. It is something tacked on. Something apart. The economic bones of the country protrude themselves. Such cultural life as does exist is almost as unsubstantial as those idealized houses painted on bill-boards.

The dominant economic influence is British, and the literary culture derives from England also. It is to England that the writers of poetry, fiction and drama have looked and do look. The French influence is *nil*. So is the American, and to my personal knowledge only one journalist has had the insight to point out that Australian writers have anything to learn from America. L. L. Woollacott in *The Triad* made the obvious suggestion that as America had developed out of a colony planted in recent years (recent from a cultural standpoint) and as her literature had suffered all the vicissitudes incident to that development, perhaps Australians would learn more to their advantage by studying American literature than by their present intensive cultivation of English literature. At least it would seem more profitable, so far as contemporary writing goes, to concern themselves with a literature that is full of vitality, than with one that is in the doldrums. But what Mr. Woollacott says doesn't make much impression in Australia.

Contemporary Australian literature is not impressive. It is perhaps creditable, but even that is doubtful. An Australian Authors' Week was recently held which called forth the best there is. There turned out to be a number of books by living authors no longer active, which were quite worth reading. But of the producing writers only four or five seem at all hopeful: Shaw Nielson, Katherine Prichard (known in America by "Working Bullocks"—Viking Press), Vance Palmer (who sometimes writes dreadful trash), Louis Esson and Mrs. Aeneus Gunn. As a direct result of this "Week" *The Bulletin*, Australia's leading weekly paper, has offered a substantial prize for an original novel by a native Australian. The prevailing opinion is that the competition will be won by Miss Prichard or by someone utterly unknown.

Nor is there any center of influence tending to improve this situation. The two strongest literary papers are *The Bulletin* and *The Triad*. *The Bulletin* has passed its greatest period of literary influence. In the late 'nineties and early nineteen hundreds it developed a definite school of writers, in particular a strong group of prose writers. The cardinal principles were careful craftsmanship and scrupulous reality. It was this *Bulletin* that discovered Louis Becke, did so much for Henry Lawson, brought forward Randolph Bedford and E. J. Brady, and published Tom Collins's powerful books. The literary editor in those days was A. G. Stephens. Today *The Bulletin* has lost

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its literary "punch". It is still lively and entertaining in other fields. Its stories are commonplace. It prints mediocre historical romances by J. H. M. Abbott, and the vaudevillish gaucheries of Steele Rudd. Its reviews and critiques of literature lack any penetration, force or modernity. The literary editor is David McKee Wright, a kindly soul to whom rhymes and poems are indistinguishable, and to whom literature is something "genteel" and "refined" in the most wishy-washy senses of those very wishy-washy words.

The Triad (monthly) has similarly declined. All hands agree that its palmy days were synchronous with the career of Frank Morton, now dead, and whose work it is impossible to purchase. His partner, C. N. Bayertz, is still alive and functioning on the editorial staff of *The Sunday Times* of Sydney, a second-rate paper. There he has introduced the unique innovation of continued book reviews. One book lasts him a month of Sundays. His work is very thin and feeble. Morton must have been the strong member of the partnership. Until lately *The Triad* was in the hands of L. L. Woollacott, a very competent journalist, who tried diligently to drag the paper back to respectability after a period during which it survived only by cross-word puzzles and guessing-contests. A few months ago Woollacott was retired and the magazine was sold to appear under the name *The New Triad.* The present editors are Hugh Wright and Edgar Watt. These gentlemen would have been very happy in America of the time of Aldrich, Stedman and Stoddard—the post-Civil War school that fled from cruel America to the perfumed purple East. *The New Triad* is very "arty" in its literary matter —though not so bad as *Vision,* which ran for four issues a few years ago. It builds up its circulation with a department on horse-racing, a section on golf, one on bridge, and some fashion plates. And this, recall, is the only literary monthly published on the continent!

Australia does not want literature. With a population, all white and literate, of 6,130,000, it has not the proportionate literary vitality of South Africa with a white population of 1,500,000. South Africa has writers like Sarah Gertrude Millin, Pauline Smith, Roy Campbell and Ethelreda Lewis—who, if she is not much of a novelist herself, has demonstrated her acuteness by becoming amanuensis to Aloysius Horn.

II

Australia goes to Britain for her books and magazines. American books usually arrive in English editions. There is very little direct contact. American magazines of all kinds can be purchased in Australia, from *The Saturday Evening Post* up and down. Indeed the *Post* distributes more copies in Sydney every week than *The Bulletin.* The better American magazines can only be obtained on order. The literary influence of England naturally is through books. So, too, Australia is something Englishmen only read about. Very few English authors visit Australia, and I never heard of one lecturing there. Probably the first British-Australian literary connection was provided by Jonathan Swift. After consulting William Dampier's maps Swift located Lilliput on the south-west coast of Australia, and made Lemuel Gulliver claim cousinship with Dampier, the first English navigator to visit the continent after Captain James Cook. The second connection was undoubtedly provided by Justice Barron Field, author of the first book of poetry published in Australia. It was then still a penal colony. The volume contained such charming lines as:

> Kangaroo, Kangaroo!
> Thou spirit of Australia,
> That redeems from utter failure,
> From perfect desolation,
> And warrants the creation
> Of this fifth part of earth.

This book was reviewed by Charles Lamb, who concluded that it contained too much evidence of the "unlicensed borrowing which helped to colonize Botany Bay". Lamb was also a friend of one of the transported criminals, Thomas Wainwright. Wainwright was a good enough painter to get into the Royal Academy, and he was also a man of letters. Oscar Wilde immortalized him, in an essay, as the perfect poisoner. A very early visitor

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was Erasmus Darwin, whose poem embodying his observations contains lines prophesying a bridge over Sydney harbor, a vision that is now being realized. During the gold-rush of the 'fifties, Henry Kingsley, brother of Charles, went to Australia to look for a fortune he did not find, but he gathered instead the material and wrote his first and best book, "Geoffry Hamlyn", an important British-Australian novel. Charles Darwin, grandson of Erasmus, of course, paid a brief visit in 1863 and included his acute observations in "The Voyage of the Beagle". R. H. "Orion" Horne spent two years in Melbourne during the 'sixties and aroused some interest in literature but made no permanent impression. James Anthony Froude recorded his impressions of a brief visit in "Oceana". Joseph Conrad visited Australia several times while he was still at sea. John Galsworthy—before he began to write—and Leonard Merrick have paid visits. Havelock Ellis spent some years as a school teacher in northeastern New South Wales (at Grafton), an experience recorded in "Kanga Creek". By far the most spectacular visitor of recent times was D. H. Lawrence, who made two books out of his cursory survey of the country, "Kangaroo" and "The Boy in the Bush". Jack London seems to be about the only important American writer who has ever made a visit. He cut a colorful swath through Sydney and Melbourne when he was in the South Seas.

Australia has never retained as a permanent resident any visiting writer of considerable stature. No more than a handful of writers left her shores to gain fame abroad. In this latter respect she is behind tiny New Zealand, birthplace of Katherine Mansfield and Hugh Walpole, and the scene of the generation of many of Samuel Butler's perversities, during his eight years residence there. Even if we add writers permanently resident in Australia who have made reputations abroad the list is not very considerable. Bernard Cronin and Marie Petersen may be counted out as unimportant. They correspond to Zane Grey and Marie Corelli, respectively. Dale Collins, a bit up the scale, writes for a British and American audience even more than for the Australian. So does the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden", a native of Sydney. Louis Becke commanded an audience in all English reading countries. Men like Henry Lawson and Rolf Boldrewood are widely read in England but are unknown in America. Dr. C. McLauren made a bit of a stir by applying medical analysis to literary and historical personages. Katherine Prichard is slowly making her way to an international audience. E. L. Grant-Watson is well-known in both England and America. But by far the greatest novel written by an Australian is "Maurice Guest" and probably not one reader in ten associates its author, H. H. Richardson, with Australia. Nor do they associate Gilbert Murray, perhaps the greatest scholar Australia has produced—certainly greater than G. Eliot Smith—with his true homeland.

It is the prevailing critical opinion in Australia that Australian poetry is superior to Australian prose, but it is difficult, on investigation, to accept that opinion. Poetry bulks larger. (Over two thousand books of verse, for example, have appeared since 1900.) A good deal of it is competent—and mediocre. Most of it is rootless and while "pretty" and "charming" is quite unimportant. The first poet to gain fame was Henry Kendall. He is still the most respected poet in Australian literature, and yet a critical reader is forced to wonder why. Kendall is a barely respectable minor poet, leaning heavily on Wordsworth and Keats. Even less can be said for Adam Lindsay Gordon. He is appallingly overrated by all except a critical minority. Gordon's great prop was Swinburne. His popular appeal is based on his balladry. For some reason or other he is the only Australian poet included in the "Oxford Standard Poets" series, which bolsters up his work, and English sporting painters delight in illustrating his ballads, a further stimulant to his fame. It is apropos to note here that ballads are extremely popular in Australia. Several writers figure in the canon as "poets" but really are only popular balladists, for example A. B. Paterson, Will Ogilvie and "John O'Brien".

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It is only when we come to the prose writers that something interesting turns up. The first Australian novel of importance is Henry Kingsley's "Geoffry Hamlyn" (1859). Henry Kingsley was the younger brother of the vastly more famous Charles Kingsley, author of numerous historical fictions and of much fictitious history. Henry Kingsley went to Australia in 1853 and lived there five years. He was attracted by the gold rushes of that period, but in his book he dealt with an earlier epoch, when the lure of Australia lay in the possibility of making money by raising sheep and cattle for wool and hides. His novel gives an authentic picture of the sheep station of those days, when life was a combination of idyllic peace and impending horror. The peace came from the more or less comfortable life of the station owners in a new land never before exploited. A few years of roughing it would put them in a sound financial position, forever beyond want. At least that is what happened to Kingsley's people. There is a reverse side to the picture. The impending horror of the life was produced by the fact that a large part of the labor was assigned convict labor.

From the beginning of Australian settlement it was the custom to assign the convicts to the free settlers, and they really made possible the development of the huge sheep stations. Naturally there were honest and reliable men among the convicts, transported for what would today be a trifling offence, but there were also wild incorrigible men who fomented trouble, made futile attempts to escape to the bush, and, with greatest danger to the free inhabitants, became bushrangers. So the characters in Kingsley's novel lived in constant fear of the convicts, and particularly of a band of bushrangers. Told in a leisurely, digressive fashion, "Geoffry Hamlyn" is yet a novel of considerable interest. It provides the best fictional study of the free Australian community in the days of convict labor. But nevertheless it is not definitely Australian, for it begins in England and nearly all of the characters return there after they have made their fortunes.

Much more famous and decidedly more Australian is "For the Term of His Natural Life" by Marcus Clarke, published serially in Australia in 1870 and 1871 and issued in a revised edition in England in 1874. Clarke was an Englishman who arrived in Australia when he was nineteen and died there when he was thirty-five. He never ceased to regard Australia as anything but a colony; he never became an Australian; and it was with the greatest difficulty that the publishers got him to write his famous novel. He frequently said that there was not need to write another Australian novel, for the great one, Henry Kingsley's, had been written. Though crude and amateurish and in places distressingly melodramatic, "For the Term of His Natural Life" is still a novel of significance. It casts a lurid light into the hell of transportation, and, since it was written from source material, gives an authentic picture of the terrible prisons maintained by the English government at Macquaries Harbor and Port Arthur in Van Diemen's Land (now Tasmania) and on Norfolk Island. It cannot for a moment be placed with Dostoevski's "House of the Dead", but it is a credit to any literature, and is certainly one of the most gripping books that Australia has given to the world, and one of the very important stories of prison life.

The other disturbing element in the idyllic society, bushranging, is permanently rendered in "Robbery Under Arms" (1888) by Rolf Boldrewood. A few years ago an enterprising American movie-maker filmed this novel under the title "Rolf Boldrewood, Bushranger". This both amused and offended the Australian public, for Rolf Boldrewood (Thomas Browne) was a squatter (the term is applied without the denigrating American meaning to owners of sheep stations) and a magistrate—an eminently respectable person. He wrote about a dozen novels, all of which were successful, but not so permanently successful as this fictional study of bushranging. Nevertheless all of his novels were equally based on hard facts. "Robbery Under Arms" suffers from the fact that Boldrewood wrote it in what purported to be the semi-illiterate dialect of one of the chief characters. It deals with cattle and horse-stealing, bank and stage-coach robbery, murder and miscellaneous deviltry. It is

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probably the lowest in quality of all of the Australian classics, but much better than the American novels dealing with the same sort of thing in American history.

"While the Billy Boils" (1896), Henry Lawson's most important book, is Australian even to the title. A "billy" is a vessel of moderate capacity in which water is boiled, usually to make tea—the universal drink of the Australian bushmen. The book consists of short sketches, rather than stories. The characters include all of the types found in the bush (bush: the countryside—anything is "bush", desert, sheep country, farming country or tropical areas) thirty years ago: swagmen or sun-downers, terms applied to itinerant laborers and tramps, spielers (gentle grafters), sheep shearers, drovers, shepherds, boundary-riders and station hands generally, bullock-drivers, jackeroos (tenderfoots) and a glimpse or two at the squatters. These sketches, some of them of only two or three pages of large print, are alive to the last degree. Lawson wrote with a delightful ease and clarity, and while he never distorted his pictures or mitigated the hardships of the bushmen, he did introduce a humor that is native Australian. Some of the characters curse the country in hearty terms—its appalling aridity and killing heat—and the social system which so many bushmen believed was arranged for the sole profit of the squatter. "While the Billy Boils" aroused the enthusiasm of Edward Garnett, who declared that it rendered a continent.

Humor and hardship, denunciation and love, mingle in Tom Collins's "Such is Life" (1903), a trite title for a superb book. The manuscript of this book was so long and confused that another volume was extracted bodily from it, "Rigby's Romance", a much lighter performance. Tom Collins (Joseph Furphy) is the nearest approach to a Herman Melville that Australia has produced, and the curious thing is that he actually does bring Melville to mind. He has the same capacity for mingling the most abstruse speculation—discursive essays in history, sociology, morals, anthropology and Shakespearean criticism—with veridic glimpses of actuality. "Such is Life" portrays the same types found in "While the Billy Boils", but seen through a tremendously complex mind. Collins's locale is the bush before the days of the railways, when stores were brought in and wool was carried out by bullock-teams. The squatter was still dominant, but his position was being challenged. The selector (the small holder, usually a farmer) was breaking in on the huge station under government protection, and the entirely landless class was restless. In spite of his undoubted intellectual superiority, Collins was an aggressive defender of the common man. He was for the bullock-driver and the station hands, and against the squatter. "The successful pioneer", he wrote, "is the man who never spared others; the forgotten pioneer is the man who never spared himself, but being a fool, built houses for wise men to live in, and omitted to gather moss. The former is the early bird, the latter is the worm". The aggressive insistence on the worth and unique importance of the common man seems to me to be one of the fundamental Australian characteristics. Nor is it very obviously related to the doctrine of Rousseau. It is a local development. Australia is perhaps the last stronghold of egalitarian democracy. The great Australian literary philosopher of the common man is Tom Collins. Collins lacked fluidity, but he had vigor, originality and independence, which are vastly more important. He was an adventurer of the mind as well as an adventurer of the body. He was a speculative materialist and he was a great writer—but not of poetry. It is astonishing how trivial his verse is.

Product of essentially the same period as Lawson and Collins, Bernard O'Dowd is perhaps Australia's most considerable poet. Although a thorough believer in the doctrine that poetry must have a purpose, O'Dowd has managed to write some excellent volumes, particularly "The Bush" (1912). The first half of this long poem is over-burdened with the names of O'Dowd's friends and contemporaries, most of whom are hazy figures today and in a generation will be almost unknown. The last half, however, renders in excellent poetry the subject matter treated in prose by Lawson and Collins. O'Dowd is not popular, but he will be enduring.

In this generation, too, is E. J. Banfield,

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author of four volumes of tropical nature studies, the product of his long residence on Dunk Island, off the coast of Northern Queensland. An extraordinary writer whose work, prose and verse, is contained in a single volume, is Dowell O'Reilly. His poetry is not very important, but "Tears and Triumph", a long prose story, is sheer brilliance. It would be difficult to find another writer who so skilfully blends scientific facts with a leaven of imagination. In "Tears and Triumph" O'Reilly manages to give us a history of woman imaginatively interpreted, but scientifically accurate, interpolated into a brief meeting between a strange woman and a strange man. "Don't Tell Mother" is a brilliant fictional study of a psychoanalytic situation, and the same might be said of the "Ta! Ta! Woman", a pungently sardonic piece of writing. The former tells with marvellous delicacy the story of a girl in love with her step-father who wastes away until she confesses her obsession to the family doctor. The latter deals with a woman, blatantly sexual, who punctuates all the farewells to soldiers leaving for the war with her mechanically reiterated "Ta! Ta!" Quite apart from any scientific interest is O'Reilly's capacity for writing sentiment without slipping over into the adjoining and perilous territory of sentimentality.

The history of Australian literature is necessarily brief, and while some of the writers of the middle period are still alive, they are mostly silent. Of the living and producing writers John Shaw Nielson and Furnley Maurice are the most considerable poets. Nielson has a very delicate lyric gift that he has sensibly not over-exploited. His books are almost unobtainable. Furnley Maurice is more prolific and somewhat more philosophical. He reacted profoundly against the war and did some of his most powerful work at that time. He also has a capacity for fantasy, and has produced several books for children. By far the most popular living Australian verse-writer is C. J. Dennis, author of "The Sentimental Bloke" and other books. "The Sentimental Bloke" is in effect a portrait of the "dinkum (true) Aussie" and his girl, and is precisely the sort of work that J. V. A. Weaver would like to do. Dennis has less insight than Ring Lardner, but he cultivates a parallel field—he portrays the Australian moron.

By far the finest book of reminiscence produced in Australia is Mrs. Aeneus Gunn's "We of the Never-Never" (1907), really a classic. It is as charmingly idyllic (without the overhanging horrors) as Kingsley's novel, and as real as Lawson's sketches. The "Never-Never" country lies "at the back of beyond" in what is politically known as Northern Territory. The book recounts an entire year spent on a cattle station well into the interior of the region; the book takes in every aspect of life on a station and all the phases of nature. We vicariously experience the "Wet" when torrential rains reduce the country to a squdgy morass, and the "Dry" when the whole surface soil is a powdery dust caught up by the hot winds and swept about in what are known as willy-willys. Hovering about the station are the aborigines, men, women and children. Their peculiar inadaptibility to settled occupations and their astonishing English are delightfully recounted. A brilliant book, but one which gives little knowledge of the sterner side of tropical station life. When Jack London was in Australia he discovered this book and wrote a preface for an American edition. A small edition was put out, but the sheets were imported from England and London's preface was omitted. The preface still exists in manuscript. Mrs. Gunn has also written a little book for children and adults based on a year's station life of a little aboriginal girl which is (after the sketches in "We of the Never-Never") the most sympathetic view of the aboriginal in Australian literature. It is called "The Little Black Princess". Mrs. Gunn's name is included among the hopeful figures in Australian literature because she is at present engaged in writing the personally dictated life-story of an aged aboriginal. The resulting book should be valuable and fascinating.

Of the remaining producing writers only Katherine Prichard has achieved considerable stature. She has three novels to her credit, "The Pioneers", "Black Opal" and "Working Bullocks". "The Pioneers" is a rather ordinary novel dealing with the set-

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tlement of West Australia as reflected in the life of an individual family. "Black Opal" deals with the mining of opals in the waterless interior where the population suffers severely from isolation and is forced from lack of timber to live in dug-outs. "Working Bullocks" is heavily influenced by D. H. Lawrence. It suffers from having the appearance of being hurriedly written. Nevertheless it is an excellent picture of the timber industry, even if it is more distinguished in the spirit behind it than in facility of execution. Miss Prichard is the hope of the Australian novel, and, literarily, inexhaustible material lays waiting her hand.

Jack McLaren has written two volumes of reminiscence, one dealing with his life in the islands, and the other with tropical agriculture in Northern Queensland. Both are crystal clear in style, but they apparently completely exhaust his resources. Roy Bridges steadily produces popular novels of the better sort. He is taken very seriously. Louis Esson is interesting and unpredictable. His only volume to date is a thin pamphlet of one-act plays, two of which are thoroughly Australian and thoroughly good—"Dead Timber" and "The Drovers". He is now experimenting with the short story and, since he is highly conscientious and self-critical, may be expected to do something really good. Vance Palmer has published a small book of short stories that are unusually fine. His reputation suffers from the necessity he feels for doing miserable pot boiling.

For the rest it is silence.

III

As a rule Australian writers today live in isolation from one another. The only school that ever flourished was that which gathered in Sydney about *The Bulletin* and included Lawson, Collins, Bedford, E. J. Brady and a few more. As a consequence of this isolation, coupled with the fact that there is no strong literary magazine, the Australian literary movement lacks drive and coherence. Even what is done is not adequately criticized and one must plow around for oneself when investigating the subject, without the aid of a single manual or the help of a single critical journal. *The Triad* and *The Bulletin* have been evaluated. The newspapers are either so uncritical as to be utterly colorless or so stupid as to denounce with uncanny accuracy all that is worth-while in prose and verse.

Economically, too, the Australian author has a hard row to hoe. There is no outlet through the home magazines for work of quality. There is no publisher in the country who undertakes to print worth-while things. Such books as are printed at home are done, as a rule, by obscure publishers in small editions, and quickly go out of print. There are at present a good half-dozen excellent Australian novels entirely out of print and obtainable with difficulty. The English publishers' readers, not knowing Australia, accept books haphazardly, according to their notions of what Australian life is like. And even when a book is accepted and published in England the profit is small. The royalty on the English sales offers a substantial bit if the sale is good, but the overseas edition is much cheaper and so the royalty falls. And then the accumulated pounds are subject to a heavy English income tax. An agent's fee must be paid. The Australian author gets almost nothing.

But, worst of all, nobody but the writers seems to care anything about the situation. Australia, like America of the old days, suffers from a literary inferiority complex. Her readers feel safer with a third-rate English or American book than with a first-rate Australian book. They cannot believe that men they see and know can write good books. Familiarity once more breeds contempt. And they will never understand that a potentially clever critic like C. R. Bradish hides, with some justification, behind a complicated screen of words rather than bear the economic penalty of dealing frankly with ideas.

As remarked in the beginning, literature is not an intimate concern of the Australian. The whole tone of society is hostile to it. The labor unions, whose views color all Australian life, give it no attention, and the leisure they win for their members is taken up with sport and gambling. Australia is getting what it demands—only a tiny trickle of worth-while native literature.

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THINGS

By D. H. Lawrence

THEY were true idealists, from New England. But that is some time ago: before the war. Several years before the war, they met and married; he a tall, keen-eyed young man from Connecticut, she a smallish, demure, Puritan-looking young woman from Massachusetts. They both had a little money. Not much, however. Even added together, it didn't make three thousand dollars a year. Still—they were free. Free!

Ah!—freedom! To be free to live one's own life! To be twenty-five and twenty-seven, a pair of true idealists with a mutual love of beauty, and an inclination towards "Indian thought"—meaning, alas, Mrs. Besant—and an income a little under three thousand dollars a year! But what is money? All one wishes to do is to live a full and beautiful life. In Europe, of course, right at the fountain-head of tradition. It might possibly be done in America: in New England, for example. But at a forfeiture of a certain amount of "beauty". True beauty takes a long time to mature. The baroque is only half-beautiful, half-matured. No, the real silver bloom, the real golden-sweet bouquet of beauty had its roots in the Renaissance, not in any later or shallower period.

Therefore the two idealists, who were married in New Haven, sailed at once to Paris: Paris of the old days. They had a studio apartment on the Boulevard Montparnasse, and they became real Parisians, in the old, delightful sense, not in the modern, vulgar. It was the shimmer of the pure impressionists, Monet and his followers, the world seen in terms of pure light, light broken and unbroken. How lovely! How lovely the nights, the river, the mornings in the old streets and by the flower-stalls and the book-stalls, the afternoons up on Montmartre or in the Tuileries, the evenings on the boulevards!

They both painted, but not desperately. Art had not taken them by the throat, and they did not take Art by the throat. They painted: that's all. They knew people—nice people, if possible, though one had to take them mixed. And they were happy.

Yet it seems as if human beings must set their claws in *something*. To be "free", to be "living a full and beautiful life", you must, alas, be attached to something. A "full and beautiful life" means a tight attachment to *something*—at least, it is so for all idealists—or else a certain boredom supervenes; there is a certain waving of loose ends upon the air, like the waving, yearning tendrils of the vine that spread and rotate, seeking something to clutch, something up which to climb towards the necessary sun. Finding nothing, the vine can only trail, half-fulfilled, upon the ground. Such is freedom!—a clutching of the right pole. And human beings are all vines. But especially the idealist. He is a vine, and he needs to clutch and climb. And he despises the man who is a mere *potato,* or turnip, or lump of wood.

Our idealists were frightfully happy, but they were all the time reaching out for something to cotton on to. At first, Paris was enough. They explored Paris *thoroughly.* And they learned French till they almost felt like French people, they could speak it so glibly.

Still, you know, you never talk French with your *soul.* It can't be done. And though it's very thrilling, at first, talking in French to clever Frenchmen—they seem *so* much cleverer than oneself—still, in the long run, it is not satisfying. The endlessly clever *materialism* of the French leaves you cold, in the end, gives a sense of barrenness and incompatibility with true New England depth. So our two idealists felt.

They turned away from France—but ever so gently. France had disappointed them. "We've loved it, and we've got a great deal out of it. But after a while, after a con-

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siderable while, several years, in fact, Paris leaves one feeling disappointed. It hasn't quite got what one wants."

"But Paris isn't France."

"No, perhaps not. France is quite different from Paris. And France is lovely—quite lovely. But *to us*, though we love it, it doesn't say a great deal."

So, when the war came, the idealists moved to Italy. And they loved Italy. They found it beautiful, and more poignant than France. It seemed much nearer to the New England conception of beauty: something pure, and full of sympathy, without the *materialism* and the *cynicism* of the French. The two idealists seemed to breathe their own true air in Italy.

And in Italy, much more than in Paris, they felt they could thrill to the teachings of the Buddha. They entered the swelling stream of modern Buddhistic emotion, and they read the books, and they practised meditation, and they deliberately set themselves to eliminate from their own souls greed, pain, and sorrow. They did not realize—yet—that Buddha's very eagerness to free himself from pain and sorrow is in itself a sort of greed. No, they dreamed of a perfect world, from which all greed, and nearly all pain, and a great deal of sorrow, were eliminated.

But America entered the war, so the two idealists had to help. They did hospital work. And though their experience made them realize more than ever that greed, pain, and sorrow *should* be eliminated from the world, nevertheless, the Buddhism, or the theosophy, didn't emerge very triumphant from the long crisis. Somehow, somewhere, in some part of themselves, they felt that greed, pain and sorrow would never be eliminated, because most people don't care about eliminating them, and never will care. Our idealists were far too western to think of abandoning all the world to damnation, while they saved their two selves. They were far too unselfish to sit tight under a bho-tree and reach Nirvana in a mere couple.

It was more than that, though. They simply hadn't enough *Sitzfleisch* to squat under a bho-tree and get to Nirvana by contemplating anything, least of all their own navel. If the whole wide world was not going to be saved, they, personally, were not so very keen on being saved just by themselves. No, it would be so lonesome. They were New Englanders, so it must be all or nothing. Greed, pain and sorrow must either be eliminated from *all the world*, or else, what was the use of eliminating them from oneself? No use at all! One was just a victim.

And so, although they still *loved* "Indian thought", and felt very tender about it: well, to go back to our metaphor, the pole up which the green and anxious vines had clambered so far now proved dry-rotten. It snapped, and the vines came slowly subsiding to earth again. There was no crack and crash. The vines held themselves up by their own foliage, for a while. But they subsided. The beanstalk of "Indian thought" had given way before Jack and Jill had climbed off the tip of it to a further world.

They subsided with a slow rustle back to earth again. But they made no outcry. They were again "disappointed". But they never admitted it. "Indian thought" had let them down. But they never complained. Even to one another, they never said a word. But they were disappointed, faintly but deeply disillusioned, and they both knew it. But the knowledge was tacit.

And they still had so much in their lives. They still had Italy—dear Italy. And they still had freedom, the priceless treasure. And they still had so much "beauty". About the fulness of their lives they were not quite so sure. They had one little boy, whom they loved as parents should love their children, but whom they wisely refrained from fastening upon, to build their lives on him. No, no, they must live their own lives! They still had strength of mind to know that.

But they were now no longer so very young. Twenty-five and twenty-seven had become thirty-five and thirty-seven. And though they had had a very wonderful time in Europe, and though they still loved Italy—dear Italy!—yet: they were disappointed. They had got a lot out of it: oh, a very great deal indeed! Still, it hadn't given them quite, not *quite*, what they had expected. Europe was lovely, but it was dead. Living in

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Europe, you were living on the past. And Europeans, with all their superficial charm, were not *really* charming. They were materialistic, they had no *real* soul. They just did not understand the inner urge of the spirit, because the inner urge was dead in them, they were all survivals. There, that was the truth about Europeans: they were survivals, with no more getting ahead in them.

It was another bean-pole, another vine-support crumbled under the green life of the vine. And very bitter it was, this time. For up the old tree-trunk of Europe the green vine had been clambering silently for more than ten years, ten hugely important years, the years of real living. The two idealists had *lived* in Europe, lived on Europe and on European life and European things as vines in an everlasting vineyard.

They had made their home here: a home such as you could never make in America. Their watchword had been "beauty". They had rented, the last four years, the second floor of an old Palazzo on the Arno, and here they had all their "things". And they derived a profound, profound satisfaction from their apartment: the lofty, silent, ancient rooms with windows on the river, with glistening, dark-red floors, and the beautiful furniture that the idealists had "picked up".

Yes, unknown to themselves, the lives of the idealists had been running with a fierce swiftness horizontally, all the time. They had become tense, fierce hunters of "things" for their home. While their souls were climbing up to the sun of old European culture or old Indian thought, their passions were running horizontally, clutching at "things". Of course they did not buy the things for the things' sakes, but for the sake of "beauty". They looked upon their home as a place entirely furnished by loveliness, not by "things" at all. Valerie had some very lovely curtains at the windows of the long *salotta,* looking on the river: curtains of queer ancient material that looked like finely knitted silk, most beautifully faded down from vermilion and orange and gold and black, down to a sheer soft glow. Valerie hardly ever came into the *salotta* without mentally falling on her knees before the curtains. "Chartres!" she said. "To me they are Chartres!" And Melville never turned and looked at his sixteenth-century Venetian book-case, with its two or three dozen of choice books, without feeling his marrow stir in his bones. The holy of holies!

The child silently, almost sinisterly, avoided any rude contact with these ancient monuments of furniture, as if they had been nests of sleeping cobras, or that "thing" most perilous to the touch, the Ark of the Covenant. His childish awe was silent and cold, but final.

Still, a couple of New England idealists cannot live merely on the bygone glory of their furniture. At least, one couple could not. They got used to the marvellous Bologna cupboard, they got used to the wonderful Venetian book-case, and the books, and the Siena curtains and bronzes, and the lovely sofas and side-tables and chairs they had "picked up" in Paris. Oh, they had been picking things up since the first day they landed in Europe. And they were still at it. It is the last interest Europe can offer to an outsider: or to an insider either.

When people came, and were thrilled by the Melville interior, then Valerie and Erasmus felt they had not lived in vain: that they still were living. But in the long mornings, when Erasmus was desultorily working at Renaissance Florentine literature, and Valerie was attending to the apartment: and in the long hours after lunch; and in the long, usually very cold and oppressive evenings in the ancient palazzo: then the halo died from around the furniture, and the things became things, lumps of matter that just stood there or hung there, *ad infinitum,* and said nothing; and Valerie and Erasmus almost hated them. The glow of beauty, like every other glow, dies down unless it is fed. The idealists still dearly loved their things. But they had got them. And the sad fact is, things that glow vividly while you're getting them, go almost quite cold after a year or two. Unless, of course, people envy them very much, and the museums are pining for them. And the Melvilles' "things", though very good, were not quite so good as that.

So, the glow gradually went out of every-

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thing, out of Europe, out of Italy—"the Italians are *dears*"—even out of that marvellous apartment on the Arno. "Why, if I had this apartment, I'd never, never even want to go out of doors! It's too lovely and perfect." That was something, of course—to hear that.

And yet Valerie and Erasmus went out of doors: they even went out to get away from its ancient, cold-floored, stone-heavy silence and dead dignity. "We're living on the past, you know, Dick," said Valerie to her husband. She called him Dick.

They were grimly hanging on. They did not like to give in. They did not like to own up that they were through. For twelve years, now, they had been "free" people living a "full and beautiful life". And America for twelve years had been their anathema, the Sodom and Gomorrah of industrial materialism.

It wasn't easy to own that you were "through". They hated to admit that they wanted to go back. But at last, reluctantly, they decided to go, "for the boy's sake".—"We can't *bear* to leave Europe. But Peter is an American, so he had better look at America while he's young."—The Melvilles had an entirely English accent and manner; almost; a little Italian and French here and there.

They left Europe behind, but they took as much of it along with them as possible. Several van-loads, as a matter of fact. All those adorable and irreplaceable "things". And all arrived in New York, idealists, child, and the huge bulk of Europe they had lugged along.

Valerie had dreamed of a pleasant apartment, perhaps on Riverside Drive, where it was not so expensive as east of Fifth Avenue, and where all their wonderful things would look marvellous. She and Erasmus house-hunted. But alas! their income was quite under three thousand dollars a year. They found—well, everybody knows what they found. Two small rooms and a kitchenette, and don't let us unpack a *thing!*

The chunk of Europe which they had bitten off went into a warehouse, at fifty dollars a month. And they sat in two small rooms and a kitchenette, and wondered why they'd done it.

Erasmus, of course, ought to get a job. This was what was written on the wall, and what they both pretended not to see. But it had been the strange, vague threat that the Statue of Liberty had always held over them: "Thou shalt get a job!" Erasmus had the tickets, as they say. A scholastic career was still possible for him. He had taken his exams brilliantly at Yale, and had kept up his "researches", all the time he had been in Europe.

But both he and Valerie shuddered. A scholastic career! The scholastic world! The *American* scholastic world! Shudder upon shudder! Give up their freedom, their full and beautiful life? Never! Never! Erasmus would be forty next birthday.

The "things" remained in warehouse. Valerie went to look at them. It cost her a dollar an hour, and horrid pangs. The "things", poor things, looked a bit shabby and wretched, in that warehouse.

However, New York was not all America. There was the great clean West. So the Melvilles went West, with Peter, but without the things. They tried living the simple life, in the mountains. But doing their own chores became almost a nightmare. "Things" are all very well to look at, but it's awful handling them, even when they're beautiful. To be the slave of hideous things, to keep a stove going, cook meals, wash dishes, carry water and clean floors: pure horror of sordid anti-life!

In the cabin on the mountains, Valerie dreamed of Florence, the lost apartment; and her Bologna cupboard and Louis Quinze chairs, above all, her "Chartres" curtains, stood in New York—and costing fifty dollars a month.

A millionaire friend came to the rescue, offering them a cottage on the Californian coast—California! Where the new soul is to be born in man. With joy the idealists moved a little further west, catching at new vine-props of hope.

And finding them straws! The millionaire cottage was perfectly equipped. It was perhaps as labor-savingly perfect as is possible: electric heating and cooking, a white-and-pearl-enamelled kitchen, nothing to make dirt except the human being himself. In an

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hour or so the idealists had got through their chores. They were "free"—free to hear the great Pacific pounding the coast, and to feel a new soul filling their bodies.

Alas! the Pacific pounded the coast with hideous brutality, brute force itself! And the new soul, instead of sweetly stealing into their bodies, seemed only meanly to gnaw the old soul out of their bodies. To feel you are under the fist of the most blind and crunching brute force: to feel that your cherished idealist's soul is being gnawed out of you, and only irritation left in place of it: well, it isn't good enough.

After about nine months, the idealists departed from the Californian west. It had been a great experience, they were glad to have had it. But, in the long run, the West was not the place for them, and they knew it. No, the people who wanted new souls had better get them. They, Valerie and Erasmus Melville, would like to develop the old soul a little further. Anyway, they had not felt any influx of new soul, on the Californian coast. On the contrary.

So, with a slight hole in their material capital, they returned to Massachusetts and paid a visit to Valerie's parents, taking the boy along. The grandparents welcomed the child—poor expatriated boy—and were rather cold to Valerie, but really cold to Erasmus. Valerie's mother definitely said to Valerie, one day, that Erasmus ought to take a job, so that Valerie could live decently. Valerie haughtily reminded her mother of the beautiful apartment on the Arno, and the "wonderful" things in store on New York, and of the "marvellous and satisfying life" she and Erasmus had led. Valerie's mother said that she didn't think her daughter's life looked so very marvellous at present: homeless, with a husband idle at the age of forty, a child to educate, and a dwindling capital: looked the reverse of marvellous to *her*. Let Erasmus take some post in one of the universities.

"What post? What university?" interrupted Valerie.

"That could be found, considering your father's connections and Erasmus's qualifications," replied Valerie's mother. "And you could get all your valuable things out of store, and have a really lovely home, which everybody in America would be proud to visit. As it is, your furniture is eating up your income, and you are living like rats in a hole, with nowhere to go to."

This was very true. Valerie was beginning to pine for a home, with her "things". Of course she could have sold her furniture for a substantial sum. But nothing would have induced her to. Whatever else passed away, religions, cultures, continents, and hopes, Valerie would *never* part from the "things" which she and Erasmus had collected with such passion. To these she was nailed.

But she and Erasmus still would not give up that freedom, that full and beautiful life they had so believed in. Erasmus cursed America. He did not *want* to earn a living. He panted for Europe.

Leaving the boy in charge of Valerie's parents, the two idealists once more set off for Europe. In New York they paid two dollars and looked for a brief, bitter hour at their "things". They sailed "student class"—that is, third. Their income now was less than two thousand dollars, instead of three. And they made straight for Paris—cheap Paris.

They found Europe, this time, a complete failure. "We have returned like dogs to our vomit," said Erasmus; "but the vomit has staled in the meantime." He found he couldn't stand Europe. It irritated every nerve in his body. He hated America too. But America at least was a darn sight better than this miserable, dirt-eating continent; which was by no means cheap any more, either.

Valerie, with her heart on her things—she had really burned to get them out of that warehouse, where they had stood now for three years, eating up two thousand dollars—wrote to her mother she thought Erasmus would come back if he could get some suitable work in America. Erasmus, in a state of frustration bordering on rage and insanity, just went round Italy in a poverty-stricken fashion, his coat-cuffs frayed, hating everything with intensity. And when a post was found for him in Cleveland University, to teach French, Italian and Spanish literature,

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his eyes grew more beady, and his long, queer face grew sharper and more rat-like, with utter baffled fury. He was forty, and the job was upon him.

"I think you'd better accept, dear. You don't care for Europe any longer. As you say, it's dead and finished. They offer us a house on the college lot, and mother says there's room in it for all our things. I think we'd better cable 'Accept'."

He glowered at her like a cornered rat. One almost expected to see rat's whiskers twitching at the sides of the sharp nose.

"Shall I send the cablegram?" she asked.

"Send it!" he blurted.

And she went out and sent it.

He was a changed man, quieter, much less irritable. A load was off him. He was inside the cage.

But when he looked at the furnaces of Cleveland, vast and like the greatest of black forests, with red and white-hot cascades of gushing metal, and tiny gnomes of men, and terrific noises, gigantic, he said to Valerie:

"Say what you like, Valerie, this is the biggest thing the modern world has to show."

And when they were in their up-to-date little house on the college lot of Cleveland University, and that woe-begone *débris* of Europe, Bologna cupboard, Venice bookshelves, Ravenna bishop's chair, Louis Quinze side-tables, "Chartres" curtains, Siena bronze lamps, all were arrayed, and all looked perfectly out of keeping, and therefore very impressive; and when the idealists had had a bunch of gaping people in, and Erasmus had showed off in his best European manner, but still quite cordial and American; and Valerie had been most ladylike, but for all that, "we prefer America"; then Erasmus said, looking at her with queer sharp eyes of a rat:

"Europe's the mayonnaise all right, but America supplies the good old lobster—what?"

"Every time!" she said, with satisfaction.

And he peered at her. He was in the cage: but it was safe inside. And she, evidently, was her real self at last. She had got the goods. Yet round his nose was a queer, evil, scholastic look, of pure scepticism. But he liked lobster.

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FIVE SONNETS

By Alfred Kreymborg

Old Ralph Waldo.

No dreamer can afford to scorn the human—
He needs some flesh to feed the flying soul.
No transcendentalist outlives the yeoman
Who grubs the soil and brings the spirit coal.
And yet, the hardy brutal realist,
Who knows no soul inhabits the earthy zone,
Must be embarrassed when some idealist
Laughs at the way he swears inside the bone.

This riddle never troubled Emerson—
The star of my youth and now the evening star.
Having read the latest tough American,
I turn and re-read the serene philosopher.
Whether my land grows fleshly or too pure,
"We need more and better swearing," brings the cure!

The Two Henrys.

When I'm outdoors again there's nothing I read—
Unless one reads while looking into things.
Then, when I'm back indoors, flower and weed
Keep haunting the heart and head until each sings.
One could open a book and find it there as well—
(Hear it in Heinrich Heine's triple song—
Comedy, tragedy, Heaven that blends with Hell—
And how these three agree with the woodland throng.)

But books are best in lonely city places.
When neighbors favor me with surly faces
I long for the shortest route to a fellow creature,
Yearn for an hour with Nature's every feature.
The lamp well lit, I sit with that loving robber—
"The Homer of insects"—old Henri Fabre.

Yellow With Yesterday.

Down in the dustbin, I stumble over journals,
Mouldy, wrinkled, yellow with yesterday's news.
There's little I comprehend in these diurnals,

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Least of all the calm editorial views.
Someone agrees with me there, for here I read:
"Your views on the present war are very low.
Your hide deserves a higher type of lead.
Stop my subscription.—Pro Bono Publico."

Did the Editor survive these ironies?
Where is his pen and where "the present war"?
And now one hears new warfare overseas,
Will upright old Pro Bono write in once more?
I read this morning's paper—here's the leader—
And one more letter signed, *your Constant Reader.*

The Professor Charms The Ladies.

Professor X is conscious of his charm
As he leans upon the rostrum blessing Keats.
The ladies flutter with a sweet alarm
As he leads poor Shelley through his sinful feats.
A romantic frown disturbs the classic brow—
Two or three virgins plan a graceful swoon—
Can it be he'll dare drag in Lord Byron now?
A calm clear voice reads fiery Don Juan.

At last the high Professor clears his throat.
The President leads him to a low divan.
The Treasurer brings his tea and one long note—
Pleading sotto voice, "And now, dear man,
Won't you read us some of *your* poetry?"
"Bless you, my dear, I will for a higher fee!"

Fame Or Immortality?

The wistful thought comes over any father
Who has given his best to help frail children grow:
When I am gone will those grown youngsters bother
To think proud things of the man who loved them so?
'Tis thus a young poet feels about his name:
If one or two small verses outlive me,
Will they be glad, or hide their heads in shame
If folk should say of the father—Who was he?

And if the poems live—(O flattering thought!)
To be a kind of second generation—
Grandchildren now of what the parent sought—
What do they think of their long-gone relation?
The poet is but a fool who worries now:
He ought to rot and let the poems grow.

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JOSEPH CONRAD, 1907—

A Humble Apology

By Wilson Follett

LET it be entered in the minutes, first, that these paragraphs are no attempt to set down a detailed commentary on the greatest of modern imaginative writers in English. They are written where there is not a line of Joseph Conrad's printed work to refer to, not a scrap of his writing, not a syllable of anyone's writing about him. If words of his creep into the text, they do so out of one memory which had its most recent fresh contacts with the majority of the books from ten to fifteen years ago. And if sayings of his do in that way come in, or confused echoes of his sayings, they shall stand as written, and may not be set right by the books afterward. For there is certainly a kind of value in the uncensored, uncorrected first-hand evidence of what, after a full decade, a writer of Conrad's scope and stature means to one who became his faithful reader in 1907; who then followed all that he wrote or had written, with much that was written about him, until 1918; and who thereafter, through no fault of will or memory, lost the reader's contact with not only his books but pretty much all books.

It seems to me that we know most about the enduring qualities of the writers with whom we have lived but with whom we are not now living. Re-reading is a very superior test of the writer's longevity, but non-reading is the supreme test of all. *Any* author of whom one is making a close study is important while one is doing it. We tend, while prosecuting such a study, to regard our author with the specialist's narrowness; he is at the center of consciousness, and every other subject tends to become marginal and to refer itself tacitly to him. The critic steeped in an author's significance will know a hundred small things that no one else knows; every time he recurs to his great subject he will detect a dozen fresh meanings, analogies; but he will just as certainly lose, a little by a little, his notion of the author's relative importance. He is turning from a critic into a scholar—and it is inherent in the nature of scholarship that it throws the brightest conceivable spotlight upon the parts of a thing while leaving the whole in the blackest conceivable shadow. The specialist's mind is not a detached mind. If detachment is to be supplied, the outsider must supply it for himself. It is perhaps unfortunate for criticism that the clearest sense of a writer's whole importance is not to be discovered in the critic who knows most about his work in detail. We look to such a critic for ingenious theories, subtle discoveries, original reinterpretations. But for a widely tenable view of the writer's whole purport, we shall have to look every time to a person who has grown in himself while not growing in detailed familiarity with that writer's pages.

The writers who have become the victims of our involuntary neglect fall into three groups: those in whom, after a lapse of months or years, we can see nothing, and whom we are content never to re-read; those in whom we can still see about what we saw when first we read them, and whom therefore we do not require to re-read; and those in whom, through the memory alone, we can see everything, including much that passed unnoticed when we were actually reading them. All three groups may have seemed of equal importance at the outset, may have been discovered with equal excitement; but it is, I think, obvious that the class last named is the one which has survived the unanswerable test of its importance to us.

Such a writer, to me, has been Joseph Conrad in the decade during which I have not been permitted to read his books or the books of other men about him. During that period, he has not only stayed with me, not only become a permanent and nuclear part of my world, but he has grown with me as I

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have grown, or at least changed as I have changed. He answers to needs which had not even been formulated when I first knew his work. The deposit left by such a writer is nothing less than a principle of growth, of adaptation. Throughout the cycle of one's experiences, it is both cause and effect. Tides that sweep away other values merely re-create these values. Each single thing that can happen to a man both changes the quality of such a possession and is itself subtly changed by it.

And when a writer whom you have not read *since 1918 is among your major importances* of 1928, you know something about that writer. You have got to a destination to which the most gifted reader on earth is never going to pick his way through the mere deviosities of textual criticism, of point-by-point appreciation. Your relation to the textual critic is then like that of the convert, the devotee who has experienced something, to the professional theologian who has merely studied something. He has rationalized the power and the glory; but you have *felt* them, and out of the fulness of the heart are ready to bear witness.

II

It was in 1907 that, for me, Joseph Conrad came into being. Charles Townsend Copeland of Harvard, to whom so many persons have incurred debts so various, can hardly mind this acknowledgment of the debt which I incurred when, in a room of Emerson Hall in Cambridge, he spoke a few trenchant sentences about Conrad as a writer whom young men ought to read. There were twenty-five of the young men facing him then. Four that I know of, with some others not of that group but in constant informal touch with it, were reading before the week was out whatever volumes of Joseph Conrad they could lay hands on—an appropriate enough testimony to the sense of Conrad's own doctrine of the illimitable power resident in "the right word". As to the other twenty-one, I know nothing; but there is no reason to suppose that they were either more or less immune to the command implicit in words fitly spoken, or that the libraries and bookshops of Cambridge heard less of their importunities than of ours. If there could be assembled in one place the readers of Conrad who were made that day, with all the readers whom they subsequently made and the readers whom those readers in their turn made and shall make, it could be seen that here was another of the occasions, obscurely historic, on which a great teacher has started something. "He who makes a friend makes a man," Mr. Chesterton somewhere observes. What, then, shall we allege of the critic or teacher who, at a stroke, makes several persons the faithful friends *of a writer's books, and makes the man behind* the books permanently important to each, and sets those adherents to collecting others into the same sodality? That must have been, unforeseeably, one of Copey's most creative moments. To me, among the others, Conrad was born on that day in 1907; for me, he lives while I live, and with an always increasing power of life. Charles Townsend Copeland gave me that. For twenty-one years now I have been grateful. During the twenty-one years, I have heard our smart young futilitarians pour much contempt on the notion that a man can live in such a way as to leave the world better for his having visited it. I can only raise my hand to testify that Copeland of Harvard bettered *my* world immeasurably in that one hour of English 12. I should be surprised if Walter Lippmann and Conrad Aiken, among the others, had no witness to bear to his effect on theirs.

The immediate occasion of Mr. Copeland's remarks was a copy of "The Secret Agent", new then, which came to English 12 under his arm. He did not, I think, follow that day his habit of reading aloud from a new book; and probably I never heard him refer to "The Secret Agent" or Mr. Verloc again. The Conrad books upon which I seem to remember his dwelling, whether then or later, were "Youth", "Typhoon", "Lord Jim", and —as magical a title as was ever catalogued— "Tales of Unrest". Odd omissions—whether from his mention or only from my memory (not by any possibility from his awareness) —were "The Nigger of the 'Narcissus' ", "Nostromo" (then, I believe, three years published), and the tale "Heart of Dark-

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ness" in "Youth". The point, however, was not what received specific mention. It was his making so certain in his own way of our finding all for ourselves in our own ways. It was, mind you, in a course in *writing* that this entirely typical occurrence came to pass. Perhaps, to others than myself, it will seem to throw a light upon the meaning to Copey of the thesis which ruled his course then and always: "The writing of English is a subject about which almost nothing can be taught, almost everything can be learned".

III

Conrad, a French-speaking Pole who learned more about the writing of English than anyone else ever compassed without being born to the language, formulated what I suspect is the finest of all the many things that have been written about the craft of fiction. The words are these: "For what is a novel if not a conviction of our fellow men's existence strong enough to take upon itself a form of imagined life clearer than reality?"

It is the general drift or implication of that utterance, central as it is to the entire meaning of the Joseph Conrad whom my memory now surveys, which long ago put me into the mood of humble apology. In a passably good long book which no one could be found to publish; in an inconceivably bad short book which was actually published, or at any rate circulated; in half a bushel of scattered reviews, articles, lectures; in some dozens of hours of discussion and talk, I committed for years on end the sin of refusing to look at the simplicity of a great man through the clear glass of this window of his own unconscious providing. There in a sentence like a lightning-flash was the whole secret of his twenty books, the whole story of the second of his "two lives"; and I knew the words; and the more I dwelt on them in my own mind or parroted them to others, the more deaf and blind was I to their major meaning. Their sense, the sense of Conrad, was altogether too simple for me to see in those years. At any cost I must have him complex. Youth is a heyday of ingenuities; and I spent my hours and my ink determinedly constructing a Conrad whom it took my utmost of ingenuity to read, and whom it is doubtful if anyone else could have been hired to read. All that I said or wrote of him in those days was, I think, true; but, opprobriously, none of it was *the* truth. I could see everything about him except the thing that gave sense and direction to all the aspects: the force of his simple conviction of his fellow men's existence.

In this carefully and proudly cultivated blindness I had, of course, illustrious company. Henry James—also a writer of central simplicities which nearly all observers have failed to see because of his marginal complexities—published in 1914 his famous *Times Literary Supplement* paper on "The Younger Generation" (later collected as "The New Novel" in "Notes on Novelists"). Surveying Conrad through "Chance", then new, he perceived the book as "one of those undertakings which are condemned from their inception to be art exclusively or to be nothing"; and in the author behind the book he sensed a votary of "that system of doing a thing which shall make it undergo most doing". Conrad early summed up Henry James as "the historian of fine consciences", and to the end esteemed his work on this side idolatry; in fact, he knew himself to be so responsively susceptible to its influences that he dared not read a line of it while either writing or incubating anything of his own. There is a fine unconscious irony, it seems to me, in this pair of estimates. Conrad, whose mind was essentially so direct that it never saw in James anything to split hairs about, was seen in return as nothing so much as an occasion for the splitting of critical hairs. The limitation of Henry James was that he could be the historian of no "fine consciences" except those which he had himself made. And, master of simplification as he was when coping with the massed *données* of his own evocations, he was bound to evoke a Conrad too involved for the uses of any mortal attention but his own. I was aware in those days, it seems to me now, that the greatness of Henry James was in his artistic simplifications. But I was no more aware than he that the grandeur of Conrad was in his human simplicity.

Well, the sinner can at length, under con-

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viction of sin, bring forth fruits meet for repentance—even though he cannot undo his transgressions. Heyst, after a lifetime of the rationalistic skepticism that paralyzes will and emotion, can cry: "Woe to the heart that has not learned while young to hope, to love—and to put its trust in life!" That, from complexities, is getting down at last to a basic simplicity; and its effect is as startling as the break-up of an ice-jam in the sudden spring that comes to a northern lake. It is, in dramatic narrative, the exact counterpart of the *volte-face* which criticism must execute when from seeing things ingeniously it turns to seeing them straight and whole. Woe to the critic who has not learned, before it is too late, to respect an author's conviction of his fellow men's existence, to love simplicity where he finds it —and to know a great man when he feels the electric shock of his sheer humanity.

IV

The pith of the apology which the criticism of 1901-20 owes to the memory of Joseph Conrad is this: that it persistently tried to calculate the sum of his greatness as an artist without including that item which overbalanced all the other items put together —his greatness as a human being. Most of us were busy in those days evaluating—"evaluate" was the talismanic word of those decades—Conrad's use of his experience in conscious art, the rhythm of his developing prose, the parallel between his seaman's nostalgia for the inland country of his birth and his later nostalgia for the forsaken sea; these and a half-dozen other partial and aspectual glimpses of the great presence. Conrad himself has a phrase for the sort of *tours de force* of criticism which we practised upon him: "feats of agility", he calls them, "on the part of a trained pen running in a desert".

It seemed to us then a necessity for intelligent criticism to extricate the artist from the man. We were infatuated with the perfectly true and valid idea that a book would still be the same book whoever had written it. So it would; but, actually, who else in the world could have written one of Conrad's books? We never thought of that. Our perfectly true and valid idea kept us from seeing that, in him, the man *was* the artist. It kept us from really believing those quite straight and perspicuous sentences in which, with more candor and detachment than so fine a mind ever achieved on the subject of itself, he set down the truth about Joseph Conrad.

And what was this truth?

He said that the world was based on a few very simple and unshakable principles, and that these governed the practice of the arts as truly as the navigation of ships. He said that he had carried over from the decks of ships to "the more circumscribed area" of his desk a certain ideal of good service. He said—and it was his one boast—that never, in either the one kind of service or the other, had he lost for an instant his sense of complete self-possession. He said that he was not, properly speaking, a "literary" man. He said that the Scots seamen with whom he served for twenty years had had, before he went ashore, the last say in the formation of his character.

He said that he had carried bags of wheat, bent half double under a ship's deck beams, from six in the morning to six in the evening, and that the labor and the fatigue of that were trivial beside the labor and the fatigue of such an art as his, practised as he practised it. He said that the exhaustion of this art was comparable only to that of "the everlasting somber stress of the westward winter passage round Cape Horn"; for that too was "the struggle of men with the might of their creator, for no reward that could be adequate, but for the winning of a longitude". He said that he had wrestled with the Lord, like Jacob of old, for his creation—for the breath of life had had to be blown into soldier and civilian, Jew and Gentile. He said that he had never in his life made a note of an experience, a memory, or an impression. He said that such a memory as his must often hold discourse with the shades, lingering long with "men who had lived". He said that there was in human life a solidarity in dreams and hopes and joys and uncertain fate; that this solidarity bound together all humanity—the dead to the

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living and the living to the unborn—and that it was an invincible thing.

He said that a novel was "a conviction of our fellow men's existence strong enough to take upon itself a form of imagined life clearer than reality".

That was the sort of thing that we could not fully believe. It was too simple for our sophisticated young incredulity, always so anxious to apply itself intelligently. And it happened to embody the only important truth about Conrad. It was the nuclear reality into which everything else had to be fitted if it were to achieve its own reality.

What else, indeed, are the books made up of? What, if not this, is the substance of all their great moments? In the *Narcissus,* rounding the Cape of Storms, the ship's company holds together when the ship is on her beam-ends—an ideal of responsibility. In the *Judea,* McMahon, his chin-strap of whisker singed clean off by the explosion in the hold, says gently: "Surely there will be enough [of the crew] left to trim the yards", and the yards are trimmed—an ideal of workmanship. MacWhirr, too, rigidly schooled in the expectations of his owners to be afraid of anything less than betraying their assumptions, taking his battered hulk of a steamer through the typhoon that sets his cargo of Chinese coolies fighting madly between decks for rolling silver dollars from the broken chests, rises to the emotional grandeur of "I shouldn't like to lose her" ("He was spared that annoyance")—an ideal of fidelity.

Conrad very plainly believed, and repeatedly said, that the world was a chaos but for the fixity, the continuity, that only a moral principle could give. *His* moral principle was what he called Service, Fidelity, Loyalty, Responsibility. He obviously did not care much whether the result came from a tradition and a code of discipline such as that of the sea, or from the pride of an unconquerable egoism such as that of Gian' Battista Fidanza, or from "the subtle irony of a detached mind"—Decoud's, Marlow's—or from all these together. He would have been as well content with Henry Mencken's less pretentious, no less exacting, formula of "keeping one's engagements". The point was that you had to have *some* continuum that would keep the carpenter making a sane box though the carpenter himself had gone clean out of his head. There had to be *something* that would hold you up to the thankless job of burying dead hippo, and never mind the smell. Otherwise, the universe was a ship on her beam-ends, going nowhere; otherwise, the world was a welter of human vermin fighting for dollars in the dark under battened hatches.

Over and over again, both implicitly in dramatic narrative and explicitly in discursive self-revelation, Conrad maintained that the universe might be inherently without meaning—a purely spectacular contraption, legitimately to be regarded with fear, horror, wonder, awe, adoration; with any possible human emotion except despair. And, precisely because the universe objectively means nothing, the constructive illusions that men fabricate to live by are the sole realities. They make sense, have continuity; they alone dignify "the heat of life in the handful of dust". What Conrad believed as an intelligence, he both practised as a man and wrought into all his substance as an artist. Despair, the one emotion that echoes the senselessness of fate and accepts "the immense indifference of things", he regards everywhere with the horror which in another kind of temperament—say, Mr. Galsworthy's—is reserved for mere human cruelty. And Conrad had no more use for the art which crystallizes despair than he would have had for marine navigation desperately conducted. Just as the universe meant nothing in itself but everything in its fringe of human spectators, so the meaning of a story was "not inside like a kernel, but outside the tale which brought it out as a glow brings out a haze". (This was said of Marlow's pursuit of the inward sense of human events; and, in this meaning and degree, Conrad is Marlow.) He had a sardonic and implacable enough mind to accept the deduction that the art which celebrates despair in a senseless universe is itself a reduplication of the senseless—a nothing within a void. The problem of ethics is the problem of art: to create a denial of the void that *in itself* means something. There can be a conviction of our fel-

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low men's existence. It can be strong—strong enough to take upon itself a form of imagined life. That form of imagined life, in its clarity and strength, is more than a technique of art. It is the technique of the original conviction for getting itself embodied, and by embodiment proved.

Singleton, most aged and most childlike of Conrad's children of the sea—"like stone caryatides holding up in the night the lighted halls of some resplendent and glorious edifice"—peers through the dimness at a slack anchor cable. He sets his shoulder to the capstan and with deliberate slow power forces out of it an imperceptible fraction of a turn. "You—hold!" he growls down at it into the dark. That is Singleton's service, his fidelity, his responsibility—his ideal of workmanship, his definition of art. And he himself is Conrad's. Pragmatism, if you care for the word. The idea that goes with it gives the necessary sixth of a turn to the capstan, takes up the slack. The anchor will hold now.

V

It is very easy for a person interested in fictional form to make a great technician out of Conrad. Everyone who is intelligently interested in fiction *is* interested in its form; and the number of those who have made and published discoveries about his technical revolutionism is therefore considerable. Against it all—and especially my own past part in the hollow performance—I go back again and again to his definition of the novel: ". . . strong enough to take upon itself a form of imagined life . . ." To *take upon itself*.

Against it all, I set up the following observation, ten and more years posthumous to my reading of the books on which it is based: that every apparent assault by Conrad upon the established form of the novel is really an assault, not upon its form at all, but upon its material. The strange inversions which Conrad wrought upon the mode of narration do not grow out of his sense of the exigencies of craftsmanship. They grow out of his personal requirements as a human being; they express the profoundest depths of his character. So far from being a devotee of that way of doing a thing which would make it undergo the most doing, he invariably tells in the simplest of all possible ways the story that he has to tell. His characteristic stories have no form but their content.

These are seemingly wild statements to make about a writer whose technical management of his narrative art has been so often described as a stumbling-block to the wayfaring reader; and they ought not to be left unproved, or at least unillustrated. Illustration is not far to seek; and it happens that the one most overwhelming example is the very one which to a superficial view shows the most perverse appearance of senseless and wasteful involution. Five readers must have given up "Nostromo" as an insane defiance of chronology, of all narrative order and decency, to every reader who can have been thwarted by "Chance" or "Under Western Eyes". My thesis is simply that they are foiled by their own initial assumptions about what a novel must be, and not by the actual procedure of this novel. They simply do not discover what story it is that Conrad is trying to tell them. Remember again, at this point, Marlow, to whom the meaning of a story is not inside like a kernel, but outside, to be brought out "as a glow brings out a haze".

"Nostromo" is commonly taken as an adventurous politico-economic tale of revolution in a Central American republic where the clash of foreign exploitation with native interests produces a confusion parallel with that in the Mexico and Nicaragua of today. So taken, it can only leave a baffled and irritated reader to wonder why it should begin in the middle, loop back fifty years, dart forward twenty, resume at the beginning, plunge to the end, make a superb bonfire of all the material, and then originate a new plot that springs out of the ashes. There is no answer except that that is not the story. The story is outside the chronological events, and it is regulated by an economy different in principle from the chronological.

Put it this way: The tale that Conrad set out to unfold is the shuttle of a gigantic loom; chronology is the warp of his fabric; and the varicolored threads of individual lives and fates are its woof. He is going to pass

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the shuttle back and forth, across and back through the warp which time itself has laid down upon the loom. It will carry now this thread of the woof, now another of different hue; he will drop this drab one midway to revert to a gaudier, then resume the first. Eventually they will all be caught in; and eventually the whole woof will make its perfect pattern upon the warp of time, with no thread dangling anywhere. Not until the shuttle has made its last passage forth and back is the pattern visible in its integrity. When that has happened, the whole woof has filled the whole warp; the design of human hearts and wills and lives is laid out in even superposition upon the stretch of years and decades chosen as the area of the performance. But time is the area only, not the order. The order is in the working-together of substances which could not be worked at all *except* together.

Briefly, and of course inadequately, the shuttle of this vast loom is a sequence, not of physical events, but of moral perceptions which are by no means in thrall to the passage, the laws, of time. More especially, the plot of "Nostromo" is a working out, within defined limits of time and place, of the perception that material interests tragically circumscribe all human lives. No one escapes; the patriot, the intellectual, the lover, the sentimentalist, these are inescapably the victims of materialism along with the miser, the financier, the exploiter, the time-serving politician, the betrayer, the thief. Their existences are all interlocked, whether they accept the fact or not; they are born to the invincible solidarity in hopes, in joys, in fears, in uncertain fate. "Nostromo" is a sardonic drama of the interplay between idealist and materialist of those avaricious motives from the consequences of which none escapes or is immune. Even Mrs. Gould, to whom avarice itself has no meaning, becomes the most pathetic of its victims in the moment when she is forced at last to the perception that "there was something inherent in the necessities of successful action which carried with it the moral degradation of the idea".

The movement of "Nostromo" is the movement of this truth, this perception. From chapter to chapter, eventually from line to line and from word to word, this truth is sharpened in focus, intensified in clarity, carried forward with an inexorable pace and rhythm of its own, dominating the individuals and the separate events. Time stands still, but this idea marches on. Individuals survive, change, perish, but this idea is always there and always engulfing the individuals. The silver of the mine, shining, incorruptible, is its agent and its symbol; and the tale is told when, in one of the great moments of all greatest writing ever done, the moon "seemed to close as if with a bar of solid silver the entrance to the placid Gulf".

VI

There are other examples in Conrad of the same apparent disregard of chronological order. Every one of them means that he has chosen a subject to which the order of events in time is wholly or partly irrelevant—a subject communicable only if unfolded according to an inner consistency which is logical without being chronological.

One of the most interesting examples of all is "A Personal Record" (in England, "Some Reminiscences"), the sole one of his books in which Conrad deliberately set out to convey a great deal about himself, as a seaman, as a writer, and as a man. In that book, which gives in its entirety so comprehensive a view of his life and mind, he is not at all endeavoring to marshal events in their order; rather, he would set vibrating a harmony between the mysterious influences which called him from an inland country to the sea, and those later, no less mysterious influences which called him away from the sea to be a writer. "In the purposely mingled resonance of this double strain, a friend here and there will perhaps detect a subtle accord."

Mr. E. M. Forster, in his recent "Aspects of the Novel", has defined the goal of the ultra-modern novelists as the annihilation of time. He praises the ambition, while censuring the apparatus, of such a novelist as Miss Gertrude Stein. It is, according to him, this goal which constitutes the intelligible basis of her work—the drawback being that on the

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intelligible basis she has reared an unintelligible superstructure. Mr. Forster would appear to be as correct as he is shrewd in his definition of what the more advanced of our contemporaries are up to. What is odd is his non-perception that, in many chapters of Conrad, the revolution is thoroughly accomplished, the civil war against time already won.

Conrad defied time in the novel, not by the doubtful service of upsetting a natural order or evolving a substitute for events, but by making the novel the vehicle of subject-matter the inherent nature of which cuts across, not along, the temporal grain. "Chance", for example, is no more than incidentally the story of Captain Anthony and Flora de Barral: primarily, it is the story of how that story was deciphered. Its object is not the original events, but the discovery and reconstruction of them piece-meal by intelligences not too deeply involved.

In all this, Conrad's originality was, I devoutly believe, as instinctive, as ingrained as his love of the sea—"the good strong sea, the salt, bitter sea, that could whisper to you, and roar at you, and knock your breath out of you"; the sea about which he made his aged Garibaldino, Giorgio Viola, say when the one woman of his life was dead: "The spirit of liberty is on the waters. Doctor, I would have her buried in the sea". I do not think he paused to reflect that he had, as the saying is, driven a coach-and-six through the form of the novel as Henry James and the French impressionists handed it to him in 1895, or that he would have cared anyway. I think he simply wrote out what was in him, and with a sublime unawareness of its extraordinary difference from what was in any one of his fellow workers past or contemporary. He anticipated later writers who have begun to date while he is still the most vitally disturbing of contemporaries; and I am convinced that he did it as naturally as he loved ships, "the creatures of men's hands and the objects of their care".

One of his books already named, "A Personal Record", he himself contemplated with a simplicity of fervent affection which illuminates the whole man. Clearly, this was the one of his volume-length works of which he most thoroughly approved after the glow of composition had cooled. It was printed, in America, from type in a small edition, and it shortly went out of print. Conrad deplored and resented the continued inaccessibility of this book as he resented no other one thing in the long chapter of his unfortunate experiences with American publishing. He would have been willing to see the book reprinted as a paper-covered pamphlet if that would have got it some distribution; he would have been willing to forego entirely his own hope of financial return from it, and that at a time of his career when provision for his family had become an obsession with him.

"A Personal Record" was the one book of his own which he continued to regard with passion. And the reason was the simplest and most human of impulses. He had always felt (whether rightly or wrongly makes no difference) that no other work of his pen had so much to say to all sorts and conditions of quite simple folk—a multitude of readers who were not, as he liked to think that he himself was not, "literary".

He was a simple enough man to send word to an obscure critic who had written of him with excitement: "You may tell him that C. feels less lonely since he has read his pages". He may have been, too, in a certain way and degree, a shy man. He regarded the work of Walter de la Mare—from which he singled "The Three Mulla-Mulgars" and "Memoirs of a Midget" as preëminent—as being among the finest of our time, and spoke of it with a deep kind of emotion. But I cannot find that he ever really let de la Mare know how he felt; probably it did not occur to him that anyone would have regarded his feeling as of importance.

He was wrong there. Everything touching such a man is of the utmost importance. All that Joseph Conrad said and wrote in sober earnest, with nearly every syllable that he set down in scorn, in sardonic anger, or in the occasional outbursts of his extravagantly felicitious humor, is infused with his unique gift—the conviction of his fellow men's existence, strong enough to take upon itself beautiful forms of imagined life clearer than the realities of every man's every day.

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THE WOOD-PULP RACKET

By Henry Morton Robinson

WOOD-PULP literature is bought by the bale and sold by the long ton. It is printed on paper made (apparently) from gray oatmeal, pressed between illustrated covers seven times too vivid to be called garish, and shipped in car-load lots to all points of the English-speaking compass. "For sale at all newsstands", it is avidly bought up by twenty million readers a week, and read in the best pool-rooms, banking houses, subway trains and University halls in the United States. Wood-pulp is the great unrecorded fact of American literature, the successor to the dime-novel as the standard literary diet of a thrill-hungry populace. It is the reading-dividend of a democracy; the weekly fiction light that dare not fail. It has no subscription list, carries little or no advertising, yet has more readers than all other types of magazines combined. Stylistically it's awful; structurally it's carved out of unreality by the flat side of a venal typewriter; you may not like it, and may even despise people who do. But take it or leave it, approve, condemn or patronize—Wood-Pulp, there she stands!

You all know the wood-pulp weekly. Under its various names—*Detective Fiction, Adventure, Black Mask, Flynn's, Horror Tales, Sea Stories*—it has at one time or another come under your reading eye. Perhaps you bought a copy one day, just to see what it was all about. Probably you've been buying them ever since. Why? Because wood-pulp is as big a dime's worth of vicarious satisfaction as one can buy in this palely inhibited age. They're nine parts action and seventeen parts romantic improbability, done to a sizzling turn by writers whose credo runs "Action is the true God, and plausibility is His only prophet". Wood-pulp, next to laudanum, is the most habit-forming drug on the market. Ultimately it gets you. If you miss a week, or if the issue happens to be poor, or if your favorite author doesn't write his usual story about Ss-s-imp-k-kins the S-stut-tering Detective—why, the week is ruined and you're bad news around the house.

But possibly, being one of the superciliary hairs on the Proust-Gide eyebrow, you have never heard of Wood-Pulp. Or haply you read only the Book-of-the-Era when it's left at your door by the postman. Well, if you go in for that sort of thing, communication is going to be difficult; probably this writer will have no idiom delicate enough to touch you. He intends to speak of things that will make you sorry you ever heard the horrible syllables "wood-pulp"; he is going to lay bare the hideous conditions under which pulp writers exist, crawl about and perform their dreary stint. Your ideas of literary production will be blasted; your concept of the artist as a young man or as any other kind of a human being will have to be revised. And if you are yourself a practitioner of *belles lettres*, who have been painfully undergoing the parthenogenesis of five hundred words a day, and sniffing essence of verbena for the exact nuance of adjectival color and adverbial overtone—we ask you to lift your skirts please and step down into the smelly sub-literary pits where the wood-pulp boys twist their verbiage into linked impossibilities long-drawn out.

Few mature intelligences want to write for the wood-pulp magazines. Few can. The physical battle of hurling six thousand words a day onto paper, the brain-pulverizing business of devising enough hair-trigger action to stretch over the plotted area of your tale, and the ghoulish necessity (when invention fails) of coming back again to feed off the dead flesh of last year's yarns—these are some of the reasons that make wood-pulp literature the last miry trench of men who write against despair. Actually, they are a special race of *feuilletonists*, stemming from

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the same huge trunk that bore Dumas, De Foe, yes—and the greatest quantity-fictioneer of all time, one Walter Scott, Bart. Their talent—and it is considerable—is narrative; their genius—and it is magnificent—is stretching that narrative out into forty or fifty thousand words without loosening their hold on the lapel of the reader's interest. For in Woodpulpia the only unforgivable sin is dullness, and the forfeit of dullness is soon paid. The magazine is barely on the stands when the editor begins to receive great batches of "fan letters", blasting that last puny tale, "The Waffle Iron Mystery" by Nicodemus Dent. Now "The Waffle Iron" may have been (from any reasonable standard) a closely reasoned, well-written yarn that the editor tried to slip over on his million readers with some notion of raising their standards. But alas! it hung fire a trifle just between the second murder and the fourth poisoned dart. So of course it was doomed; Nicodemus Dent's stock on the fiction curb drops about seven and three-eighths degrees, and the editor trembles as he hears the reading proletariat thunder "Action, action, we want action".

And they get action. They get it in their serials, which are so arranged that a new one starts every week; they get it in the short stories, of which there are five or six in each issue. And they get it in their complete novelette, that peculiar literary form devised and fostered by the wood-pulp press. The "complete novelette" shows the wood-pulp artist at his worst and best. No man who isn't capable of turning out one of these novelettes in a week can ever hope to qualify as a union pulp writer. They vary in length from fifteen to thirty thousand words, and are as hectic in theme and execution as the human brain can devise or the moving finger write. The dominant colors are red and black; character is delicately painted in with a calsomine brush. Plot circles within plot, action leap-frogs action, knives slither, pistols spit, fiends flee and strong men pursue. There is a sizzle in every sentence, which consists of a terribly masculine subject, an actively smiting verb and a rapidly smitten object. Your wood-pulp stylist never goes in for psychic probings or contingent metaphysics. If a page of James (Henry, not Jesse) were discovered in a wood-pulp magazine, what a scene would ensue, my countrymen! The skilful pulp artisan also knows that there must be a complete episode and a copper-riveted climax every five hundred words. Murder makes a nice climax, but if this cannot be conveniently arranged, a hold-up, or a mysterious disappearance will do nearly as well. In fact *anything* will do, just so long as the writer can keep it dizzily zigzagging across the reader's vision. Otherwise the tale grows somewhat limp, and again the fan letters descend in an avalanche, complaining that the stories are getting too high-brow, hence soporific. Briefly, the wood-pulp audience is always clamoring for a knockout. And they always get it. Along towards the fifteenth round, just when the villain has the hero hanging on the ropes, all softened up for a kayo, Roderick Manley, the fair-haired boy, lets fly the equivalent of a terrific left hook, whereupon Virtue triumphs, Sin is confounded, the treasure is recovered, the mortgage lifted, the murder solved, the lovers reunited and the bulls walk on merely to manacle the cringing culprit. Oh boy, and also Hot Dog! *Dear Editor: That Nicodemus Dent sure can write a wow of a tale!*

II

In the tradition of beautiful letters, especially in that part of the tradition most painfully concerned with the *mot juste,* it seems impossible, not to say sacrilegious, that one man should be guilty of sixty thousand words a week. But to any successful practitioner of wood-pulpery, this feat is not unusual. Most of them have had sixty thousand word weeks, and a million words a year is not an improbable output for the wood-pulp worker with a family to support. The chief marathoner of all time was of course Col. Prentiss Ingraham, who wrote and published one thousand books, averaging sixty thousand words apiece. On one occasion he got a hurry order from his employer, Erastus Beadle, and wrote a complete novel-

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ette of thirty-five thousand words in twenty-four hours. He apologized for his snailish gait by saying, "I wrote with a fountain pen; if I had known how to use a typewriter I could have done it much quicker". But even with the old, bungling, fountain pen system, he amassed a lifetime total of some seventy million words. His income averaged about ten thousand dollars a year. And this is about as high as a wood-pulp writer can go. Suppose that the most active of the present day group—Garret Smith, Ben Conlon, Judson Philips and a dozen others whose names stand AA1 in the wood-pulp register—turn out half a million words a year, and get two cents a word for everything they write. That means they are making their ten thousand a year, and work like triple-compounding donkey-engines to do it.

What manner of men are these who grind the wood-pulp grist? First off, they are all writin' fools who were born with the story-telling pipe between their teeth, and endowed with deep brain-creases in the plot-manufacturing area of the occiput. Moreover they know how to toss a sentence into the air and make it land on its feet the *first* time. None of this rewrite stuff in Woodpulpia. If the boys began to revise their stuff they would all starve to death. So it's one long machine-gun rattle from first to last, with all repairs made in mid-flight, and never a backward glance if the participles are dangling or whether the paragraphs start with a topical sentence. As one might expect, many of the best pulp artists have been recruited from newspaper ranks. While there are a few steady pluggers in the business, the wood-pulp writer as a rule is an improvident descendant of the Grub Street hack, usually hating his job, and lashed into feverish activity once a week by the necessity of getting the Thursday check. (The good ghost walks on Thursdays in Woodpulpia.) There is a lure about writing for *Dizzy Stories* and the lure is this: you get your cash on the nail. Whatever befalls, your check comes in on Thursday, and then you're all set for another nice period of loafing.

Suppose you are broke, wretched, and in no mood to trifle with the niceties of language. Very well. You call up the editor of *Dizzy Fiction* (he is an old friend by this time) and this colloquy ensues:

"Good morning, Horace Greeley. How about an idol's eye story?"

"Good stuff. Haven't had one for two weeks. Where'll you lay it?"

"Chinatown, eh?"

"Nope, I've got six Chinatown stories on hand. Make it Fifth Avenue."

"O. K. How many words?"

"Keep it under five thousand."

"Right. Have it in tomorrow."

So you sit down, write the idol's eye story (which mustn't differ one preposition's worth from all other idol's eye stories) and when you come to the four thousand, eight hundred and fiftieth word you begin tapering off for the end. This must always be done in not more than one hundred words. Long explanations aren't permissible, and if you can tie the whole works up in a paragraph, so much the better. After seven or eight hours at the crank, your tale is all wound up, you take it down to *Dizzy Fiction, Inc.*, and the next day you get your $99.86.

If you've done your best and have really turned out a standard idol's eye story (which begins by Roderick Van Fleet being accosted by a beautifully gowned woman on Fifth Avenue, who presses a carbuncle of fabulous worth into his hand and disappears), the editor is enraptured. He knows that the fan letters will come pouring in from all points of the zodiac, clamoring for another idol's eye story by Nicodemus Dent. And if enough fan letters come in, and if you get other editors interested in your stories, why perhaps your rate will go up to three cents sometime. But higher than that it cannot climb—unless you get to be an Edgar Rice Burroughs and invent another Tarzan.

III

What now of the wood-pulp editors, those lower-cave troglodytes of literature who in their eyeless dark paw over the thick-scummed manuscripts of crime? Do they like to read incessantly of arson, kidnappery, counterfeiting and knife-throwing? Alas, they do not. Generally they are meek and

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modest men with a thwarted lyric urge or a pale flair for play-writing. I speak now not of the Bob Davises, the Matthew Whites, the Arthur Hoffmanns—that older generation of editors who raised wood-pulp to the condition of folk-literature, and kept it there for nearly half a century. Rather, I have in mind the newer accretions clustering about the core of wood-pulp. Most of this younger school are sad-eyed chaps who have harangued freshman English classes from the infallible side of the desk but found the freshmen too obstreperous for them at last. So they went down from Academia and made the rounds of the newspaper offices, and were terribly brow-beaten by the rude people in those offices. Then they tried free-lancing for a time, and ended up wearing blue shirts to save laundry bills. Finally they heard that Street and Smith were starting another paper, and that an editorial clerkship was being created for *Triple Action Magazine*. If they are young enough, and docile enough to listen to what the General Overseer lays down as the new *Triple Action* policy, they get the job. They are given a cubby hole in the corner of a coat room, or perhaps only desk space in a vast skating rink of an editorial room crowded with similar desks. It is their function for the first six months to utilize the off-scourings of the older magazines in the same office; to buy at a cent a word all that is not quite good enough for *Burglar Stories* or *Ghost Mysteries*. At the end of this period, the editor begins to marshal his own camp of writers, raises his rate to a cent and a half, and if he's any good at all shows a circulation of two hundred and fifty thousand before the end of the year.

Wood-pulp magazines fall into three big classes, and naturally there is a hierarchy of quality Adventure stories (*Wild West, Sea Stories,* etc.), Detective stories, and All-fiction—which means a wood-pulp goulash composed of every kind of story. Naturally there is a hierarchy of quality; some of the magazines are infinitely superior to the others. Frank A. Munsey's *Argosy* is the oldest and perhaps the best of the wood-pulp leaders. This magazine has been brought out for forty-five years by the same editor, Matthew White, who stands today a unique figure in the magazine world. Once a week he brings out a hundred and fifty pages of clean, wholesome fiction. There's no denying that it's wood-pulp, but it's always good going and for the most part, sound, cleverly written stuff. Frank E. Blackwell, editor of the Street and Smith *Detective Stories,* is a wiry, tough-minded veteran who would have gone insane long ago if he were not a humorist who could take the daily beating with a wise-cracking jape at life and literature, which he affects to despise. Actually, however, he is devoted to Shelley and Thackeray, and cannot be induced to pore over detective manuscripts more than eleven hours a day. And Arthur Sullivant Hoffman took *Adventure* so seriously for a decade that he made a great magazine of it, but later descended in the scale of things by taking up the editorship of a glossier, more effeminate sheet for a short time.

In the course of the last quarter-century, to go back no farther, this triumvirate of editors has seen platoons of wood-pulp writers pen their names in water, take their hundred-dollar checks and pass on. Only a few have broken through the sub-literary crust and emerged into the upper world of light and letters. But even among these successful writers who served a wood-pulp apprenticeship there are no really great names. One thinks perhaps of Sax Rohmer, J. L. Fletcher, Frank L. Packard, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Leonard Nason and a few others. But however long the list is extended it will be a pitifully short one in comparison with the number of wood-pulp hacks who never could break away from the thraldom of *Dizzy Diction*.

A gray wrack of pathos clings about their names. Their two cents a word is spent long before their story appears, and in less than a month after the issue is on the stands not even the shrewdest of their own super-sleuths could trace a single copy of the number carrying their yarn. No library files copies of wood-pulp. Of the millions of words the wood-pulp writer grinds out, of the hundreds of plots he concocts, nothing remains but ephemera, shadows—dead wood-pulp with an old date on the cover.

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CONGRESSIONAL LIMITED

By Nancy Hoyt

THE very earnest young man seated opposite me on Mr. Pullman's inhospitable plush *fauteuil* had spent the five hours from New York in turning over the contents of a battered attaché-case. As the train neared Washington, passing over the empty lots and outlying cobbled roads, familiar to the inhabitants as the scene of the spring circus encampments, he started a last feverish review of his afternoon's work, stacking typed papers and pinning press-clippings together, the while he kept an eye on the approaching lights of the town.

It was impossible to see what were the papers he was so anxiously handling, but from the little pile of books and magazines he carried and to which he occasionally referred, from his preoccupied face and the hand that made quick little jabs with a fountain-pen, correcting or making notations upon the margin of the typescript, one could deduce a few things about him: He was probably a young politico-intellectual, possibly a sub-editor on one of those attenuated weeklies which discuss world situations intelligently and heatedly every Saturday on refined cream-white paper.

Convictions that burned within him were visible as he read the leaders in several of these reviews and then dived again into the mass of papers. His general expression when the train finally drew into the Union Station gave one to feel that immediate action would hurl him towards whatever authority he had come down to consult and, once the business done, no power could hold him from leaping on the next train back to New York. No desire for dallying in the provincial gaieties of the town had brought him here, and the sooner he could return, bringing home the bacon in the shape of some juicy fact about the nomination or Nicaragua or Russia, something to make the lads at the Tuesday luncheons green with envy, the better for all concerned. He regarded Washington as a busy government office which one entered for a moment and then left, having discovered the wanted information.

Poor fellow! I gazed after his departing figure sitting alone in a taxi, still clinging to the attaché-case while he glared vehemently at the Capitol, which, it was easy to see, he could not approve, looming over the city like a gigantic wedding cake, one of those very swell three-tier arrangements they have at Vanderbilt weddings. Personally, I am very fond of Washington, naïve and delightfully small-town, pretty to look at and not too much of an intellectual strain —good old Washington—Beautiful but Dumb. Still, I pitied the earnest young man. How could he know that the Great Man he was journeying to see lived in a town which was hardly a capital but only an overgrown Trianon whose inhabitants were far too busy trying to have a nice time to talk seriously, who masked their rude interest in *Welt-politik* and *les affaires* under the polite cover of social amenities?

He arrives at the home of Senator VerBose. The wide door is thrown open and an expansive negro butler informs him that he is just in time for dinner. He has already dined on the train, and attempts to explain that he is come on an important errand and not to enjoy the VerBose hospitality. But Simeon VerBose is upon him, takes the bag from his hands and propels him forcibly into the drawing room.

"Haven't kept us a moment," he bellows kindly. "Vivian never is in till eight, so we've had to postpone dinner this year. She's a débutante," he adds proudly.

The Earnest Young Man makes an anxious effort to launch his questions.

"Senator VerBose, we aren't quite sure about your stand on the Loan question. Now

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when you made your speech to the Foreign Relations Com—"

But the Great Man breaks in—

"After dinner—after dinner, my boy. How about a little cocktail? That's not a bad idea, Ozzy," he says enthusiastically to the butler, and hands an amber glass to the visitor. "Here's how!"

The family was upon them. A boy temporarily here with his college Glee Club, a débutante daughter who preëmpts the table talk with a description of the day's festivities, a placid mother prone to pressing second helpings on everyone.

The Earnest Young Man wishes himself back in New York where food is being pushed away from little restaurant tables to clear space for important discussion and emphatic gestures. He stifles in an atmosphere of Chicken Maryland, hot bread and pleasant prattle.

The daughter turns on him.

"And aren't you awfully clever, and know all about politics and things like that? Why, Daddy showed me the magazine you edited, and it was so highbrow that even the advertisements were just about debates all fixed up in little black-edged squares like memorial announcements!"

Dreadful girl! It is evidently hopeless to attempt to broach any subject here that might not be included in the Fifth Grade reader. Vivian VerBose talks on, while her father beams admiringly upon her.

After dinner, the family withdraws and sounds of a new and particularly obnoxious graphophone issue from the next room. The Earnest Young Man, seeing the Senator silent, awaits politely his next words.

"Ozzy, give us some of the Bourbon and hand me that syphon." He pours out the whiskey, smells it lovingly for a moment and then continues:

"That whiskey—"

For the ensuing half-hour, while the young man starts many times to effect an opening, the Senator discusses whiskey, whiskey-making, personal and national preferences, the folly of wasting good Bourbon on the present generation, and finally, with great eloquence and a comprehensive knowledge of his subject, he reaches the Eighteenth Amendment, which he proceeds to do up brown. It is his favorite topic and he handles it well. The fact that he is a leading figure in a national and international fight over a burning question of world importance no longer bothers him. He rides his hobby happily to the finish.

"And now, if you will excuse me, I'll go dress. Damned reception. Hope it won't bore you," he murmurs, and makes for the door.

But the young man is to be put off no longer. A sudden rush of words to the mouth and the thing is done. Does the Senator believe in it, or not? Will he, or won't he?

With a pleasant wave of the hand, the great VerBose disappears through the doorway.

"Later. Later!" he calls. "Now, Vi-Vi, take care of this young man for a while." Vivian, impossibly talkative and unquenchably vivacious, leads him away. Her brother's tail-coat is suggested as a means of clothing him for the reception.

"But I didn't come to Washington to go to a party," he protests feebly, but is overruled and is sent upstairs to Bill's room to don the garments, which fit abominably and oppress him at every turn.

Presently he is squeezed between father and daughter on the back seat of a limousine. Mother didn't feel so good tonight and thought she'd stay home. What *is* an intelligent young Liberal doing in this galley?

The stairs of the Pan-American are a packed mass of struggling people. Trivial personal gossip, very mildly flavored with scandal, occasionally reaches his ears. But of what use is it to the weekly to hear an Ambassador's wife discussing her latest hairdressing salon, and the reasons for her change? He decides that the new hairdresser hasn't made a very good job of it and turns to look at the decorations on many manly forms. The reception is being given for the President by a South American country, at the Pan-American Building, and full regalia may be seen on all sides. Presently, after herding past a bored little gentleman with compressed lips and faintly reddish

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hair, the VerBose party meet in a corner of the enormous ballroom.

"Let's go on to Chip's party," suggests Vivian dragging a couple of bedizened foreign boy-friends in her wake. Hearing the nationality of one of the diplomats, the young man picks up hope. He sniffs a chance at first-hand news on the country's economic situation.

The diplomat first looks blank, and then nods agreeably.

"What you say is probably right. I believe so myself," he remarks pleasantly. "But have you heard anything from your government about it?" the young man pursues.

"Ah, no. Not at all. All I know I read yesterday in ze New York Tim-es," the diplomat replies, resuming an expression of blankness. Then he is seized with a sudden idea which lights up his whole face, kindly new interest in his eye.

"Vi-Vi! Say to me, Vi-Vi, is it true that Mrs. Dot gives soon a babee party? O, I would love to go to a babee party! Never have I seen one in Europe," he cries.

Our poor young friend drops back, looking around helplessly for support. Simeon VerBose, a silent oracle, drapes himself against the background of a French window.

"I'll be going along now. Want to go on with Vi-Vi, or has she exhausted you already?" he inquires presently.

The Junior Member from the Highbrow Weekly snaps at the chance.

"If you are leaving, I'd prefer to go now," he replies.

Hope springs eternal. Senator VerBose and the gentleman from the state which pays a fifth of the country's taxes meet in the great patio below. Fountains gurgle melodiously and a sleepy parrot gives a feeble croak. The two statesmen meet and move towards the door together.

"Lift?" says Simeon.

The other nods. But in the car they become more loquacious. The E. Y. M. enters it, fumbling for the strapontin which his place in precedence ordains he shall occupy, to hear one of them say:

"Yes, Blank isn't the same fellow without it. Gave him a moral support, a dignity, a sense of reliance, of backbone that he's now lost."

The other laughs.

"Poor old Jim, the wide, open spaces are not very suitable, but it's an irrevocable step. He'll have to stick to it now. Ridiculous—man of his age changing the policy of forty years!"

The young intellectual has begun by pricking his ears and is now listening reverently. Changed policy—aha! There he has it; now he's got it, in a nutshell. And the name of the unfortunate under discussion?

A confrère who, to please a young wife, has recently shorn off luxuriant mustachios, handsome and impressive ornaments which often served to awe his listeners and subordinates.

Ten thousand curses! Another red herring pulled across the train of the investigator. Once returned to the VerBose mansion, Simeon waves him off to bed in an enormous guest-room.

"In the morning, in the morning!" he promises glibly. The young man is beginning to grow suspicious of these airy postponements. And he is proved correct in his fears. For the soft, damp air and silence of this lazy town lull him to unaccustomed sleep and when he awakes it is already ten o'clock. In the dining-room a few crumbs, a plate on which two tiny sausages out of a round dozen remain, and a half-empty coffee pot show that the bird has flown and is now ensconced in the enormous aviary on Capitol Hill.

A flutter of winged crepe panels and a mysterious aura of *N'aimez que moi* herald the approach of Miss Vivian VerBose, but the young man's veins are filled with printing ink and his head with leaders, so she fails to stir him.

She perches on the arm of her father's empty chair, slits the envelopes of the morning mail, and hastily swallows one cup of coffee with an eye on the engraved white cardboards before her.

The negro butler enters with a note.

"Thanks, Ozzy."

She peruses it, swinging a slender leg, fetching in skin-colored gauze.

"Daddy wants me to take care of you for

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part of today. He suggests lunch at Rauscher's; 'take him there that he may gaze upon some of the inhabitants of the local menagerie'." She reads along. "'It is impossible to say too strongly how much more attractive young animals in the puppy or kitten stage are, than the mature beast. Perhaps they will later grow into man-eating tigers, but now they are full of purrs and playfulness. I should certainly advise Rauscher's rather than the Capitol.' Isn't Daddy crazy? He always talks that way. Shall we meet at one-fifteen? I'll give you the address."

Vivian is off again, rushing to answer the telephone's insistent ringing.

Our Boy-Friend makes a stealthy grab in the hall cupboard, captures his hat and coat and goes leaping down the front steps before Mrs. VerBose can make a date with him for a musical morning, or Billy VerBose can drag him to the Racquet Club to play a couple of fast sets before luncheon.

Having walked a couple of miles in the various directions kindly passersby have assured him were the correct route to the Capitol, he hails a taxi and gives the address to a leisurely driver, who, after lighting a cigarette and clipping one of his finger-nails carefully, at last condescends to take him there.

Somehow he has penetrated to the catacombs of the huge building and finds himself on a toy subway about to depart for the Senate offices. The whole thing is preposterously childish and reminiscent of Coney Island. He jumps off just as the little car starts, and hurries up again towards the Olympian heights above.

When he finally reaches what he supposes is the Senate chamber, someone is droning a speech about the necessity of a new post-office in Hunksville Junction. He realizes that this is the House of Representatives.

An attendant in the corridor outside gives him complicated directions and also tells him the correct time.

It is just five minutes to one, and Vi-Vi under orders from her papa is expecting him at Rauscher's in twenty minutes. Remembering the magnificent distances and the new traffic rules of the city, he bids a regretful adieu to the Capitol, captures another taxi and sinks dejectedly inside.

There is one consoling thing about Rauscher's. It is not quite like any other place in America, and as he is here for the purpose of finding out one important fact from Senator VerBose, and any lesser tid-bits he can hear from diplomatists, he is not in search of typical America but typical Washington. A stream of young people, speaking French, English, Spanish, German, Latvian, or what have you, passes up the stairs, while the hybrid voices of débutantes fresh from two years in Europe and those of young men studying for the Foreign Service, fresh from two years at the Bar (Ritz, Paris, France), mingle in the warm, intimate atmosphere.

Vi-Vi collects him as she would a lost handbag and struts into the dining-room ahead. It is a dining-room and not a restaurant. Waitresses who are a cross between old family servitors and anxious maiden aunts stop for a little chat at each friendly table. On one side of them black-a-vised Latins laugh over a newspaper clipping; on the other, three Britons and one solitary American smile at the vehemence of a downy pink colleague who, looking as if he had just rambled out of the fifth form at Eton, cries in agony against the rude language of England's vigorous offspring which dares to flourish independent of her rule.

"But, my dear fellow," he protests, "you Americans can't call that thing a pie! A pie's a pie, and a tart's a tart."

The solitary American grins.

The Earnest Young Man listens to all these sounds, hoping to tune in on something really valuable. Vi-Vi is glad he is good-looking, because these highbrows certainly are dumb—they don't even hear what you say.

Behind him a voice redolent of the Czecho-Slovak home-town says with decision:

"Yes, business is goot this year. Aw, ve certainly have had goot business. What customers? All different nations—almost any you can name—Italians, English, Hungarian, South American, lots of dem. Have a beppermint?"

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Business is good, is it? This time he has caught the elusive note of economic conditions. He turns.

It is Mays, also known as Maticka, or Piggly-Wiggly, the genial head-waiter of the place.

The Earnest Young Man wilts.

The strain is beginning to tell on the forlorn fellow, who is dragged later to a cocktail party, where speech and movement are impossible because of the crowd, and later still to a dinner-dance in the small ball-room of a large, ornate caravanserai so new that its decorations are still food for conversation.

At least Simeon V. himself is along this time. No shadow sticks closer than the lad from New York. The Great Man is seldom six feet away.

About eleven o'clock the Senator turns from the group with whom he is talking and calls the youth over to his side.

"General, let's just ask this young man to decide. Keep quiet, girls,"—this to Vi-Vi and a sister débutante. "It's between the General and me."

They all move towards a vacant spot, untroubled by gilt chairs or dancing couples. The Senator coughs portentously.

"My boy, you are now going to judge fairly and frankly and then tell us your verdict. Give us your attention and then we'll hear what you think. Can the General's daughter or mine dance the best Charleston?"

With one terrified look at the girls, whose agile ankles are already wiggling backwards and forwards, he flees the room. He looks at his watch and sighs thankfully. There is just time to strip off these alien garments and catch the Midnight back to town.

Is it a city of frivolous idiots, or are they all engaged in a stealthy game of spying on each other without getting caught at it? Do they do real work which they don't want anyone in Washington to know about, and only assume this pose of foolishness, or are they really empty-headed social puppets? Perhaps it is a huge poker game in which each one is hiding the rewards of his hand beneath an unchanging smile, while he does his best to peek over the top of his cards to see what his neighbor is holding. Perhaps. But the Earnest Young Man feels that there is only one way to find out what Senator VerBose or the Ruritanian Embassy is willing to say, and that is not by personal interview, but by reference to that sterling exemplar of what is best fit to print—Ze New York Tim-es.

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POETRY IN BERNARD SHAW

By John V. A. Weaver

IT was while I was listening to one of Alfred Lunt's speeches in the death-scene of "The Doctor's Dilemma" that a familiar cadence kept impinging upon my ear; and to one who has spent no little time manufacturing blank verse of a sort, the recurrence of a beat in lines such as "The people in Italy used to point at Dante, and say, 'There goes the man who has been in Hell' ", and "You are the light and blessing of my life", could not but stimulate curiosity.

Afterwards, then, with a copy of the play before me, I tried scanning some of the more beautiful speeches of the scene, arranging the lines according to where the pause for breathing or sense would naturally fall, and it seemed to me that the results made singing, lyric passages as authentically poetry as any of the purple passages in Shakespear or Marlowe or Peele or Greene, or whom you will among the most expert wielders of "prevailing iambic pentameter".

The passage, for instance, wherein Dubedat urges upon his wife a different sort of mourning came out as follows:

DUBEDAT: I want you to look beautiful.
I want people to see in your eyes
That you were married to me.
The people in Italy used to point to Dante,
And say, "There goes the man who has been in Hell."
I want them to point at you and say,
"There goes a woman who has been in Heaven."
It has been heaven, darling, hasn't it—sometimes?
. . . . . .
If you wear black, and cry, people will say,
"Look at that miserable woman:
Her husband made her miserable."
MRS. DUBEDAT: No, never.
You are the light and blessing of my life.
I never lived until I knew you.
DUBEDAT: Then you must always wear beautiful dresses
And splendid magic jewels! Think of all
The wonderful pictures I shall never paint!
Well, you must be
Transfigured with all the beauty of those pictures.
Men must get such dreams from seeing you
As they never could get from any daubing with paints
And brushes. Painters must paint you as they never
Painted any mortal woman before!
There must be a great tradition of beauty
A great atmosphere of wonder and romance!
That is what men
Must always think of when they think of me.
That is the sort of immortality
I want. You can make that for me, Jennifer.
There are lots of things you don't understand
That every woman in the street understands;
But you can understand that and do it
As nobody else can.
Promise me that immortality.
Promise me you will not make a little hell
Of crepe and crying and undertaker's horrors
And withering flowers and all that vulgar rubbish.

I have said, "prevailing iambic pentameter", and it seems as if my contention were rather well borne out, since, from twenty-four lines in that last speech, sixteen scan conventionally, while three more are no freer than many an accepted example from Edna Millay or Robert Frost or the other modern masters of the heroic measure.

And all through that most impassioned scene, the lyric note kept singing through. I don't mean that much more of it fell into

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blank verse, though occasional lines suddenly did so. But there was a music which suddenly, charged with emotion, separated passages off from the surrounding prose, and became, as it were, arias.

Take such a speech as Dubedat makes a few moments later, when his wife asks him to describe one of their precious memories, the evening when "we saw the flames dancing in a bush in the garden". His answer arranges itself into a free verse which certainly none of the poor Greenwich Village posturers could ever approach:

Such a color.
Garnet color.
Waving like silk.
Liquid, lovely flame flowing up through the bay leaves,
And not burning them.
Well, I shall be a flame like that.
I'm sorry to disappoint the poor little worms;
But the last of me
Shall be the flame
In the burning bush.
Whenever you see the flame, Jennifer,
That will be me.

I ask you, has Amy Lowell or H. D., or any of the best vers librists surpassed that for lift of feeling and rhythm of expression? Another—and perhaps the most beautiful—poem from this strange, witty, tiresome, tragic, passionate play I shall reserve for the last of my comments. It paraphrases the manner of the King James version, and contains no fugitive iambics such as even the above lets in twice.

This matter of blank verse in relation to Shaw began to revolve in my mind unceasingly, and I remembered suddenly the travesty which the benevolent old meanie made, once upon a time, of his own silly novel, "Cashel Byron's Profession". There was some danger—why, heaven alone knows—of someone's purloining the text for a play; and since an inexplicable clause in the copyright law in those days—1901, I believe—protected the dramatic rights of fiction only if the author made and had produced a play involving the material, Shaw set to work and feverishly concocted a drama entitled "The Admirable Bashville". The entire script was in blank verse—and what blank verse! This thing enjoyed, I believe, one performance. But the point is that the introduction to the printed version contains very mocking remarks anent this particular medium, jumping all over Marlowe, Shakespear, Webster and Ben Jonson. And his own use of it he explains in the following paragraph:

"It may be asked why I have written 'The Admirable Bashville' in blank verse. My answer is that I had but a week to write it in. Blank verse is so childishly easy and expeditious (hence, by the way, Shakespear's copious output) that by adopting it I was enabled to do within the week what would have cost me a month in prose."

He also says "Besides, I am fond of blank verse"—explaining quickly that he means only a few pre-Shakespearean lines, and that of the bard himself in the Histories. His own product is priceless. He calls it "rigmarole", and such it is; but successfully funny. Such passages as the description of the prize-fight:

The Dutchman led at once, and seemed to land
On Byron's dicebox; but the seaman's reach,
Too short for execution at long shots,
Did not get home upon the ivory;
And Byron had the best of the exchange.

are as cleverly ludicrous as:

A lovely woman, with distracted cries,
In most resplendent fashionable frock,
Approaches like a wounded antelope.

And the grand manner, burlesqued in passages like:

Ensanguined swine, whelped by a doggish dam,
Is this thy park, that thou, with voice obscene,
Fillst it with yodeled yells, and screamst my name
For all the world to know that Cashel Byron
Is training here for combat?

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with the answer:

Swine you me?

are a fitting counterpart of one of the world's loveliest lines:

Hark! Hark! Hark! Hark! Hark!
Hark! Hark! Hark! Hark! Hark!
It strikes in poetry. 'Tis ten o'clock.
Lydia: to thee!

Lest he should, he confesses, be accused of writing nothing but balderdash, he has "stolen or paraphrased a few from Marlowe and Shakespear; so that if any man dares quote me derisively, he shall do so at the peril of inadvertently lighting on a purple patch from Hamlet or Faustus".

This precaution furnishes us with such a gem as:

Mislike us not for our complexions,
The pallid liveries of the pall of smoke
Belched by the mighty chimneys of our factories,
And by the million patent kitchen ranges
Of happy English homes.

and the pretty observation:

"This is the face that burnt a thousand boats,
And ravished Cashel Byron from the ring."

And all that is amusing enough, but tossing off witticisms about how easy blank-verse writing is, and deriding it, does not explain very well why, in Shaw's most exalted speeches, the poetic tendency rears its old iambus.

It is true that quite often the meter follows a different and changing pattern—though always the five-foot line crops up. At times the rhythm is as gay and prattling as one of Mr. Milne's sweetmeats—God save the mark!—but soon, as he reaches the kernel of his meaning and emotion, it develops sonority and dignity, and the words carry a deep, moving music. Take such a passage as the famous arm-chair aria at the end of "Candida". See how, from lightness, it goes to strength and vitality:

Now, I want you to look at this other boy here—
My boy, spoiled from his cradle.

We go once a fortnight to see his parents.
You should come with us, Eugene, and see
The pictures of the hero of that household.

James as a baby,
The most wonderful of all babies.
James holding his first school prize,
Won at the ripe age of eight!
James as the captain of his eleven!
James under all sorts
Of glorious circumstances!

You know how strong he is
(I hope he didn't hurt you) —
How clever he is—how happy—

Ask James's mother and his three sisters
What it cost to save James
The trouble of doing anything but
Be strong and clever and happy.

Ask me what it costs to be
James's mother and three sisters
And wife
And mother to his children all in one.

Ask Prossy and Maria
How troublesome the house is
Even when we have no visitors
To help us slice the onions.

Ask the tradesmen who want to worry James
And spoil his beautiful sermons
Who it is that puts them off.

When there is money to give,
He gives it.
When there is money to refuse,
I refuse it.

I build a castle of comfort
And indulgence and love for him,
And stand sentinel always
To keep little vulgar cares out.
I make him master here
Although he does not know it,
And could not tell you a moment ago
How it came to be so.

And when he thought
I might go away with you,
His only anxiety was
What should become of me!

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And to tempt me to stay he offered me
His strength for my defence,
His industry for my livelihood,
His position for my dignity,
His —

Ah, I am mixing up your beautiful sentences,
And spoiling them, am I not, darling?

Sometimes the harmonies resolve into such sound as you will find in the Psalms or Ecclesiastes. Appropriately enough, the best example of this is in a speech by an unfrocked priest, in "John Bull's Other Island". This gentleman has been asked for his idea of a working heaven, and he answers:

In my dreams it is a country
Where the State is the Church
And the Church the people:
Three in one, and one in three.

It is a commonwealth
In which work is play
And play is life:
Three in one, and one in three.

It is a temple
In which the priest is the worshipper
And the worshipper the worshipped:
Three in one, and one in three.

It is a godhead
In which all life is human
And all humanity divine:
Three in one, and one in three.

It is,
In short,
The dream of a madman.

And again, in, for instance, this excerpt from "Saint Joan"—part of her answer to the Inquisition—the sad loveliness awakes echoes of "The Trojan Women" and the other greatest of the Greeks:

. . . But to shut me from the light of the sky,
And the sight of the fields and flowers;
To chain my feet
So that I can never again ride with the soldiers,
Nor climb the hills;
To make me breathe foul damp darkness,
And keep me from everything
That brings me back to the love of God
When your wickedness and foolishness
Tempt me to hate Him;
All this is worse
Than the furnace in the Bible
That was heated seven times!

I could do without my warhorse,
I could drag about in a skirt;
I could let the banners and trumpets
And the knights and the soldiers leave me behind
As they leave the other women,
If only I could still hear
The wind in the trees,
The larks in the sunshine,
The young lambs crying through the healthy frost,
And the blessed, blessed church bells
That send my angel voices
Floating to me on the wind! . . .

Perhaps it is when Shaw becomes most rhetorical that he slides most fully over to the iambic pentameter. The great address to the Sphinx is full of the early-Shakespearean cadence, varied, of course, by other meters. I do not quote in full:

. . . . In the little world yonder, Sphinx,
My place is as high as yours in this great desert;
Only
I wander, and you sit still;
I conquer, and you endure;
I work and wonder, you watch and wait;
I look up and am dazzled,
Look down and am darkened,
Look around and am puzzled,
Whilst your eyes never turn from looking out—
Out of the world—
To the lost region—the home from which we have strayed.

Sphinx, you and I, strangers to the race of men
Are no strangers to one another:
Have I not been conscious
Of you and of this place since I was born?
Rome is a madman's dream; this is my reality.

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Those starry lamps of yours I have seen
afar,
In Gaul, in Britain, in Spain, in Thessaly,
Signalling great secrets
To some eternal sentinel below,
Whose post I never could find.

And here at last is their sentinel—an image
Of the constant and immortal part of my
life,
Silent, full of thoughts,
Alone in the silver desert.

Sphinx, Sphinx,
I have climbed mountains at night to hear
in the distance
The stealthy footfalls
Of the winds that chase your sands in for-
bidden play—
Our invisible children, oh Sphinx, laugh-
ing in whispers.

My way hither was the way of destiny;
For I am he whose genius you are the
symbol:
Part brute, part woman, and part God—
Nothing of man in me at all.
Have I read your riddle, Sphinx?

I daresay that if ever Mr. Shaw happens upon this exploitation of his works, he may be moved to reply in tones less poetic and more like the popular conception of him as a violent wit. He—and others—may easily object to my versification, to my division of his lines, to my whole thesis. But it is an *interesting experiment, I think,* this attempt to accent the poetry in his works. And surely it is not entirely silly to exhibit some of the exaltation written by a man who could put into the mouth of Dubedat the credo:

I believe in Michael Angelo,
Velasquez and Rembrandt;
In the might of design,
The mystery of color,
The redemption of all things by Beauty
everlasting,
And the message of Art that has made
these hands blessed.
Amen. Amen.

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GERHART HAUPTMANN

By Harry Salpeter

THE world knows Gerhart Hauptmann as dramatist and, largely because of the nature of some of his dramas, as poet. When, in 1912, at the age of fifty, he was awarded the Nobel prize for literature, it was "principally for his rich, versatile and prominent activity in the realm of the drama". It could hardly have been for any other activity, for by that year he had written twenty-four dramas, two stories, one book of travel reflections, an epic poem, an indiscretion of his fumbling, unorientated youth which he tried hard to recall; one quite terrible novel, "Atlantis", and one which was quite good, though overlong, "The Fool in Christ". He had not yet written "The Heretic of Soana" or "The Island of the Great Mother". That was left for the ripe maturity of his late fifties. Mention the name of Gerhart Hauptmann in any fairly intelligent assemblage outside of the German-speaking nations and that name will conjure up the names of these of his dramas: "Lonely Lives", "The Weavers", "Hannele" and "The Sunken Bell"—but, above all, "The Sunken Bell", that lovely allegory of the artist's failure to free himself utterly from the tangle of conventionalized obligations, that he might climb to the heights towards which his vision pointed. "The Heretic of Soana" is to Gerhart Hauptmann's prose fiction what "The Sunken Bell" is to his poetical dramas.

Hauptmann is so impressionable as a human being that, as a writer, he cannot help being autobiographical, except possibly when dealing purely with legend, as in "Henry of Auë", or with historical events, as in that other play, "Florian Geyer", or with fantastic Utopianism, as in his latest novel, "The Island of the Great Mother". And even when he works with symbols, or embroiders legend, it is himself—his problems, desires and doubts—which determines the choice and treatment of legend, the working out of symbol. A play, or a novel, of Hauptmann's need not be autobiographical in events—so obviously and crassly autobiographical as "Atlantis"—but it will be so at least in the mood reflected, in which sense the defeatist "The Sunken Bell" is autobiographical. It is this sensitivity, this impressionableness, which made him, at the beginning of his career, a leader of the naturalist movement with his Ibsen-Zola-Tolstoi plays, and it was that quality which later made him give the perfect expression that he did to the idealist, poetical-pictorial drama when Naturalism seemed to have run its course. Because of his responsiveness, his creative work has been called "a history of influences, good and bad". One reads Hauptmann's works to read Hauptmann's life. His works have been his confessions, sometimes of such a direct character that they have sounded like indiscretions, but, sometimes in confessing himself he has confessed Humanity. His career has not had the consistency, the undeviating direction of a Shaw or a Hardy, and we cannot know from one creation to the next exactly where we shall find him, nor what he will confess, what imply, nor what mood convey. And in most of his later works one reads good news: that Gerhart Hauptmann has seemed to reach that summit toward which Heinrich the bell-founder struggled in vain.

If I insist upon the autobiographical significance of the mood in which his later serene works are steeped, it is because a study of the life and work of Hauptmann has led me to believe that you cannot separate the work from the life. Such a study also has made manifest the rarity of such moods in Hauptmann. In small things, no less than in large, work reflects life; were all the material for his biography destroyed and only his books left, one yet could reconstruct, perhaps painfully, a spiritually accurate "life" from plays and poems and novels. I do not believe that many great artists have

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so fully and obviously exploited themselves as has Gerhart Hauptmann. Does this mean that he lacks imaginative resources? Not if he uses himself, his experiences, his soil, richly, significantly, imaginatively, as he sometimes, but not often or consistently, does. His art perhaps might have had a wider appeal and a closer approach to universality had he caught early and held long the mood, the spirit, which is the main characteristic and distinction of, chiefly, "The Heretic of Soana".

For example, the domestic difficulties of Hauptmann have been woven into the fabric of many of his plays and certainly of one novel; transmuted somewhat, no doubt, but yet determining the choice of material and the treatment, a treatment dictating tragedy and death as brother conclusions. The inability of an artist to transcend himself may yield either great or feeble work. That sensitivity to human suffering which makes a man poet-advocate of a submerged class, as in "The Weavers"; of the children of the poor, as in "Hannele"; and of defenceless women upon whom men prey, as in "Rose Bernd"—such a sensitivity may incline the poet-dramatist to dwell with a possibly morbid emphasis upon his own private difficulties. Those who are most capable of pitying others are not beyond the suspicion of exaggerating the occasions for self-pity. Even the symbolical "Henry of Auë", based on the legend of the leprous knight whom the devotion of the lovely virgin restored to health, constitutes a highly-pitched symbolization of a chapter in Hauptmann's life. In "Michael Kramer", which preceded "Henry of Auë" by some years, Hauptmann dwelt upon the tragedy of ugliness, with the consequent shunning of society. Hauptmann himself, we are informed, had withdrawn himself from the world, and in "Phantom", the novel, Hauptmann returned to the theme of an ugly youth thirsting for love and glory as a poet. Time and again he has dwelt upon the theme of regeneration through the alchemy of love. Note "Henry of Auë" and "Wayland", among the most obvious examples in drama; in "Phantom" and "Atlantis" in fiction. He has dwelt upon that theme in its physical and spiritual implications. His return to that theme has significance in his spiritual autobiography.

The spiritual conflict in Hauptmann's early married life is perhaps too faithfully mirrored in the chief character of "Atlantis", Dr. Frederick von Kammacher who is fleeing to the new world to escape his wife. There is Gabriel Schilling, in "Gabriel Schilling's Flight" (a play which was withheld from public presentation for many years after it had been written), running away from his wife and drowning. There is Johannes Vockerat (in "Lonely Lives"), who, torn between the legal tie which binds him to his unsympathetic wife and his love for the "new" woman, solves the problem by suicide. Karl Holl, in his study of Hauptmann, indicates that the dramatist worked out in his own life the problem of one man torn between two women somewhat more happily than did Johannes Vockerat. Even "The Sunken Bell", that apparently unalloyed sublimation of the artist's struggle upward, derives much of its motivation from Hauptmann's personal drama, for Rautendelein, the lovely woodland sprite, has been declared to be the idealized projection of the woman who became Hauptmann's second wife, and Magda, one of the voices of valley duty, is supposed to have been intended for a representation of Hauptmann's first wife. Even the story of his first courtship has not been unemployed, for in "The Maidens of the Mount", Hauptmann reconstructed, in a mood of melancholy recollection, the days when he and his two brothers courted in their mountain home the three sisters whom they later married.

Hauptmann's marital troubles, however, do not serve as the only key to Hauptmann's work. His life, until even after his fiftieth year, when he won the Nobel prize, has exemplified drift rather than mastery. His life has been characterized, from its beginnings, by tentative gropings, by experiments the failure or the success of which he was rarely able to distinguish in advance of public presentation. In some men change in the medium of expression denotes the prodigality and many-faceted quality of genius; in Hauptmann, I believe, such shifts indicate lack of assurance. For in some of his plays

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the form chosen to express an intention was not suited to it, and yet Hauptmann is too great a writer to be content with filling a dramatic mould. He wants to say something. The drama is supposed to be the medium best suited for the wide dissemination of that which one wants to say, but Hauptmann has not always managed the dramatic form so well for his purpose as Shaw, for example, has managed it for his.

II

Gerhart Hauptmann was born on November 15, 1862, at Obersalzbrunn, in Silesia. His father was an innkeeper. It may or may not be significant that his first play ("Before Sunrise") among others, points the horrible consequences of congenital alcoholism and that Hauptmann was for some time a staunch Prohibitionist. In the case of so impressionable a young man, Hauptmann's direct and indirect emphasis on sobriety must bear some reference to his early years. Hauptmann's grandfather was a weaver, a witness, if not a participant, of the terrible uprising of 1844 which Hauptmann later attempted to mirror in "The Weavers". This he dedicated to his father, from whom he had heard about the uprising. Gerhart was kept at home until 1874. His mother was a gentle woman and a devout Christian and it may have been from her that he derived the religio-mystical strain in his character, a strain which may have been strengthened later during his residence with an uncle whose home was a fortress of the Moravian faith, where also he heard the music of Bach and Händel. From "Hannele" (1893) through "Commemoration Masque" (1913) to "Wayland" (1925), the mystic has been an obvious element in the compound which is the artist Hauptmann. In that man who wrote "Hannele" and "The Fool in Christ," on one hand, and "The Sunken Bell" and "The Heretic of Soana", on the other, the conflict between Christian and pagan must sometimes have shaken to its foundations the soul which was the stage of combat. From the beginning, Gerhart was curious and bookish, imaginative and nature-loving. That he was a bad student is a fact consistent with his young nature. In 1874 he was sent to Breslau, to a secondary school. His father's ill-fortune cut short those days. When Gerhart returned to Breslau, it was to the Royal College of Art, where he specialized in sculpture. He was there until the spring of 1882, modelling and writing his fledgling dramas. It is to this period that we may refer "Colleague Crampton", the comedy about an inebriate art teacher and "Michael Kramer", the tragedy of an unsuccessful artist. Thereafter Gerhart followed his brother Carl at the University of Jena. Carl, who became a scientist of some distinction, has left several volumes of poetry and drama, the value of which his famous brother's work seems to have eclipsed. At Jena, Gerhart specialized in philosophy and the natural sciences, attending lectures by Haeckel and Eucken. Subsequently he studied psychiatry with Forel at Zürich. Although these lectures are supposed to have left their mark on the impressionable Gerhart, the university did not long hold him. He embarked on a Mediterranean tour, following, for part of the way, in Childe Harold's footsteps. He stayed in Rome and Capri awhile. The fruit of this journey was an epic, his first work, "Promethidenlos" (1885). This, like "Atlantis", is crassly autobiographical. His first hero, Selin, being undecided what career to adopt and torn between sculpture and poetry, ends it all by drowning. Indecision, between careers, or between women, or between destinies, was to be a characteristic of some of his heroes.

Following his voyage, Gerhart visited the sisters who later became betrothed to the Hauptmann brothers. Following his engagement he entered the Art Academy at Dresden, continuing his studies in sculpture. He returned to Rome, married at Dresden, went to live at Erkner, a Berlin suburb, freed by his wife's fortune from the necessity of earning a living. Apparently, he abandoned his art studies. He decided to become an actor, but gave it up. He had a lisp. Spitta, the unsuccessful actor in "The Rats", which Hauptmann wrote years afterward, also had a lisp, as well as a theory of the drama—a theory which Hauptmann had been able to put into practice with some measure of success.

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The turn in his career was coming. He was to write a drama which was to bear the same relation to the literature of his period that the production of Victor Hugo's "Hernani" bore to his. The success of this first drama was to put Hauptmann under the happy compulsion of becoming Germany's foremost dramatist. Gerhart Hauptmann was almost thirty before he found himself. He found himself with a vengeance. And because he found himself for the time—impressionable man that he was—in tune with a movement which was to be the center of a wide controversy, that movement raised him on its shoulders for all the world to see.

Up to about the time of his marriage Hauptmann had been largely under the suzerainty of Byron. New influences were intervening. His studies at Jena were bearing fruit. At Erkner he read omnivorously in science and sociology—Darwin, Karl Marx, Saint-Simon, among others. He was responding also to the intellectual air-currents blowing in from the French naturalists, the Russians, the Scandinavians; Ibsen, Zola, Strindberg, Tolstoy and the Goncourt brothers, who had formulated the creed of Naturalism: "The modern—everything for the artist is there: in the sensation, the intuition of the contemporary, of this spectacle of life with which one rubs elbows!" With Arno Holz and other spokesmen of the naturalistic creed Hauptmann maintained constant touch. When *Die Freie Bühne*—the Free Stage—was organized to give representation to the new drama, Hauptmann offered his first play, "Before Sunrise". It was produced at the Deutsches Theater, following Ibsen's "Ghosts". "Before Sunrise" established Hauptmann as a leader of the naturalistic movement in Germany. This play no more foreshadowed "The Sunken Bell" than James Joyce's "Chamber Music" could have foreshadowed "Ulysses".

Before Hauptmann's first play was produced, he had published "Flagman Thiel", a story stemming from Zola, which he later developed into one of his best plays, "Drayman Henschel". One year after the production of "Before Sunrise", in which the dominant influence of Tolstoy was perceived, he published another story, "The Apostle", which had a religious eccentric of the time as its model. Hauptmann's "The Fool in Christ", one of his earliest novels, must have been the development of "The Apostle", which story Dr. Otto Heller regards as "the signal of deliverance from Naturalism".

Because he began his career as the dramatist of Naturalism, it was inevitable that the young Hauptmann should have had every one of his early works compared with the works of his elders. Not only was his "Flagman Thiel" Zola and "Before Sunrise" Tolstoy, but his second play, "The Reconciliation" was Ibsen; his third, "Lonely Lives" was Ibsen, and not merely Ibsen, but "Rosmersholm". It was with "The Weavers" (1892) that Hauptmann was to strike his first original note and even that has been damned as a pamphlet play, dramatizing the quality of Hunger rather than the quality of human beings. Following "Colleague Crampton", a comedy redolent of Molière, and "The Beaver Coat", a comedy pillorying bureaucracy, came "Hannele", one of those rare plays in which Hauptmann does not remind us of some other dramatist. First of his semi-lyrical dramas, "Hannele" may be regarded as the bridge that Hauptmann was to cross on his way from naturalism to mysticism and poetry, the qualities he was to express later in such works as "Elga" (like "Hannele", a dream-play); in "The Sunken Bell", in "Henry of Auë", among others.

III

Hauptmann's first six plays, those before "Hannele", were naturalistic. The six plays that followed "The Sunken Bell" were so evenly divided between the realistic and the idealistic, that, to quote Dr. Heller, "it would be obviously unfair to regard Hauptmann either any longer as an obdurate disciple of Naturalism, or as an apostate from its principles". In Germany the reign of Naturalism in the drama had come to an end. In 1893 the success of such poetic legendry as Ludwig Fulda's "The Talisman" and of the opera "Hänsel and Gretel" prepared the way, if not for "Hannele", at least for "The Sunken Bell", which probably did not require trail-blazing. The star of Maeterlinck

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was in the ascendant; and about the time "The Sunken Bell" was produced, "Cyrano" enthralled Paris.

After "The Sunken Bell" came "Drayman Henschel", one of the greatest peasant tragedies ever written; "Schluck and Jau", Shakespearian farce; "Michael Kramer", naturalistic tragedy; "The Beaver Coat" and "The Conflagration", linked rogues' comedies; "Henry of Auë", poetic legendary drama; "Rose Bernd", return to realistic tragedy; "And Pippa Dances", in the symbolic vein; "The Maidens of the Mount", recollection in melancholy; "Charlemagne's Hostage", historical drama; "Griselda", a modern view of legend; "The Rats", seriocomedy; "Gabriel Schilling's Flight", drama of autobiography in naturalistic vein; "Commemoration Masque", mystical puppet show. More recently he has produced, in the dramatic mould, "Dorothea Angermann", naturalist drama in which, for two acts, he returns to America; and a revision of "Hamlet" with Hamlet as a man of action; "Wayland", a play based on the Vulcan of Northern mythology; also "Anna", a rural love poem, and a modernization of Till Eulenspiegel, a symbolical epic in hexameters in which the old rogue is made to revisit post-war Germany.

I have not, of course, listed all that Hauptmann has written, but enough to show either the wide variety of his themes and his treatment, or else the inconstancy of his expression. On the stage many of his plays have been failures. It has been pointed out that many of his dramas have a deeper and wider appeal as reading matter than as matter for stage representation. A number of critics have dared the wrath of the Hauptmann cult by suggesting that because Gerhart Hauptmann writes dramas it does not follow that he is, therefore, a dramatist; that he lacks the vocation. And among those who concur in this view there is concurrence also in the view that Hauptmann's plays show what an excellent novelist he might have made. Ashley Dukes writes: "To say that many of his plays stamp him as a novelist who has wandered into the theatre by mistake is not to belittle his power as an imaginative writer. . . . Hauptmann is one of the most gifted of living writers but the style in his case is not adapted first and foremost to the service of drama". Of some of his plays he writes: "They would have been far completer works of art in the form of novels". And after listing the various methods of dramatic writing amongst which, in his view, Hauptmann has wavered, Mr. Dukes says: "This may be called versatility, but it has more than a suspicion of the versatility of the weathercock". Because Hauptmann writes plays, says Dr. Heller, he has been called, "through a natural fallacy of public opinion", Germany's greatest dramatist. Hauptmann has not been insensitive to such strictures. One of the supposed motives behind the writing of "Michael Kramer", one of his best plays in the tragic vein, was to give the lie to such critics as Richard M. Meyer who had written that Hauptmann lacked "the higher intellect, the mastery in the realm of ideas, the power to deal with the abstract, the quick flash that lights up the mystery of things". And in an autobiographical sketch published before 1914, Hauptmann attempted to justify his almost exclusive concern with the drama, half-heartedly confessing, by implication, the possibility that there might be some justice in the contention that the drama was not his happiest vocation.

Toward the conclusion of his essay on Hauptmann, Prof. Heller writes:

"Hauptmann, in cultivating the drama to the exclusion of every other literary form, lets the richest acres of his genius lie fallow, and we plead, in extenuation of the critical attitude taken, a certain resentful sense of disappointment. Nietzsche once said of Wagner: 'I believe it often happens that artists do not often realize what they are best able to do because they are too vain.' One cannot help pointing the aphorism at Hauptmann. . . . He could be the prince of modern lyrists if he would. That is why we clamor for songs from him".

I am inclined to believe that Hauptmann has already given us such songs—songs in narrative prose celebrating the serenity of maturity and strengthening his claim to posterity's attention.

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A DECADE OF CHANGE

Letters of Wm. Dean Howells, 1880-1889

WOULD it be too much to assert that after 1880 the New England tradition was in its death throes, that it was perishing slowly but perceptibly, and that a newer, less disciplined and more emphatic literature was beginning to lay its foundations? The work of Emerson was done; he was passing through that sad twilight of the mind that was to end in death in 1882. Longfellow was to die in this same year, Bryant had died in 1878, Richard Henry Dana in 1879, his son in 1882, James T. Fields in 1881, Bayard Taylor in 1878, and Motley in 1877. A few figures lasted on into the 1890's—Holmes, Whittier, Bancroft, and Lowell among them—but their best work was done. The new generation was of a different calibre. During these 1880's change and travel exerted their influence on William Dean Howells. In 1881 he resigned as editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*. He was his own master now and no longer tied to the responsibilities of routine editorial labors. His creative vein, mellowed and matured, was at its highest power, and this decade witnessed the publication of many excellent fictional studies, among them "The Rise of Silas Lapham" and "A Hazard of New Fortunes".

Various opportunities were offered Howells, among them the literary editorship of the *New York Tribune* (1881), the professorship of literature at Johns Hopkins University (1882), and the Smith Professorship of French and Spanish Languages and Literature at Harvard. He refused them all. Part of this period was spent in travel, a Swiss sojourn, a summer in London, and wanderings through his beloved Italy. This travel resulted in some of his most delightful sketches.

During this period, too, Howells gave ample evidence of where he stood in the economic development of the United States. We are apt to think of him as a mild-mannered man and gentle-souled editor but he was more than that. His intuitions were essentially of the progressive order, and while his disciplined mind would not permit his feelings to carry him too far he yet made his position manifest. There is an illuminating paragraph in Mary and Charles Beard's "The Rise of American Civilization" that gives a fair summing up of the Howells of the 1880's and it may well be set down here:

"Early drawn into the struggle of labor against the plutocracy, Howells not only wrote of that conflict and its antithesis, the Socialism of Altruria, but he descended into the forum to champion the right as he was given to see it—even to protest against the execution of the Chicago anarchists as a 'grotesque perversion of law', knowing full well, as he said, that his action was distasteful to 'the immeasurable majority of the American people'. If his wrath never burned to high heaven and his stories of the times, realistic as they were, marked no epoch in American letters, there was no doubt about the locus of his soul in the curve of the American economic alignment."

The letters which follow, selected from Mildred Howells's "Life in Letters of William Dean Howells", give a fair but fleeting picture of the activities of Howells during the 1880's. The temper of his mind, urbane, keen, essentially cultured, is evident from first to last. He had, by this time, reached a vantage point of years where he might profit by his experience and his knowledge of humanity. He was an able and intelligent epitome of what the New England scene in its full flowering might evolve.

H. S. G.

* * *

The following paragraph is from a letter to William Cooper Howells, W. D.'s father, written from Boston and dated April 27, 1880.

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"We have had rather a society week. The Clemenses were in Boston, and we had them out a day and night with us. Then on Friday, I went with Winny to the Fieldses' to meet Ole Bull. We had a sit down lunch, and uproarious story-telling gayety, and after lunch Ole Bull made his fiddle sing to us. It was wonderful: the fiddle did everything but walk around the room. Ole Bull is very white haired, and it was fine to see him as well as hear him playing. His wife was with him—an American, half his age—who accompanied him on the piano; a very gentle and charming person. This was Winny's first grown-up lunch, and might almost be said to have been made for her. She has been at a young girl's dancing party in Cambridge, the night before; and she thinks her life is very full of contrasts."

The three following letters have to do with Howells's relinquishment of the editorial chair of *The Atlantic Monthly*. Henry O. Houghton and James R. Osgood, of the publishing firm that bore their names, separated in 1880 and Howells placed his books with Osgood. *The Atlantic Monthly* was owned by Houghton. Howells's position as editor, therefore, was a difficult one.

To James R. Osgood.

Belmont, Jan. 10, 1881.

My dear Osgood:

I must withdraw from my proposed engagement with you; and I do this wholly of my notion, and with the full knowledge that I can in nowise be legally affected by any disagreement between Mr. Houghton and you. I have perfect confidence in your sincerity in construing your agreement as you do; but he construes it in an exactly opposite sense.

I cannot suffer myself to be made your battle-ground in fighting out your different interpretations. That is all.

I will send Mr. Houghton a copy of this letter.

Yours ever,
W. D. Howells.

To James R. Osgood.

Boston, Feb. 2, 1881.

Dear Osgood:

When I wrote you some weeks ago that I wished to withdraw from negotiations with you, I did not expect to be in a position to make any offer of my services. I have now, however, definitely resigned *The Atlantic* editorship, and I shall be glad to propose to you the publication of my writings hereafter.

Yours ever,
W. D. Howells.

Horace E. Scudder was a contributor to *The Atlantic Monthly*.

To Horace E. Scudder.

The Atlantic Monthly,
February 8th, 1881.

My dear Scudder:

You break my heart! And yet I thank you for doing it, with all the pieces. You may be sure that I have enjoyed our relation as fully and thoroughly as you. I need not tell you how much I have respected your work in the magazine, how glad I was to have it there, how happy in all the personal meetings it has led to. Such a one as that of yesterday! It did me good all over. In a word, you know I love you.

But I have grown terribly, miserably tired of editing. I think my nerves have given way under the fifteen years' fret and substantial unsuccess. At any rate the MSS., the proofs, the books, the letters have become insupportable. Many a time, in the past four years I have been minded to jump out and take the consequences—to throw myself upon the market as you did, *braver Mann!*—rather than continue the work which I was conscious of wishing to slight. The praise the magazine got ceased to give me pleasure, the blame galled me worse than ever. Then to see a good thing go unwelcomed, or sniffed at!—The chance came to *light soft,* and I jumped out.

I dare say I shall often regret the change—I, too, hate all changes, and this is a very great one—but I shall do my best not to regret it.

I write to you frankly, as you did to me. Dear old contributor, *salve et vale.*

Yours ever,
W. D. Howells.

The "novel for *Scribner*" was "A Modern Instance", but as *Scribner's Monthly* had been sold to *The Century* in 1881, the story appeared as a serial in the December *Century* of that year.

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To S. L. Clemens.

Boston, April 17, 1881.

My dear Clemens:

I have written to Osgood today about the Library of Humor, and have asked him to read my letter to you; but Mrs. Howells, who has charge of my sense of decency—I wish she didn't brag so about her superior management of it—suggests that *you* ought to hear from me first. Osgood tells me that you and he are about to strike a bargain, and he wants to know if I'm ready to go to work. He also tells me that you would like to push the job through before you go to Elmira. I suppose he doesn't perhaps quite understand; but I could not agree to work at it except in the most leisurely way; you spoke of an hour a day; and I don't see how I could give more time. You see that I have to get ready a novel for *Scribner* by November 1st, so as to let them have the opening chapters for January; and I wish to finish it by December 31, and cut for Europe. I don't know exactly how hard this work will be; but it won't be very light; and I don't know how big a book you wish to make. With the rashness of youth, I agreed to do anything, when I was at your house; but I now wish you to let me suspend my decision till I see Osgood, and get your latest ideas from him. I think also I should prefer to return to your latest idea of paying me a stipulated sum—$5,000—and leave the rich possibilities of the venture to you. I believe that I could help you to that extent; but I could not afford to lose my labor if the work failed. I hope this won't seem fickle or unreasonable. The questions with me are: I. How many volumes and how large? II. Whether I can decently spring the notion of a stipulated sum on you instead of a royalty? III. Whether I could undertake the work experimentally and back out if I found it too hard?

Mrs. Howells is feeling badly at not having written to Mrs. Clemens and thanked her for the good time she made us have at your house. She has been in bed the greater part of the past fortnight; but she is up now, and will start the universe on the right basis again in a few days. She joins me in love to all of you.

Please write me at Belmont: we go back on Thursday.

Yours ever,
W. D. Howells.

P. S. My difficulty in finishing the two-number story that I've just ended has given me a scare about loading up with more work till I see my way through the novel. If I were not able to go to Europe in December, then I should have a clear three months before I began another story, and should be glad and humbly thankful to help you on the L. of H. Or if you and Osgood can agree on terms, and leave the time blank, I can still be your man. What I dread is to enter on work that I can't decently back out from. Why don't you go on with the Etiquette Book, and let the L. of H. rest awhile? I *don't* want to give it up; but I don't want to begin it till the way is clearer to me.

"This terrible news about Garfield" was that of Guiteau's attack upon him. "Miss Porter" was the daughter of President Porter of Yale.

To Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Belmont, July 2, 1881.

My dear Stedman:

With this terrible news about Garfield superseding and blotting out everything else, I hardly know how to reply fitly to your two kind letters, and tell you what a glorious time I had at Yale. I found myself in the midst of friends at once; but that did not prevent my missing you, and I enquired for you at once. I called on Mrs. Stedman, but she was not in, and I had not the pleasure of seeing her till we met at the President's reception. I was at the Commencement exercises as well as the dinner, and Lounsbury walked me all about and showed me the whole university. I topped off the next day by going to the race at New London. I learnt from Holt the fraternal interest you had taken in the high honor done me, and I wish to thank you with all my heart; and to beg you to thank my proposer for me. Do you know his address? I should like to send him my next book. The President introduced me at dinner in terms that made me blush for pride and pleasure; and I never longed so before to be able to make a speech in return. I noticed an atmosphere of enthusiasm and cordiality at Yale which seemed characteristic and peculiar, and which made me feel at once at home there. I must now write on my title-pages *W. D. H., A. M. Harv. and Yale.* At the boat-race, "I perceived a divided duty," and hardly knew whether to weep or rejoice at the defeat of my first adoptive alma mater. I happened to wear a blue

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neck-tie; Miss Porter noticed it, and sent to know if I wore it purposely. Good-bye. Thanks and thanks. The cloud that is over us all, settled down on me again. It's terrible!

Yours ever,
W. D. Howells.

"Miss Phelps's story" was "Doctor Zay", a novel that, to Howells's surprise, had much of the same subject as his own story of "Doctor Breen's Practice" which was just appearing as a serial in *The Atlantic*. It was arranged before Howells left *The Atlantic* that "Doctor Zay" should follow "Doctor Breen's Practice" in that magazine.

At almost the same time that Miss Phelps told Howells the plot of her novel he received from a younger and less well known authoress a story with the same outline as "Doctor Zay" and "Doctor Breen's Practice". Taking the proofs of his novel, which was to begin in the next number of *The Atlantic*, with him in a bag, Howells went to the suburb where the young authoress lived to explain the matter to her. She received him very sternly, thinking from his bag that he was a book agent, but in spite of her discouraging manner he told her his errand and offered to show her the proofs of his story, to prevent as he said, "all suspicion among our friends that I stole your plot", but the authoress expressed entire faith in his word and courteously refused to look at the proofs.

To Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Belmont, Aug. 24, 1881.

Dear Aldrich:

If the President lives, I will make a thank offering of the little paper: I wrote it when I was suffering too much with my eye to work on my story. If he dies, I shall wish to make it better.

I hardly know what to say about Miss Phelp's story. I told her that I would begin it when mine was finished, for I thought it would be a sort of card for her to follow on the same subject; and I am to write her a preface explaining that she did not get her idea from me. I see your embarrassment about the other stories: would she consent to three months' delay, so that you could get Lathrop's through, first? I will try to see you soon, and talk of the matter at length.

You were all that saved us from salting that bench with our tears.

Yours ever,
W. D. Howells.

To Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

[An Open Letter.]

Belmont, October 28, 1881.

Dear Miss Phelps:

I am glad to learn from you that your story is soon to see the light; and I avail myself of the opportunity you give me to notice publicly that coincidence of some of its outlines with those of my novel, *Doctor Breen's Practice,* of which we have already spoken together. When you first mentioned your plot to me, I listened with a mixture of amusement and anxiety; but I heard you quite through before I told you that I had already written and partly in type a story dealing with the same situations and the same characters in a certain degree; and then I strongly urged to go on and complete your work, assuring you, as editor of *The Atlantic,* that I should be all the more eager to publish it because of that coincidence. It seemed to me at that time, as it now seems to Mr. Aldrich, that *this* would give it an additional attraction with those interested in the problems touched; and that no one would suppose you to have borrowed any feature of your plot from so poor a contriver of such things as I am.

I shall fall back upon my good intention if, in the course of your story this voluntary statement of mine appears, as I fear it may, a quite gratuitous impertinence.

Yours sincerely,
W. D. Howells.

To John Hay.

16 Louisburg Square, Boston,
March 18, 1882.

My dear Hay:

It is so long since you wrote to me that I hope you think you owe me a letter. But this is not really the case. When your last came, I was just crawling out of the bed where I had spent seven endless weeks, and I could only enjoy your letter and despair of answering it. That is often the effect of a good letter on me when I am in health; in fact, now when I am quite well again, and only two or three years older than I was four months ago, I begin with you on a very small note, so that I can leave off at once when my courage gives out.

I will try to give you our *noticas,* first.

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We are planning at present to go abroad in the beginning of July, with the intention of spending the next three months in Weimar or Baden-Baden, and then of going to Florence for the winter. I want to make a book for Osgood about the smaller cities of North Italy, and I expect to leave the family at Florence and wander about myself from Parma to Modena, Verona, Vicenza, Padua, Treviso, etc., and write about them as I did about Ducal Mantua. Now what transport it would be if the Hays spent next winter in Florence, too! Is such a thing possible? Try to imagine it!—Well, Winny, who was down for nearly two years with nervous prostration is now quite herself again, and Mrs. Howells is "usually well". The two younger children are in good state, and John is at this moment curled up on the lounge reading "Doctor Breen's Practice". For this reason, if for no other, I could not have palpitating divans in my stories; my children are my censors, and if I wished to be wicked, I hope they would be my safe-guards. A glance at the book shows me that John is deep in the love-makingest chapter. It was not written for children, but if a child may read it without harm, it seems to me something to be glad of. I am a great admirer of French workmanship, and I read everything of Zola's that I can lay hands on. But I have to hide the books from the children! I won't try to parry the kind things you say of my work, for I do work hard, and I know that I *aim* at the highest mark, morally and artistically. There I have to leave things to others. But your words gave me a delight and courage which, if there had been any decency in me, I should have confessed to you by telegraph rather than three months afterwards.

Harry James is spending the winter only a few doors from us. (We left our country house after my sickness, and came into town.) I see him constantly, and we talk literature perpetually, as we used to do in our walks ten years ago. He is not sensibly changed, and, reflected in him, I find that I am not. He had a plan of travelling all about the country this winter and then of returning to England in April; but this has been broken up by the sudden death of his mother, and I doubt if he will stay continuously abroad again while his father lives. He and his three brothers carried their mother to her grave; it was a most touching story, as he told it to me.

I have lately been at Hartford, and have seen a great deal of Mark Twain. We confessed to each other that the years had tamed us, and we no longer had any literary ambition; before we went to bed we had planned a play, a lecturing tour, a book of travel and a library of humor. In fact, he has life enough in him for ten generations, but his moods are now all colossal, and they seem to be mostly in the direction of co-operative literature.

Aldrich is busy on *The Atlantic* and is very fond if his editorial work. He hates writing, you know, and he likes reading and talking, and he spends six hours every day at the office where I used to put in a scant afternoon once a week. Whittier is visiting at the Claflins on Mt. Vernon street, and with Aldrich in his old house on Charles Street, we are quite a literary precinct. By the way, do you read Cable's books? They are delicious; there is no more charming creation in fiction that Aurora Nancanou in "The Grandissimes". And Cable himself is the loveliest and loyalest ex-rebel that lives. He was at Belmont last spring and took all our hearts away with him.

I could go on writing forever, if I had the wrist for it. But now, good-bye, with love from all of us to all of you. Try to see some way of meeting us in Europe.

Yours affectionately,

W. D. Howells.

President Gilman had offered Howells the Professorship of Literature at Johns Hopkins University.

To Daniel Coit Gilman.

Villeneuve, Dec. 3, 1882.

My dear Mr. Gilman:

I do not know what to say in answer to your most kind and gratifying letter of the 14th ult., and I feel the disadvantage of trying to talk the matter over with you at this prodigious distance. I am afraid in the first place that you do not know how rich and various are my disqualifications for such a position as that you offer me; and I am most anxious, before the negotiation goes further, to be perfectly frank about them. I have a literary use of Spanish, French, German and Italian, and I have some knowledge of the literature and the literary history, of those languages; but I have not a *scholarly* acquaintance with them, and could not write any of them correctly, not even Italian.

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Greek literature I know only by translations, and not fully; under *peine forte et dure,* I might read Latin. As to English literature, why of course I know it in a sort of way, but rather in the order and degree of preference than thoroughly and systematically. And I do not even know our own language scientifically,—that is from the Anglo-Saxon up; and I might often be unable to give a philological reason for the faith that was in me.

Nevertheless, I do feel strongly and deeply, the art of literature, and I believe I could make others feel its beauty and importance. I have fancied myself confronting a class of young men,—and also young women,—and I have thought that I should begin by making each one tell me what he had read, in whatever language. Then I should inquire into his preferences and require the reasons for them. When I had acquainted myself fully with the literary attainments and opinions of the class and come perfectly into *rapport* with them, I should want to see their work, to criticize it with them and correct it—not in detail but "by sample". All the time I should be giving illustrative readings and lectures, which would be rather to the point of what we were doing than in any order of time, or critical or historical sequence. Often I should read a poem, or an essay or passage from a novel or history, and prove to them —for such things are perfectly susceptible of proof—why it was good or bad; but I should always give them the first chance to analyze: I should seek at every step to make them partners in the enterprise, and not treat them as bottles to be filled with so much literary information and opinion. Sometimes I should turn to one literature and sometimes to another; if a new book were making much talk, I would read it and talk about it with them. In every way I would try to emancipate them from the sense of drudgery, and yet teach them that work—delightful work—was perpetually necessary in literary art as in every other. My idea is that the sum of this art is to speak and to write simply and clearly, and I should labor in every way to make them feel that this was also to write beautifully and strongly. Is any such system or no-system practicable with you? I could not and would not *teach* by any sort of text-book in any branch.

Now, how much of my time must I give to such work? How many hours a week?

I am by trade and by affection a writer of novels, and I cannot give up my trade, because, for one reason, I earn nearly twice as much money by it as you offer me for salary. But I feel the honor and distinction of being connected with such an institution as yours, and I own that your offer tempts me.

Yours sincerely,
W. D. Howells.

P. S. If it were at all possible to leave this matter open till my return next August, it would be best. I don't see how we can arrive at each other's ideas clearly and fully by letter.

While Howells was in London, various mutual friends were anxious to have him meet Robert Louis Stevenson, with whom he had exchanged some letters as editor of *The Atlantic.* It was arranged that they should see each other on the Continent, but before that could happen Stevenson read "A Modern Instance", which he took for a general condemnation of divorce and wrote the following letter, to which Howells made no reply.

Campagne Defli, St. Marcel,
Banlieve de Marseille,
Dec. 4, 1822.

W. D. Howells, Esq.

Dear Sir,

I have just finished reading your last book; it has enlightened (or darkened?) me as to your opinions; and as I have been sending by all possible intermediaries, invitations speeding after you, I find myself under the unpleasant necessity of obtruding on your knowledge a piece of my private life.

My wife did me the honour to divorce her husband in order to marry me.

This, neither more nor less, it is at once my duty and my pleasure to communicate. According as your heart is, so will the meaning of this letter be.

But I will add this much: that after the kindness you showed me in your own country and the sympathy with which many of your books have inspired me, it will be a sincere disappointment to find that you cannot be my guest. I shall bear up, however; for I assure you I desire to know no one who considers himself holier than my wife.

With best wishes, however it goes, believe me

Yours truly,
Robert Louis Stevenson.

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To James Russell Lowell.

Hotel Minerva, Sta. Maria Novella
Florence, Dec. 17, 1882.

Dear Mr. Lowell:

You have so often stood my friend that I easily forgive myself for troubling you about a matter which is troubling me a great deal. It looks like Fortune, but who knows Fortune's real face? I am offered the Professorship of Literature in the Johns Hopkins University, and I am given to understand that I can make the place what I like. But I am forty-five, unused to personal influence and probably without the presence that would affect young people. I should have to unset and reset myself; I should have to rub up my general ignorance in all directions and try by some sort of swift magic to transmute it into general knowledge. I believe that I could give students ideas of literary art, and could criticise their work usefully, and this is what I am expected mainly to do. But I wished to ask of your experience how much of a distraction from my own literary work the contact with a class twice or thrice a week, and the inevitable preparation for the encounter, would be. Should I not be spoiling a fair-to-middling novelist in order to make a poor professor? I hate to leave Boston, and the notion of a new calling is a cold bath to my imagination. The advantages of the position are a salary that would keep the printer at bay, and leisure (I suppose) to do something besides novelling, if I ever felt inclined. I can only present my misgivings crudely and vaguely, but I know you can divine them, and I am sure you can trust me not to hold you responsible for any but a good result from your comment.

We are here, all very much flattened out by a change from three months of Swiss air to the mawkish tepidity of this climate; but we hope to get used to it.

Mrs. Howells commends herself to the kind remembrance of Mrs. Lowell and yourself, and I join her in hoping that you are both well and have not forgotten,

Your affectionate,
W. D. Howells.

To James Russell Lowell.

Florence, Dec. 27, 1882.

My dear Mr. Lowell:

Even if you had not advised me exactly as I wished, I believe I should have been grateful for your kindest of letters. It came in the morning and in the afternoon I sent off my respectful refusal to President Gilman. You can imagine what a load went with it; I ought to have paid at least a ton of postage on that letter.

I think once I might have had the making of a scholar, even of a professor, in me, but it is too late now to inquire practically, and I should only have placed myself in a false position if I had taken the place; and should have known that I was suffering justly when the shame of my failure came. There is so much bitter in every man's cup, that whatever comes, I shall always be glad to have foregone that draught. I am not afraid of the future, as long as I can stand up to it; I have known smaller things than I know now, and I can go back to them without a pang, if need be, of which there seems no present sign. In fact, the affair was so thoroughly settled in my mind, that I believe I was obliged by the oracle's kindness even more than by his wisdom, though heaven knows how glad I always am of that.

We are here in Italy again, in the old soft air, under the same mild old sky, out of which all snap and sharpness have gone as out of the mood of a man too much experienced to be eager about anything. I don't know whether the old charm is here or not: it is by brief surprises, and all sorts of indirection, I suppose. At least there is something that faces me afar, and flits and comes again in the distance. But I perceive that it will no longer be intimate and constant; perhaps it finds me rude and cross.—I found Switzerland immensely to my liking. If I were to live anywhere in Europe, I would choose to live there: the Swiss are a kind of anterior New Englanders, with the very Yankee wit. One of the old peasants said of the grim season just past, "The winter has come to spend the summer with us."

With the family love to Mrs. Lowell and yourself.

Yours sincerely,
W. D. Howells.

As Howells had contracted to write only for Harper and Brothers, and Whittier had promised his biography to Ticknor and Company, Howells could not do what Whittier suggested in the following letter.

"As is natural at my age, I have been thinking of the approaching close, and of the probability that somebody will write my biography. I would greatly prefer that

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nothing should be said, but I suppose that is not to be expected. I am tempted to ask, as a very great favor, that thee would do it. My relative, Mr. S. T. Pickard of the Portland (Me.) *Transcript* would take the trouble to look over my papers, collect letters, etc., and prepare the material of the book, and make thy task as light as possible. Ticknor & Co., would see that the thing was not altogether a labor of love. Indeed I am sure, from a conversation with Mr. B. H. Ticknor they will be very liberal in the matter. I have not, of course, mentioned thy name to him or to any one. Will thee think of it, and if necessary consult Mr. Ticknor? I do not wish to urge it. Even now I am almost sorry I have mentioned it at all."

From John G. Whittier to W. D. Howells.

Oak Knoll, Danvers,
3rd No. 23, 1886.

My dear Friend:

How shall I thank thee for thy prompt and kind response to my request? Had I known of thy business engagement I should not have ventured to suggest it. As it is, I fear I may not be able to avail myself of thy generous proposal to confer with the **Harpers,** as I had agreed to give the publication of the *"last word"* to Ticknor & Co., the publishers of Longfellow's Biography. Ticknor and his father were my publishers at a time when I was unpopular and unprofitable, as an anti-slavery agitator. I am afraid this will be a serious difficulty, in thy present position, and a *very* great disappointment to me. I supposed at the time I made the agreement that T. & Co. were thy publishers and that it would be all right in that respect. I do not think they would now release me from the engagement. In any event, I thank thee, from my heart, for thy willingness to do me the great favor, if possible. I do not know now to whom I can look to take the place I had hoped thee might occupy. I see no other way than to leave my papers, letters, etc. with Mr. Pickard and my niece. It is possible I may think of some one yet.

The long, hard winter has given place to signs of Spring. The bluebirds have come, and were never more welcome.

I am very gratefully thy friend,

John G. Whittier.

The next letter was laid aside by Charles Eliot Norton when he was going through Lowell's letters to Howells, which had been sent him for use in Lowell's life. The letter has Norton's own note on it, and also one by Howells about the offer of the Smith Professorship of the French and Spanish Languages and Literature at Harvard that was made him through Lowell.

("This letter I do not print. It belongs to Howells's "Life", and may it remain long unprinted! With H's note attached it is an interesting memorial of both J. R. L. and himself,—characteristic of both."—*C. E. N. 26 Nov. 1892.*)

Deerfoot Farm, Southborough,
Mass. 24th Dec. 1886.

My Dear Boy:

I am glad you were pleased, but think you are right in refusing. But since you were pleased I feel uneasy under the credit your affection (which is very precious to me) gives me for it.

I didn't make the suggestion. It came from the President himself. When he spoke of it to me I made the same objections which I made when you consulted me about Johns Hopkins and which you now make. After talking it over with him and getting his allowance for every possible elbow-room for you, of course I became a warm convert to his view of the case. This is my only merit in the affair. I should have been mightily pleased to see you in my gown and so would Longfellow. When you talked to 'em about Chaucer, you would have had only to add a hood to it to give 'em as good a piece of realism as ever you could wish. Go to the Public Library and look at Occleve's (I think 'tis his) portrait of the dear old fellow and you will see that I am right—as I always am, have you ever noticed it? Show it to Mrs. Howells with my compliments, and *she* will say I am right.

Much as I should have liked it, however, I think you are right in your decision.

I wish you to like a bit of humour and sentiment which will be in the February *Atlantic.* Do you hear? When you told me the other day you had been reading my poems, I stupidly let go my chance to make you uncomfortable by asking you how you liked 'em. The February *Atlantic* ("Febuary", as Amanda Grier would have called it), will make it good to me.

With kindest regards and a Merry Xmas to Mrs. Howells and the weans (where did the two girls get those lovely eyes?)

Affectionately yours,

J. R. Lowell.

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I have written to Eliot. Yes, I had rather have one novel of yours than cords of lectures—even of my own!

"He came in one afternoon to me in Beacon Street, and with the sweetest graciousness told me the President of Harvard had asked him to learn if I would accept the professorship that he and Longfellow and Ticknor had held. I thought it over a night and then decided that I could not do justice to the position. This offer, precious as it was to a man of my self-lettered life, was less precious than his way of making it."—(W. D. Howells, 1891.)

Winifred Howells was still an invalid, and her parents and sister had gone with her to the Sanatorium at Dansville in the hope of its benefitting her.

Howells felt so strongly that the "Chicago Anarchists" had not been fairly tried that he risked, so he believed, his reputation and his livelihood in trying to save them. His wife, in spite of her anxiety for their children, and especially for their invalid daughter, faced the possible loss of his position with him and upheld him in his efforts. Whether he was right or wrong in his view of the case does not effect the fact of his courage in hazarding everything for what he thought the right.

Judge Roger A. Pryor was the leading counsel for the "Chicago Anarchists" before the Supreme Court.

To Roger A. Pryor.

The Sanatorium, Dansville, N. Y.
Sept. 25, 1887.

My dear Sir:-

I am glad you have taken the case of the Chicago Anarchists, and that you see some hope for them before the Supreme Court, for I have never believed them guilty of murder, or of anything but their opinions, and I do not think they were justly convicted. I have no warrant in writing to you except my very strong feeling in this matter, but I am not quite a stranger to you. I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Pryor and yourself at Mr. Mead's, in Washington Place, in the spring of '86.

I venture to call myself to her remembrance; and to wish you all success in your effort to save these men.

Yours sincerely,
W. D. Howells.

"Your land tenure idea," was also Henry George's, of whom Garland was a disciple. In explaining this Garland says "As often as I dared, I tried to win Howells to a belief in the single tax. He gave in his allegiance to the point of saying, 'It is good as far as it goes but reforms should go further'. In other words he was more socialistic than I. We never *argued*—we just stated our theories and convictions".

To Hamlin Garland.

The Niagara, Buffalo, N. Y.
January 15, 1888.

Dear Mr. Garland:

I am glad to have your letter and to know what you are doing and intending. Your time must come for recognition, but you are already a power, and that is more than a name, which is sometimes a hindrance to full use of one's strength.

I'm interested by what you say of the drama and if you can fit your character play to some character actor, you'll succeed. But I'm still more interested by what I will call your appeal to me. You'll easily believe that I did not bring myself to the point of openly befriending those men who are civically murdered in Chicago for their opinions without thinking and feeling much, and my horizons have been indefinitely widened by the process. Your land tenure idea is one of the good things which we must hope for and strive for by all the good means at our hands. But I don't know that it's the first step to be taken; and I can't yet bring myself to look upon confiscation in any direction as a good thing. The new commonwealth must be founded in justice even to the unjust, in generosity to the unjust rather than anything less than justice. Besides, the land idea arrays against progress the vast farmer class who might favor national control of telegraphs, railways, and mines, postal savings-banks-and-life-insurance, a national labor bureau for bringing work and workmen together without cost to the workman, and other schemes by which it is hoped to lessen the sum of wrong in the world, and insure to every man the food and shelter which the gift of life implies the right to. Understand, I don't argue against you; I don't know yet what is best; but I am reading and thinking about questions that carry me beyond myself and my miserable literary idolatries of the past; perhaps you'll find that I've been writing about them. I am still the slave of selfishness, but I no longer am content to be so.

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That's as far as I can honestly say I've got.

You ought to get acquainted with Robertson James (a brother of the novelist) who lives at Concord, and is an ardent Georgeite.

We shall be leaving Buffalo in about a fortnight, for either New York Boston; but my address is always with the Harpers.

Yours cordially,
W. D. Howells.

From Björnstjerne Björnson to W. D. Howells.

Paris, rue Faraday 15, Ternes,
13 Mar. 89.

Dear Mr. Howells:

It was with great pleasure that I received your long letter, and it is with joy, that I look forward to your new book. In your way you are one of the greatest psychologists of your age in my eyes; that will say, that you perhaps are the greatest now living in the sphere, where you have your kingdom and realm.

Just now I am treating a very rich subject, namely, how of a strong, rough, sensual family after generations a man comes forth, who founds a girls' school and gets at the head of the moral work in his town. All these transitions amuse me. As soon as this is finished, probably in May, I begin a novel called "God's Ways". It has three collisions between a clergyman and a physician, the first, when the both are boys at school, the second, when the both are at the university; the future clergyman is victorious in both by his greater moral earnestness; the third, when the both are ready, and then the physician is victor, for now he stays inspired by humanity and science, far superior to the clergyman's narrow theological doctrines. The principal battles take place before some bed-ridden persons and before some conversions from drunkenness, where the physician does what the clergyman can not do. At last the clergyman reverently says, that God's ways are more numerous than the theolog did know of. A Swedish physician, Dr. Munthe—is assisting me with the last part; he is very interested in the subject, and wonders that there not earlier is written about the collisions between a clergyman and a physician before the sick-bed and else in the community. When this is finished I will get on with "Over Aevne" (beyond our means, above our power).

It is namely my opinion, that there is something "Above means" in all of us, and that it shows itself in many ways and not only in our religion fanatisme. It is first now, that we really begin to see, how we far more are swayed by prejudices, imagination, traditions, sanguine hopes and customs, than by common sense and clear calculation. Then I have a divorce (which *not* becomes a divorce!) called "Geography and Love". The husband is geograph, with heart and soul a geograph, and neglects his younger wife entirely; acknowledges that it is wrong, but can't let the geography go either. It is a comedy!

I do not think I can be ready with all this before two years, and I will probably stay here in Paris all the time.

My best wishes for your spiritual wife, your children and for Professor Horsford's kind family.

Your affectionate friend
Björnst. Björnson.

My address is now rue Faraday 15, Ternes, Paris.

(*Further letters of Mr. Howells will appear in an early issue.*)

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OVER THE SUMMER SEA

Tourist Third to Europe

By Katharine Anthony

I PLANNED my trip by telephone. The young lady at the travel-agency told me she was sending college students and would attach me to a party. They were going tourist third at a special rate. The prices and the company struck me as attractive. I decided to accept.

On the day of my departure she met me at the steamer with my ticket, all my visas, and my travelling companions. There were seven hundred of them, college students, girls and fellows. A little dashed, I went on board with the youth movement of America.

Where were all the teachers? I had counted on their presence. After a good deal of searching, I finally found them. A solitary bachelor, a youthful-looking housemother, and a settled married couple were in charge of the migration. All the other passengers were barely twenty-one. I felt like a Methuselah.

My two cabin-mates regarded me with *ennui*. Anne was the more suspicious. Gloria apparently thought she could manage me. She assigned the berths sweetly, putting me nearest to the port-hole and farthest from the door. Naturally, I would be the first to go to bed. "See how nicely we have tidied things up for you," she said, pointing to the wall.

It was like a Follies dressing-room. Filmy chiffons and gay sweaters hung from every hook. Pajamas and pink ribbons trailed from the brass rails. On the floor were six bouquets, four baskets of fresh fruit, and a portable Victrola. Dancing slippers, mules, and records were scattered everywhere. Anne sat cross-legged on her berth, surrounded by steamer letters. Gloria was gracious. "We are so glad to have you with us," she said pleasantly.

It was some time before Anne would really trust me. One evening before dinner she came down dejected. "I met a man yesterday that I thought was a foreigner, but he's just a plain American." I tried to comfort her. "There are lots of nice-looking men on board." "Yes," she answered scornfully, "all the college-boy type." I could not deny it.

"Well," she said, resignedly; "this man will look after me for the rest of the trip."

Frances

THE deck was swarming with young girls who might have been my daughters. I looked them over carefully and chose one for myself. She had dark red hair and tawny eyes and laughter like a fairy. Her name was lovely too. The others called her Frances.

I cannot say that Frances was so very beautiful. Her nose turned up; her hands were large; her legs were rather skinny. Her manners were a bit unformed, you might almost say provincial. Sometimes when people spoke to her, she said "Huh?"—meaning "What?"

Still she was mine and I would not have changed her for a kingdom. Her best friend was more lady-like; her next-best, far more graceful. But of the three, my own girl was the sweetest and most charming. If Paris had been on the ship, she would have won the apple.

I lay in wait to make sure that things went well with her. I watched her wage a plucky fight for a steamer blanket. She bossed the girls; they minded her. She laughed, and they laughed with her.

If anything my damsel was a shade too generous. Her stores of fruit and sweets went round an ever-widening circle. Treating was her element. Clearly she revelled in it. It was no use to talk to her. She was incorrigible.

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When evening came I watched her dance. She had a handsome partner. He hung upon her every word and never left her side. Devotion was expressed in every look and attitude. All seemed as it should be except for one slight thing. Her cavalier was handicapped; he had lost one of his arms.

I often held with Frances imaginary talks. "My child, if you inhale like that, you will destroy your lungs." Or, somewhat less maternally, "Old Top, you won that fair". Occasionally I cautioned her like a worldly-wise mamma, "My dear, don't play with these lame ducks. You might end by marrying one".

Of course my daughter never knew of my solicitude. I carefully refrained from forcing it on her. One evening when the sea was rough, she fell into a chair beside my own and went to sleep. Her blanket, falling open, bared her thin chest to the wind. It seemed as if I really ought to wrap her up again.

I barely caught myself in time. She might wake up and stare at me as if I were a stranger. That would be too terrible. I would not run the risk of that. Better let her take a cold.

George

THE piano was lashed to the deck and George was lashed to the piano. At least I thought he must be because he never left it. From ten o'clock to four he banged it every minute. The noise was simply awful.

I told myself: Be patient. Soon he will make friends and go off with them to shuffle-board and tennis. Or fall in love and hang around to get a glimpse of her. But nothing of the kind occurred. George stuck to the piano.

His admirers egged him on. Play this or that, they urged. George delighted in obliging them. He played while they looked on. Grasping nettles in the hope of getting some relief, I joined the friendly circle and watched him with the rest.

When the jazz band came at four o'clock George had to abdicate. From this time on he wandered like a lost soul through the crowd. With his hands in his coat pockets and his hat pushed back on his head, he sauntered aimlessly. No girl, no pal, awaited him. He never had a date.

He pushed the chairs out of the way while the other young folks danced. "Here, George, give us a match," they said, contemptuously. He gave it patiently and ducked. While they bloomed out, he shrank.

But morning brought him back to life. He was as if re-born. A hero and an artist, he was himself again. He condescended to oblige and banged the whole day through. From ten to four he pounded out the most insufferable racket. From the captain to the stewards, no one tried to stop him.

At last it seemed as if I could endure the sound no longer. I thought of bribes, assault, appeal. All seemed impractical. What could a solitary passenger, unorganized, effect? I almost wept from hopelessness. George kept right on playing.

Suddenly a ray of hope dawned on my right side. Two gentlemanly students sat in their chairs and smoked. Their accent was the accent of a famous eastern college. From their looks and conversation, they were less youthful than the rest. They would be chivalrous.

"Do you think," I turned to them, "that something could be done to that young man named George to stop his piano-playing?"

They looked surprised. I waited for a word of sympathy. Their coldness grew. Suspicion seemed to animate their silence. At last one of them spoke for both. "How do you know his name is George?" he said.

It closed the conversation.

Floating Garden

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
Silver bells and cockle shells,
And pretty maids all in a row."

FLOWERS filled the dining-room. Rows of bouquets bloomed on everybody's table. Baby's breath and marigolds fluttered in the air like white and yellow butterflies. Roses by the hundreds spread their scent around.

There must have been enough to stock a dozen florists' shops. Every vase and canis-

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ter on board was put into service. Water jugs and painted cans had all been requisitioned. A glorious fountain of sweet peas sprang from the words "Hot Water".

It was a formal garden. The beds were laid out with a rule; the paths were at right angles. The girls were in revolving chairs, screwed fast to the floor. They could not move to right or left, or lean upon the table. They sat upright like zinnias and behaved themselves like ladies.

Divine Service

THE clergyman was six feet tall. He wore a bishop's ring. He passed us with his prayer-book folded neatly in his cap.

Sunday is a long day on ship-board anyway. Dinner dances, *thés dansants*, flirtations, games and sports tend to lose their savor after a whole week. Cracks and nicknames have begun to pall from frequent repetition. Lotteries—we lost!—and bridge, it was the thousandth game! Something new we haven't done. Let's all go to church.

The clergyman stood at the end of the dining-saloon. The cornetist and pianist restrained themselves with effort to the tempo of familiar hymns. The congregation sang, "Lead, Kindly Light", demurely. They did not once confuse it with the Charleston or Black Bottom.

The Minister addressed his flock. He made his sermon short. There was no first, second, and thirdly in his talk. He told how Jesus met the men whom the world knows as saints. It was a simple picture and he spoke in quiet tones. The great apostles grew quite real as he portrayed them. They went about their simple tasks and met their destiny. Innocent and terrible, a Stranger came to them. Although he seemed like other men, he was the Son of God.

The text was Matthew, chapter four, seventeen to twenty-one.

Masquerade

THE masquerade had been announced two days in advance. But what good was the warning under the circumstances? Who could make a costume from the contents of suit-cases? The barber had a handful of dominoes in stock, but several hundred youthful guests had to be fitted out.

It was a blustering evening. The deck was canvassed in. The floor rocked like a cradle as the band played. But no one was prevented by the weather from attending. By this time all were immunized. The dancers had their sea-legs.

By twos and threes the maskers came laughing up the stairs. A solitary Puritan stalked slowly up in state. A Zulu King, intensely black, wore a disarming grin. A pair of real Dutch peasants clattered up in wooden shoes. A Saracen and Christian Knight escorted the same girl.

Where did they get their costumes? Made them out of nothing. Aloma of the South Seas had ravelled sailor's rope to make her skirt. Long strands of pearls and shells hung from her neck. She had improvised these ornaments from puffed rice and wheat. A little novice, all in white, was wholly wrapped in towels. A friar in his blanket was ingeniously draped. Two Chinamen wore on their heads a pair of tin pot-lids.

At the last moment four young girls came stuffily up-stairs. They wore their ordinary clothes and came apparently to scoff. Halfway up they turned around. "Let's go and dress," they said, and down they rushed, pell-mell.

Presently a clothes-line borne by two human poles appeared on deck. The lingerie was neatly hung and fastened with clothes-pins. An episode about the bath was put on by the others. An irate lady argued with the patient stewardess. The breathless girls were just in time to fall in for the grand march.

There is no justice in the world. The time came for the prizes. Aloma of the South Seas had spent four hours on her beads and ukelele. The judges overlooked the maid and crowned the human clothes-line.

Port

THE tender came 'long-side. It was a rainy night. "Be careful, Madam. Straight ahead. Don't be afraid." The sloping gangway quaked.

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Three hundred of us crowded into the tiny saloon. We sat on tables, luggage, wraps. We stood up, sleepy-eyed. The port-holes of the giant ship stared at us, wide-awake.

Plymouth. Midnight. English time. "Stand in line, please." "Change your money." "This way for the customs." "This way for the trains."

Three hundred of us crowd into the third-class cars. Sleep? We are lucky to have seats. Food? There is roast beef for sixty. The rest of us may starve.

"Do you know what day this is?" "July the Fourth." "We shall be in time for the Embassy reception."

So this is England, land of kings, novelists, and laureates. Scene of everything in English IV; home of history. Where "America" is called "The States" and "gas" is called "petrol". Where Mark Twain doffed the cap and bells and donned an Oxford gown. . . .

Shsh! Don't talk. Put out the light. I could sleep upright. I did.

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PALE, SICKLY THOUGHT

Animadversions on the Calamities that threaten Europe, America, and Other Places

By C. E. Ayres

HOW fortunate it is that men are for the most part after all dumb brutes! Grant man a mind and straightway the hardy universe shakes like a thing unfirm. He sees prodigies and portents in every passing storm, apocalypse in every "act of God". Quite unnecessarily. If every precious soul who shudders at the parlous state of culture and trembles for the future were to go and jump incontinently in the creek—how much would the universe be agitated? Very little, one suspects. Captains of industry and the great unwashed, Mr. Coolidge and Messrs. Smith and Hoover, Mr. Green of the Federation of Labor, Mr. Thomas of the Socialists and Mr. Foster of the Communists would hardly feel the ripple. Business would continue at the old stand, solvency would persist unchecked, and even, I fear, a certain kind of happiness. As an intellectual I deplore such callousness, of course. I am myself perennially agitated about the state of other people's souls. But as a man, dependent like everybody else on the unremunerated labor of the proletariat, I am bound to congratulate myself now and again —most especially when reading other people's books—on human stolidity and hardihood. Very likely it is true that five billions is the population limit of the globe, that the Germans are flirting with Nirvana, that America is a run-away locomotive of soulless power: still for the present Uncle Silas follows his seven-mule-team harrow; the Hairy Ape piles on his coal; and Mr. Babbitt assures me Hoover will carry the Middle West. What would happen if they were all suddenly to absorb the literature of *Sturm und Drang* . . . . . but perish the thought! They won't.

The intelligentsia are a special breed. In addition to culture, they are subject to a number of occupational diseases. For one thing, their situation is financially precarious. Deriving their support almost invariably from small invested fortunes, from fees and royalties and other fluctuating stipends, from fixed and very moderate salaries, they are at once pinched almost out of existence by the kind of economic collapse which followed the military collapse of Germany. The poor suffer most, of course. The poor always suffer most. But the poor expect it. They lie down and die, or they go and throw stones at palaces and clamor for a dole with laudable materialism; while the intellectual is only stimulated by the pinch at the pit of his stomach to horrendous fears for the future of civilization should he actually, definitively, pass away.

Probably it is true that many German intellectuals "went Asiatic" during the nightmare of the Aftermath. That would be natural. Asiatic philosophy was generated in a land of perpetual aftermath; and if Buddhism in all its variants is the most numerous of sects, that means perhaps that nightmare uncertainty is the most prevalent material condition, a condition made tolerable only by such potent drugs as opium and extravagantly immaterial beliefs. The German intellectual is a delicate and introspective soul. Germans have had hard times before, and it is well known that some of them have shown a propensity for finding compensation in a dreamy, idealistic, sentimental metaphysics, to the intense disgust of other harder and more practical compatriots. M. Massis, in his book *Defence of the West* (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00), would have it that all such "old Western errors" have invariably "borrowed from the myths of India or China a charm of poetry and mystery"; and he quotes Schopenhauer as attributing the philosophy

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of Kant to Buddhism and rejoicing to find "so deep an agreement" between his own ideas and the greatest of religions.

But M. Massis allows himself to be carried away by his intellectual excitement. G. K. Chesterton tells us in a preface that although we have not heard of him it is our fault, as he is "one of the ablest of a group of French writers who are already changing Europe". It is of course too much to ask of a man engaged in such extensive operations that he should be meticulous about details. Schopenhauer was so hostile to Kant on many points as to be a quite unreliable witness, and he was capable of sentimental nonsense about himself.

It is always possible to dig up wildly sweeping assertions of this kind; but weighed against the whole bulk of European thought they have little substance. And when he comes to citing Fichte (as he does on the first page of Chapter I) as a link between Asia and the west, M. Massis is simply talking through his hat. Fichte was as hard as Ludendorf. What he meant was that Germany was the link between ancient society (Asiatic, of course) and the civilization of the future, a proposition to which a loyal Frenchman might well take exception but hardly on the ground of soft-headed mysticism. Doubtless German intellectuals of the Aftermath did feel the touch of negativism and even decadence. Spengler did write a pessimistic book, and it was popular. Keyserling did travel in the east and was much impressed. But what of it? As M. Massis (shamefacedly) admits, France has produced Proust and Gide; while Romain Rolland, who admires eastern mysticism and has actually written in praise of Mahatma Gandhi, might perhaps have become the Keyserling of France if France had lost the war. Furthermore, whatever their significance, neither the history of Spengler nor the philosophy of Keyserling is going to be refuted by mass disparagement of Germans as no better than Asiatics, with a jab here and there at such and such a Jew and an exposure of Tagore's bad manners on the lecture platform.

One defect of the Massis technique is that it overlooks America. If Keyserling and Spengler and Thomas Mann have been orientalized, all the rest of Germany—so we are told—is being rapidly Americanized, with calamitous results to the European soul. We are all terribly disturbed about it, with Mr. Mowrer well up toward the front wringing his hands and asking the wide world what has become of American idealism. What indeed? European idealism, too. With all Europe chewing gum, flocking to see "western" moving pictures, and filing away carbon copies of "Yours of the 3d inst." in Babbitt-cabinets, we may well ask.

Mr. Edgar Mowrer reveals in his new book *This American World* (J. H. Sears, $2.00) that he knows Europe well and favorably, and all this grieves him sore. He is proud enough that we are adding "our own small rills" to the streak of culture; but he feels that the stream is dwindling in spite of Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis, John Dos Passos and Ernest Hemingway. He laments that America has produced no thinkers of the stature of Freud and Einstein. We are so crude. In the past, civilization has been conceived, by mature men, "in terms, say, of political power, Emanuel Kant, post-impressionist pictures, relativity, freedom from prejudice"; whereas among us it is only a matter of size, speed and purchasing power, so that ". . . it is only when some foreigner raises the matter that we think of civilization as anything more than a synonym for just what we have". In particular, Mr. Mowrer too has read Spengler and been devastated; though he might very nicely have paid America the compliment of deriving his historical periodicity from Henry Adams: he had a curve, too. So Mr. Mowrer sees us, like Rome, over-ripe, waiting only for the wind to shake us off to squash nastily upon the ground, say in 2200 A. D. "A civil or intercontinental war . . . may half efface educated humanity"; and Mr. Mowrer just doesn't know what to do about it.

Well, it may or it may not; but in any case history will exonerate Mr. Mowrer from responsibility for the holocaust. Probably the best thing to do about it for the present is nothing at all. This, at least, is the state of mind induced by reading the latest work of Sir Philip Gibbs, *The Day After To-morrow,*

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(Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). Sir Philip is very agitated. Whereas M. Massis is worried only by the Germans and Mr. Mowrer only by American stolidity and that awful 2200 A.D., Sir Philip is agitated about everything. Everything he sees or hears disturbs him. He is worried about the increase of population, which is surely going to swamp us. Oil and coal are going fast. But he has heard that there are several places on the British coast where the tide rises ten feet and might produce ten million horse power, and this excites him a lot. He dropped in the other day on the Royal Institution and there witnessed Sir Ernest Rutherford's demonstration of the ionization of gases by alpha particles, and he understands that Sir Frederick Soddy has said something or other about the release of atomic energy that is just grand. He has seen Coué cure men of stammering in seven minutes, and in the Swiss canton of Vaud the girls remove warts by counting one, two, three—such is the power of mind. It's an exciting world. There are grave dangers. Rumors of wars abound; but if any "bald-headed or white-whiskered or square-jowled statesmen" try it, "very unpleasant things will instantly happen in regard to those gentlemen". The people are for peace—even in America, unless "in a mood of temperary insanity created by political propaganda of Big Bill Thompsons".

But somehow it occurs to me that the people always were for peace, and that civilization is precisely a synonym for what-have-you and never has been anything else. All this agitation reminds me that Einstein got his start in life from Michelson, and impels me to wonder if Mr. Mowrer had heard of him (few Europeans had!) before the spring of 1919. Alas for M. Massis, Kant is the Germano-Asiatic fraud; post-impressionist pictures are not exactly doted upon by "mature men" even now; and I wonder if it wouldn't be a good morning exercise in freedom from prejudice to begin the day by resolving not to be afraid of 2200 A. D. Or perhaps it would be even more hygienic to reflect, say three times a day, that the cataclysm might efface even the whole of educated humanity in what I suspect to be Mr. Mowrer's sense, Massis and the Europe-changers along with Keyserling and Spengler, and the great bulk of the population would never know the difference. Deplorable, of course; but true!

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Sights and Sounds

REVIVALS AND REVUES

By Ernest Boyd

DURING the season which must now be called past there have been revivals and revivals, ranging from "The Merchant of Venice" to "Ten Nights in a Bar-room", from "Electra" to "Our Betters". We have had George C. Tyler's "Star Cast" revivals of "She Stoops to Conquer" and "Diplomacy", and the Players' Club "All Star Cast" revival of "The Beaux' Stratagem". Apart from the inevitable resuscitations of the repertory companies, various independent optimists have staked their hopes on "The Outsider", "The Merry Wives of Windsor", "March Hares", "The Silver Box", "Within the Law", "Sherlock Holmes", "In Abraham's Bosom", "Mrs. Dane's Defence", "The Father", and "L'Aiglon". A total, at the date of writing, of seventeen.

In the same period, strange to say, only fourteen revues were produced. "Ziegfeld Follies: Twenty-first Edition", "Artists and Models", "Allez-oop", "Harry Delmar's Revels", "Keep Shufflin'", "Chauve-Souris", "The Manhatters", "Greenwich Village Follies", "A la Carte", "Parisiana", "Blackbirds of 1928", "The Optimists", "Band Box Follies", and—happily—"The Grand Street Follies of 1928". Of these, only the first five and the last offer tangible comfort to those who do not believe in art for art's sake. Evidently, musical comedy still takes precedence over its later rival in the affections of the plain people.

To the revivalist, on the other hand, as the list of plays indicates, art must have been the prime motive, and as the casualty figures prove, art was its own reward. "Ten Nights in a Bar-room", for reasons analagous to those which caused me to rejoice here over "Diamond Lil'", has furnished a vast amount of unintentional merriment—unintentional, that is to say, in the mind of the author, but quite intentional on the part of the astute producer of "Society's latest fad". But "Our Betters" alone justified, from every point of view, the effort to restore one of Somerset Maugham's most effective comedies, thanks essentially to Miss Ina Claire, whose departure in June terminated the highly successful proceedings.

After a half-hearted experiment with "She Stoops to Conquer", Mr. Tyler proved to be a better guesser with "Diplomacy". Whether Goldsmith or Sardou is the feebler entertainment, I have never made up my mind. Certain it is that the production of the former suffered badly from the fact that most of the players seemed quite unfamiliar with the traditions of that kind of comedy. Miss Pauline Lord uttered the prologue as if she were vainly trying to forget "Anna Christie", and Mr. Glenn Hunter's conception of Tony Lumpkin was crude in the extreme. Bad enunciation robbed Goldsmith's lines of whatever faint charm they may possess.

Despite Bernard Shaw, "Diplomacy" was a victory for "Sardoodledum" in modern clothes. William Faversham, who played the part of Henry Beauclerc in a revival at the Empire Theatre in 1901, showed that his hand had not lost its cunning in the same rôle, and Miss Anglin, who was Dora on that occasion, forgot her classics and became the witty Lady Henry Fairfax, to the grateful astonishment of her admirers, while Miss Frances Starr was the wrongfully accused Dora. Rollo Peters, Jacob Ben-Ami, Helen Gahagan and Cecilia Loftus, amongst others, lent the prestige of their efficiency to a show which, incredible as it may seem, pleased New York in 1928 as much as it did on its first production in 1878, when Baron Stein was made up to look like Bismarck. To my

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mind the event of the evening was the discovery of Georgette Cohan as Mion. Her French so far transcended the requirements for a French maid as to suggest a comparison with Eva Le Gallienne's command of that elusive idiom.

The Players' Club production of "The Beaux' Stratagem" was one of those annual, all star affairs which in the past have included "The Rivals", "She Stoops to Conquer", "The School for Scandal", "Trelawney of the Wells", "Julius Caesar", and "Henry IV. Part I". It was an excellent idea to ignore such obvious stand-bys as these and to take a plunge into the Restoration period. Even allowing for the purely emotional mood of the first night audience, which insists upon reassuring with inopportune applause every player who comes on, there can be no doubt that George Farquhar's comedy was vastly more alive and successful than the Goldsmith and Sheridan plays for which the Club has shown such a predilection. This was all the more apparent because several of the performers had recently been seen, not exactly to their advantage, in Mr. Tyler's revival of "She Stoops to Conquer"; Wilfred Seagram, whose Aimwell was so much better than his Young Marlow; Miss Fay Bainter, who gave such a delightful interpretation of Mrs. Sullen, after her wholly inadequate rendering of Kate Hardcastle. Raymond Hitchcock's Boniface made one regret that he is not regularly seen outside musical plays. Very special mention must be made of Miss Dorothy Stickney, who, it will be recalled, played the part of a crazy slattern in "Chicago". As Cherry she was an embodiment of lovely mischief such as to have delighted Farquhar himself.

Having confessed my great pleasure in the performance as a whole, I must raise a question which applies to most revivals in general and to "The Beaux' Stratagem" in particular. The text may be cut for reasons of length or decorum, but why should it be cut and then lengthened arbitrarily? There is one passage containing a venerable but now tabooed Anglo-Saxon monosyllable, which I did not expect to hear at the Hampden Theatre, and I did not hear it. On the other hand, I did not expect to hear various members of the Players' Club, disguised as soldiers, singing songs and being hustled on and off the stage for no reason connected with the play. Farquhar never heard of them either. Neither did he hear most of the lines which Mr. James T. Powers invented, or had invented for himself. Mr. Hitchcock also embroidered on the text, although not to the extent of Mr. Powers, who gave himself a whole scene, which he acted in a semi-Irish, semi-Harry Lauder accent, quite amusing but bewildering to those of us who read Farquhar.

"The Beaux' Stratagem", it so happens, has no need of such embellishments to strengthen its humor or to give it those touches of modernity which bring the Restoration playwrights so much nearer our own day than their successors. Farquhar was not, strictly speaking, a Restoration dramatist, at least in his later work. He has always escaped the reproaches which have been made against Wycherley, Congreve and Vanbrugh by the moralists, and his robust and good-humored fun has been compared to that of the Elizabethans. He is essentially modern; many of his comments are worthy of a Shaw or a Samuel Butler. " 'Tis still my maxim, that there is no scandal like rags, nor any crime so shameful as poverty" might appear as the text of Bernard Shaw's last book on the necessity for equality of incomes. "The patient's faith goes farther toward the miracle than your prescription" has the Shavian ring, and the lines when Archer captures the highwayman Gibbet:

> *Archer.* Come rogue, if you have a short prayer, say it.
>
> *Gibbet.* Sir, I have no prayer at all; the government has provided a chaplain to say prayers for us on these occasions.

might have come out of "The Devil's Disciple".

In a season which saw the second failure of "The Beggar's Opera" to find favor in New York, the success of Farquhar was all the more remarkable. For some reason America does not respond to the appeal of Restoration and early eighteenth century

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comedy. A couple of years ago in London, Congreve's "The Way of the World" and Wycherley's "The Country Wife" had a great popular vogue, which has had no repercussion over here. Yet, surely there is some analogy between the spirit of modern cynicism, as expressed in such plays as "Broadway", "Chicago", or "Our Betters", and those earlier plays of a similar transition period. I remember a few years ago when all the experts were certain that the jazz-infected public would never stand a revival of Gilbert and Sullivan opera. Since then the facts, as agreeably known to Mr. Winthrop Ames and others, have belied them. Is it not possible that Wycherley, Congreve and Vanbrugh might also be rehabilitated if some one would lavish upon them the attention wasted upon classics that are better dead, and modern piffle which had better never to have been born?

Our revues, too, might not present such a dolorous reckoning as that outlined at the outset of these notes, if there were enough of them inspired by the sense of humor and satire as "The Grand Street Follies". The 1928 version is as good, if not better, than the original entertainment at the Neighborhood Playhouse which established the reputation of this group. Again Miss Agnes Morgan is responsible for the greater part of the book and lyrics and shows herself to be possessed of a very shrewd sense of satire. "My Southern Belle" is easily turned "Coquette" into a typical musical comedy, with Miss Paula Trueman as a perfect synthetic Helen Hayes. Then, with the telephone scene from "Our Betters" as a clue, Miss Dorothy Sands proceeds to make Ina Claire live before us. Miss Sands is becoming as clever an impersonator as Mr. Albert Carroll, as her performance of Haidée Wright as Lady Macbeth and of Mae West as Juliet showed.

Mr. Carroll, of course, does many things and does them very well. His greatest *tour de force* is his acting of the parts of Mistress Page and Mistress Ford in "The Merry Wives of Windsor", one side of his face being made up to look like Mrs. Fiske and the other like Miss Ethel Barrymore. In a skit of his own called "The Furious Interlude" he also takes off some of the idiosyncracies of Miss Laurette Taylor, with deadly precision. It is fortunate that the satirical talents of Miss Morgan can count upon the assistance of such excellent mimics as Miss Sands, Miss Trueman, and Mr. Carroll. A name not familiar to me in previous productions is that of Miss Vera Allen who rendered Miss Constance Collier to the life in a sketch called "Our Berties" and Miss Lynn Fontanne in "The Strange Inner Feud".

The whole entertainment is a bright and amusing commentary on the theatrical and political happenings of the season. One hears people say that an evening of such amusement is monotonous, which means that they do not know or cannot appreciate the true nature of a real revue, which is precisely what the French word means, a review of current events in terms of satire and burlesque. There are, as a matter of fact, few revues anywhere today which actually limit themselves to the original intention of that kind of entertainment. Copenhagen still rejoices in an annual revue which is true to type, and in New York we have the Grand Street Follies. For the rest, however, the revues are not local, as they must of necessity be, but are standardized productions, which are very much the same in London, Paris and New York. They are not really revues, but are a collection of vaudeville acts interspersed with dancing numbers and some pageantry. A revue must find its material in the life of the city where it is produced, in that city's personalities and amusements. The Grand Street Follies is an authentic revue and a first-class one.

A not very thrilling farce, "Get Me in the Movies", which everyone insisted on discussing as comedy, provided Mr. Sterling Holloway and a revolving bed with opportunities for clowning. In "The Happy Husband", a fairly amusing comedy by Harrison Owen, Miss Billie Burke somehow failed to shine as she should have, and an idea, of which a Somerset Maugham would have made much, got lost despite the good acting of A. E. Matthews and Lawrence Grossmith. A husband who is jealous beyond human endurance and one who is inhumanly too sure of his wife

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provide the machinery for good drawing-room comedy in the best English manner, and there is an excellent scene, in the true vein of Molière, when the wife who has tried to compromise herself finds that neither her husband nor anybody else will believe her.

The Nurse Cavell film, "Dawn", after some opposition and some cuts, was shown to a not over-enthusiastic public. Miss Sybil Thorndyke as Nurse Cavell acted with dignity and restraint, but it is difficult to discover any justification for the attempt to exploit such a subject in the movies. Bernard Shaw seems to think that it will make us all ashamed of ourselves and help to end war. I am afraid Bernard is an optimist.

"BALLADS, SONGS AND SNATCHES"

By Abbe Niles

AS LATE as the time of the Civil War, perhaps even a little later, song-writers who lacked any better idea but needed cash used to turn, it seemed automatically, to maternal themes. Not content with having, in most cases, rendered their own mothers untimely old and gray, they capitalized the fact, gloated over it, called heaven and the customers to witness, and time and time again, they (the song-writers) got the money. The inevitable excesses to which they went brought, as ever, their retribution. The instrument of heaven's displeasure was the inspiration of one John T. Cross to seize upon the very titles of the twenty-odd nearest mother-songs (as they were called) and, combining them, reduct them to their own absurdum, in part as follows:

As you look on the songs that you see now-a-days,
The gentle word of Mother will sure meet your gaze:
"'Who will care for Mother now?" if I'm numbered with the slain;
Oh! bless me, Mother, ere I die" with Mother on the brain.

"What is home without a Mother?" "It was my Mother's voice";
"Sing me to sleep, my Mother; I feel I'm growing worse; *
"Be quiet, do, I'll call my Mother"; Mother's coming in the rain;
"Let me kiss him for his Mother"; with Mother on the brain.

"It was my Mother's custom", "My gentle Mother dear";
"I was my Mother's darling", for I loved my lager beer.
"Kiss me good-night, Mother", and bring me a Bourbon plain—
"Mother dear, I feel I'm dying", with Mother on the brain.

You can readily conceive how like a bomb-shell this song (to the tune of "The Bonnie Blue Flag") fell amongst the Oedipests. You can imagine that the acute public, realizing at last that it had been duped with false sentiments, promptly boycotted the Mother hokum; that aside from this, chagrin and humiliation had taught the offending writers and publishers a lesson they would never forget; and that, accordingly, since the moment of John C. Cross's leap from obscurity into the light, of his one sudden savage blow, and of his back-flip into oblivion, not a single mother-song has been published.

But if you do imagine any such things, papa has a terrible shock in store for you. Publishing them? hell, they're reviving them. Hear Riley Puckett, the renowned hill-billy, sing "M-O-T-H-E-R", or Ford and Glenn, "A Boy's Best Friend is his Mother" (both Columbia). Or try on your piano or phonograph the following current (and, mostly, successful) attempts: "My First Sweetheart" (*I speak of none other than my darling mother, MY FIRST SWEET-HEART*); "Little Mother, Mütterchen" (pronounced, according to Noel Taylor's Okeh record, "Mertershen"); "Mother of Mine, I Still have You"; "Mammy is Gone" (a fine song,

* Will Dr. Sigmund Spaeth supply an appropriate comment upon this rhyme?

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no remarks); "I Know there is Somebody Waiting"; and last—for the time being—a very decent tune called "That's my Mammy", with the following refrain:

If you should see a soul that's happy
Strollin' with a grey hair'd pappy,
That's—my—mammy!
If you see that she's wearin' glasses,
Smilin' at each one that passes,
That's—my—mammy!
If you should see a silver haired old lady,
Sittin' with her knittin' where it's shady,
Just mention me, watch her expression,
Then if she should say: "God bless him"
*Give her all my love, 'cause that's my mammy!**

Still publishing mother-songs? If the fifth line of the above (to say nothing of the "if" in the next line to the last) doesn't constitute the endurance record, the altitude record, and Farthest South in mother-songs for the past twenty years, I am Whistler's Mother.

This department depends on some of its clients' competing for and winning the Victor Talking Machine Company's two prizes of $10,000 and $5,000 for the "best concert composition within the playing scope of the American dance, jazz, or popular concert orchestra, not hitherto published or performed in public". More of this later; meanwhile, for details of this competition apply to "Editor Popular Contest, Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J."

For the second time it is here set down that the twelve double-faced records of old English madrigals and folksongs, made by The English Singers, may be obtained only from William H. Wise & Co., 50 West 47th St., New York. Ask for a catalogue, and three records on approval; you will never return them. Hear in particular the extraordinary "Brigg Fair" (with "Now if the Month of Maying"), "The Dark-Eyed Sailor" (and "'Tis of a Lawyer"), and "The Silver Swan" ("The Three Fairies"). Among those mentioned last month, "Corpus Christi" stands at the very pinnacle of all mechanically recorded choral singing.

Records in general. This department salutes Paul Whiteman on the occasion of his exclusive affiliation with Columbia records. May he have all his wishes, except to make jazz respectable. And may the public waltz to his record * of "My Hero" and "The Merry Widow", fox-trot to his "Constantinople" (which has every trick) and "Get Out and Get Under the Moon", and listen to his "La Paloma" and "La Golondrina".* *Fox-trot records*: "Thou Swell" and "Somebody Stole My Gal", by Bix Beiderbecke's (*Okeh*), are hard and brilliant. "Minglewood Blues" and "Madison St. Rag" by Cannon's Jug Stompers (*Victor*) are soft and perky—did you ever hear a jug-blowing orchestra? And have you heard one which marks its rhythms by scratching a washboard? If not, hear "Sweet Emmeline" and "Log Cabin Blues", by Clarence Williams's Washboard Four (*Ok.*) Trumbauer's has recorded one of Willard Robison's charming pieces of jazz with a soft Southern accent, "Jubilee", coupled with Fats Waller's hot tune "I'm More Than Satisfied" (*Ok.*) Hear also Ted Lewis strutting his personal stuff in "Start the Band" and "Oh Baby" (*Col.*); and "Imagination" and "Crazy Rhythm" by Harry Reese's Syncopators (*Col.*), or the same in milder vein, by Vincent Lopez (*Brunswick*). Paul Ash's versions of "You're Wonderful" and "Speaking of Love" (*Col.*) are remarkable; hear also the waltz "Japansy" and the fox-trot "Forevermore" (*Col.*) by the Royal Canadians, whose tones are as rich as Whiteman's. *Non-dance music:* the prizes of the month are both Brunswick's; Ben Bernie's record * of Rube Bloom's beautiful jazz "Soliloquy" (with "Old Man River") and Lopez's unusual conception of the informal national anthem, "St. Louis Blues" (and "Birth of the Blues").* A particularly lovely Hawaiian record for summer nights is "Ua Like No A Like", by Kalama's Quartette (*Ok.*), and from the Southern mountains comes a lazy voice and guitar with "Wang Wang Blues" (*Col.*). *Americana:* From the hill-billies, again, comes a campaign song which I should reprint in full save that the dialect, as powerful as any Negro's, is too much for me. It

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* Twelve-inch record.

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is "Gov. Al Smith for President" (*Col.*) and it goes in part as follows:

The sugar that they make naow will make yew baounce araound;
The brandy, too, will put yew flat on the graound—
Bad stuff. Hard to drink.
It won't be long now till she will be free,
Then we'll make co'n licker, as sure as can be—
Free from lye, and sugar too.

Vernon Dalhart, official hired mourner to the nation, has recorded "The Hanging of Charles Birger" with "The West Plains Explosion", and "The Death of Floyd Bennett (*Ok.*). Did you know that "The Arkansas Traveller" is not merely a tune, but a long traditional dialogue between the traveller and a native? A fair version covers both sides of a record by Puckett and McMichen (*Col.*). Old Al Jolson has burst out with the best of all records of "Old Man River" (*Brun.*). He has the range, he has everything, and if he wouldn't sing it "*alo*-hong" he would be perfect. *Afro-Americana:* Clara Smith, the World's Greatest Moaner, in "Jelly, Look What You Done Done" (*Col.*). What a song! Bessie Smith's "Empty Bed Blues" (*Col.;* in two parts) is not for nice people, nor is all of Lonnie Johnson's "Crowin' Rooster Blues" (*Ok.*). A novelty in blues is a duet "Dirty Moaner Blues" (*Brun.*) between Fannie May Goosby—a squealing contralto—and Peter Harris; this too is fairly strong stuff. "In the Morning" (*Ok.*), sung by Johnson, Nelson *and Porkchop,* sounds like a real folk-song; on the other side is "G. Burns Gonna Rise Again", and you should be able to figure out what "G. Burns" means. The title of "American Woman and West Indian Man" (*Brun.*), a dialogue between Sam Manning and Anna Freeman, indicates its high points. It represents the end of a beautiful friendship. Did you ever hear the singing, to war-dance rhythms, in a Sanctified church? If not, round out an education with Elder Richard Bryant's Sanctified Singers in "Watch Ye, Therefore" (*Ok.*).

With summer, *sheet-music* dwindles. Among *fox-trots,* I favor especially "Dusky Stevedore", sung by Andy Razaf; "Pickin' Cotton", from the new Scandals; "That Good Old Country Town", and "The Jazz Singer", with the old Jimmy Monaco swing. Walter Donaldson has formed his own publishing house, so there will be more, if there can't be better, Donaldson songs. Of his first list, you'd better hear "My Baby Don't Mean Maybe Now" and "Out-of-Town Gal". See also the latest valencia, "Chilly-Pom-Pom-Pee"; "Mother Goose Parade"; the promising "Georgie Porgie" (English music-hall type); "I Hope I Don't Meet Molly" (*cf.* "Son of a Gambolier"); another good song from the Scandals, "I'm on the Crest of the Wave"; "Just a Little Love Song", from the Grand Street Follies, and "Trinkets". *Silly fox-trots:* "Yes, Sorority", and "That's My Weakness Now". *Revival:* "San" (1920), and a whole flock of Hawaiian-American songs in a Triangle Music Co. folio. Nice summer *waltzes:* "Was Last Night the Last Night With You?", "If I Lost You", "Never", and "My Window of Dreams", which (like all Ted Browne publications) has a special chorus arranged by Lee Sims for real pianists, a splendid idea. . . . Did you know that the spirituals from "Porgy" are being published as a collection by Bibo, Bloedon & Lang?

Best Sellers in Popular Music

The following list in order of popularity as of June 21st is furnished by a leading New York jobber ("W" indicates waltzes):

Ramona (W)
Laugh, Clown, Laugh! (W)
Girl of My Dreams (W)
Beloved (W)
Back in Your Own Backyard
C.O.N.S.T.A.N.T.I.N.O.P.L.E
In My Bouquet of Memories
My Angel
Get Out and Get Under the Moon
Mary Ann
Was It a Dream?
There's Something About a Rose (W)
You're a Real Sweetheart
My Pet
That's My Weakness Now

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Variety

TWO FAMOUS FAILURES

By John Cournos

HENRI-FREDERIC AMIEL was regarded as a "failure" by his friends; his posthumous *Journal Intime* is, in spite of talents displayed, a confirmation of that failure.

The friends of Henry Adams were more polite; yet, in its way, his "Education of Henry Adams", posthumous as far as the large public is concerned, is a confession of failure.

The implications, however, in the writings of both go beyond individual failure but concern the failure of humanity as a whole.

Man lives his most transcendent life in thought and in love; and he who dares indulge in the luxury of an ideal, finding reality fall short, despairs of the world and, naturally, of himself, since he cannot possibly find a place for himself in it. Amiel's difficulty arose, on the one hand, from his French gift of thinking clearly; on the other, from his longing for perfection inculcated by German philosophy. He could not reconcile the world of his desire with the real world; this paralyzed his will. The world as he saw it was a failure; and the world, seeing in him a misfit, quite properly (from its own point of view), felt justified in returning the compliment. In such a manner do the many protect themselves against the one. His mind, tranquillized from inaction, mirrored the imperfections of a world too restless to pause to look at the reflection of its distraught face.

With rare prescience Amiel noted the factors of progressive disintegration: the tendency to analysis, specialization in all walks of life, the chaos of competitive democracy. He observed the sterile Machine displacing creative Love as a motive force in "progress". And the first sentence of his book already stated his conclusions: "There is but one thing needful—to possess God".

Does not Henry Adams reiterate Amiel, if in different words? Amiel writes more simply; Adams in more forceful images, as when he juxtaposes the Dynamo and the Virgin, animating his idea unforgettably. Adams is more complex, living as he does in a more complex age; but he is also more precise and indulges in less rhetoric. This is because he is subtle and uses Science's own methods in order to dissect Science. He analyzes Analysis, and shows it to be a symptom of a disintegrating age and coming chaos. As a historian he has attempted to establish certain laws, and so precise they are that he is able accurately to prophesy the approaching catastrophe of 1914.

What Amiel says with exuberance and passion, Adams confirms with coolness and dispassionateness. He is strong in the sense of the universal and of the particular; and his whole "Education" is illustrative of Goethe's aphorism: "The particular is ever subordinate to the universal, and the universal must ever adapt itself to the particular". Thus, by means of woman's changing position in the world he is able to illustrate the changing condition of the world itself; and he can reverse the idea to show how the world has degraded woman to its own condition.

In abstract thought, racial and national frontiers are less definable than in action or in the arts; but there is the greater austerity of style and a general "coming down to brass tacks" attitude which distinguishes the New Englander from the French Swiss thinker; besides these there is his tilting at the Puritans, which is enough to date and place him.

In the ultimate sense Amiel and Adams

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meet, since both admit that a synthesis is only possible by a return to God.

In some things Amiel had forestalled Adams, but Adams, in his turn, had forestalled Oswald Spengler. Adams, in his "Education" and "Degradation of the Democratic Dogma", has left two perfectly terrifying books of profound significance, especially for America; they have a measure of greatness which yet wait to be recognized. Adams, like many another great man, has suffered from middlemen. I know nothing more misleading, for example, than Mr. Gamaliel Bradford's essay: he can find it in his heart to say, "Yet, after all, his (Adams's) labor and all his effort, I at least cannot escape the impression that he was an author 'for fun' ". And, I at least cannot escape the impression that this is sheer nonsense.

THE RHYMING READER

By O. K.

"Daisy and Daphne"

By Rose Macaulay

"Dear me, but how odd is
Our life as it flows
Through these minute bodies,"
Remarks thorny Rose
Macaulay, tart goddess,
In pavonine prose.

"Through Londoners' fiction,
Their scare-lines, their news,
Their weird class-conviction,
Their matinée queues,
The singular diction
That most of them use,

"Through streams never stopping
In curious accord,
Their habits, their shopping,
Their dwellings, their board,
Their Christmas, their 'popping'
(Poor monsters) abroad,

"Through feminine fashions,
Whatever they be,
Through Campden Hill's passions
For setting men free,
Through East Sheen's for rations
Of gin with the tea,

"Through Daphne (who's hazy),
Through children and cranks,
Through xenophile Daisy,
(Who always draws blanks),
Through Raymond (who's crazy
On lamellibranchs)."

And since she's no prentice
At this kind of list,
And quite *compos mentis*
For she-novelist,
The book an event is
That's not to be missed.

"Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard"

By Elinor Wylie

I wreathe faint hours
In silver showers
And delicate crystal beams.
I gild each item
Ad infinitum
From subtle and shy extremes
I dance in reach
With my parts of speech
And clarified quips archaic,
With craft precise
And pacing nice
Like a kitten on hot mosaic.

I bridge the chasms
Of nervous spasms
With quaintest of chapter headings,
Cleave matter dense

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With my ray intense
Of pure aërial threadings,
In the crystal shawl
Of the waterfall
I veil coy feminine capers,
And from the narrows
Shoot silver arrows
At my poet immersed in the vapors.

I cull my debts
In delicate nets
And parcel my thrifty fairings,
And as I dance on
You take a chance on
My trail of crystal herrings;
But still the scathe
Of my medicined wraith,
His questing, his ties illicit,
The biting flash
Of his barbed wit's dash
Must, clearly, remain implicit.

I wryly favor
And archly savor
My orcharding's delicate crop,
I trill and tinkle
I cleanly twinkle,
I change but I cannot stop.
While crystalline facets
Abide as my assets
As long as my wraith can remain
As long as I last
To transfigure the Past
I protest I shall do it again.

"Strange Interlude"

By Eugene O'Neill

Mark in "Strange Interlude"
Souls at last being viewed
Publicly in the nude
Each with its label.
Uttering hidden things,
Strange and forbidden things,
Freudian midden things . . . .
Here is the fable.

Nina, consumed to slake
Unpossessed body's ache
Grows for dead Gordon's sake
Stranger and stranger . . . . .
Strange when she flaming yearns,
Strange when she gives, and spurns,
Strange when she flatly turns
Bitch in the manger.

Having her primal itch
Stanched by a method which,
Though diagnosed as pitch,
Leaves undefiled;
Charlie and Ned confer
Briskly to make of her
Somehow (though they demur)
Mother of child.

Sammy, apprised of this,
Minus one single quiz
Makes her his bride "as is",
Climbs seven heavens.
Nina's new "hopes" are naught
Made by his dam's report;
Thwarted she vows to thwart
Curse on the Evans!

Still, having made her bed,
Lies there with Sam, and Ned
Sharing, then Charlie led
From cosmic motive.
Since Mother-god decrees
Only in plenty, peace,
Males in no less than threes . . . . .
Sacrifice votive.

Husband one, lover one,
Husband's or lover's son,
Friend, when their rôle is done
Billed to provide her
Age in its fevered gloom
Fresh victim to consume,
Waxing in mellow bloom,
Matronly spider . . . . .

Œdipus apron strings,
Scalding Libido stings,
Subconscious hiccoughings
Prickle the players;
Finger is laid on works
Just where the mainspring lurks,
Wires pulled, the puppet jerks
Open, in layers.

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Ticketed "Novelist",
"Female", "Biologist",
Not one protagonist
Seems even human . . . . .
Mangy and muddy paste
Padded with cotton waste
Never with likeness graced
Of man or woman.

Critics with happy tears
Crow that the Dawn appears
In the brave sweep that clears
Time-worn convention,
Each time a sunken tract
Speaks, and those present act
(Frozen, *pro tem:*, with tact)
Aural suspension.

Highbrows and high awards
Flatter it on the boards
While for unlettered hordes
Affably jangle
Words they pay money for,
"P—", "H—", "B—" and "W—",
Gingering up the more
Common triangle.

Has the Muse cast Eugene
Off as a might-have-been?
How now is Psyche seen
If the cap fits her?
Where shines the Drama's star?
And, more important far,
What will the D. A. R.
Do to Pulitzer?

JIM TULLY'S FAIRY TALES

By Eugene Whitmore

HAILED by dozens of critics as a masterpiece of realistic writing, Jim Tully's "Circus Parade" enjoyed immediate popularity, and was ballyhooed as the true story of the inside of circus life.

Fortunately for Mr. Tully, few people had ever seen the inside of a circus. To those who have seen the inner workings of any sort of a circus Tully's book was no more than old fashioned melodrama, minus the lily-white hero and heroine.

Tully paints in dark colors, with no lightening contrasts. Almost the only likable character in the entire book was Denna Wyoming, the negro lion tamer. Tully kills him in an early chapter, leaving the readers to gloat over a strange collection of wild animals, wild people, and the weirdest, most incredible collection of yarns ever printed.

In his book, "Beggars of Life", Tully writes that he was to travel with a "great circus". Evidently he referred to the circus described in "Circus Parade". Between the writing of the two books Tully's "great circus" has changed to a measly, rotten, dirty, unkempt aggregation of junk, animals and people, known in the jargon of circusdom as a "ten-car outfit". Such a show, instead of being a "great circus" as Tully described it in "Beggars of Life", is as small as a show can become and still remain a circus.

If there is anything on earth a circus man knows it is geography. But Tully trips badly on geography. He says, in "Circus Parade", "we travelled as far inland as Beaumont, Texas". Rand-McNally says Beaumont is a port. In the late effort to make the world safe for democracy Beaumont was the scene of hectic shipbuilding, with thousands of loyal Democrats on the payrolls. True, none of these ships ever went to sea, but I have seen sea-going vessels in port at Beaumont.

Tully calls his alleged circus the Cameron Shows. In a description of the untimely end of the circus fat lady he claims her body was transported to the graveyard in an "elephant cage". From a lifetime of contact with circuses, including little "mud shows" which travel overland, without benefit of railroads, on up to the *one* "big show", with its forty elephants and ninety-eight cars, I have never seen an elephant cage. I questioned elephant trainers who have known

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every elephant owned by any American circus for the past thirty years. Not one of them ever saw an elephant cage. They hooted at the idea. Instead of being hauled in cages, elephants haul wagons and the cage-wagons of the cat animals.

The description, as written by Tully, of getting the circus equipment on and off the ten railroad cars is as accurate as a politician's alibi to his ward leader. All circuses use a method of loading and unloading originated in Civil War times by a famous circus man whose show played New England towns. His loading methods were so good that virtually no changes have been made in them. But Tully inaugurates many changes in his book. He explains how the Cameron Shows carried flat cars, and then goes ahead and writes, "the canvas, the poles, stakes, seats and other paraphernalia were piled in baggage cars". Ask any Boy Scout who has ever carried water for the elephants as his daily good deed and he will explain that all circus paraphernalia is loaded on wagons at the lot. These loaded wagons are drawn on flat cars, made fast with blocks provided for the purpose, and transported with their loads.

The only thing resembling baggage cars on a circus are the animal cars, which carry elephants, horses and other animals which are not caged. Even the cage-wagons are transported on flat cars. The personnel, of course, rides in sleeping cars, or perhaps the privilege car, which is a sort of club car occasionally found as part of the circus train.

This method of moving the circus eliminates, of course, two loadings and two unloadings at each removal . . . . . What was done with the empty wagons, or what the flat cars transported, he fails to state.

In his description of the tents used by the Cameron Shows Mr. Tully again exhibits his vast ignorance of the circus. He claims the shows used a "ninety foot *big* top, and a seventy foot *round* top, with two thirty foot middle pieces". Since circuses began the *big* top has always been the tent under which the performance is given. It is invariably the biggest tent on the lot. But Tully's *big* top was only a ninety foot tent, while the tent he calls a *round* top was one hundred and thirty feet long. Either one of the tents would have been too small to accommodate enough people to have made the circus a money making proposition!

The trouble comes from Tully's ignorance of the nomenclature of circus tents. Any tent with two round ends is a "round top". Placed together, without middle pieces, the two round ends would form a circular tent, but nearly all circus tents are equipped with middle pieces to give them greater length. Thus we see what a strange circus this Cameron outfit was. It becomes rather a mystery when we try to imagine what the circus did with a "round top" forty feet larger than the "big top". A veteran tent maker tells me it would have been impossible for the lowliest roustabout to have spent an entire summer with a circus without learning this part of the simplest patois of the circus.

In one chapter there is a delightful incident where Tully tells of being forced, at the point of a revolver, to fling himself from a "baggage car" which was moving fast enough to complete a sixty mile jump in two hours. This "baggage car" was part of the Cameron ten-car circus train.

As Jim tells this yarn, Cameron, the circus owner, and a group of cut-throats were lolling in the "baggage car". It was after midnight. The old "baggage car" creaked and groaned under its load of canvas, stakes, poles and human derelicts. Suddenly an enemy of Cameron whips out a revolver and commands all hands to jump from the moving car. All jumped, including Tully. Then, according to the yarn, Tully performs a stunt which would turn Douglas Fairbanks green with envy. Instead of permitting the train to proceed with its business of travelling thirty miles an hour, Tully picked himself up, sized up the situation, looked ahead for obstructions and hopped the rear end of the train. Mind, he was forced to jump off this train, which had but ten cars. Why he didn't light a cigarette, or send a postcard home, I do not quite understand.

Not content with this outlandish yarn, he proceeds to claim that he tried to crawl along the top of the coaches to the engine to warn the engineer to stop the train. The last coach would have been the railroad caboose, as no circus train ever left the yards with-

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out the caboose, being under freight classification. Instead of risking his life crawling over the tops of wet, slippery coaches it would have been easy and safe to have stepped into the cupola of the caboose and told the trainmen of the sad plight of his less agile companions. At least one member of the train crew is always in the cupola, watching the train.

As he tells it, when the train finally reached its destination he went to the engineer and asked him to run the train back and pick up Cameron and the other lost members. But as everybody knows, the conductor and not the engineer is the only man who can move a train, once it has stopped. The engineer must await the conductor's signal.

These are not all the peculiarities in this incident which need explaining. Would the owner of a show who was hated by all his employees have been riding in the baggage car with them? He had cheated all of them at one time or another. Surely his conscience would have made too much of a coward of him. Tully claims he was holding a conference with the boss canvasman concerning the next day's work. Had such a conference been necessary he would have sent for the canvasman to come to the private car. Circus owners do not seek out their flunkies to hold conferences with them after midnight.

Tully describes the route of the Cameron Shows for an entire summer, and from early spring to late autumn this freak of a circus never travelled north of the southern tier of counties in Missouri. During all the swelteringly hot summer the circus plays Mississippi, Louisana, Arkansas, Texas, Albama and Georgia.

When I called Tully's attention to this discrepancy he sidestepped with the statement that the John Robinson Circus often played in the South when business would have been better in the east. In the first place Jim Tully or anyone could not have stated definitely that business would have been better for the John Robinson Shows in the east; that is purely a matter of conjecture. Moreover, John Robinson is the best known character in the South unless we except John the Baptist. The circus that bears his name is a Southern favorite and people in the older southern states will mortgage next year's crops rather than miss it.

However, his reply is beside the point, for as I pointed out, circuses simply cannot exist in the south until after cotton has been picked and marketed. Yet Tully's feeble answer is that the Robinson Shows played the South when business would have been better elsewhere. Mr. Tully should know that I checked the records of the Robinson show back forty years and found no record of its ever having been guilty of such foolishness as playing an entire summer in the South, as did Tully's mythical Cameron Shows.

I asked one old-time circus man if any showman was ever known to route a circus through the South all summer. "Well," he answered, as he shifted a generous gob of Horseshoe Plug, "any sap dumb enough to be red-lighted off his own train might do anything—even to taking his outfit over such a death trail". However, the fact remains that no circus man's memory and no records indicate that any circus spent an entire summer south of Mason and Dixon's line.

The Cameron Shows are said by Tully to have played three-day stands in various towns in the South. This was supposed to have been twenty years ago. At that time there was not one three-day stand south of St. Louis. There are only one or two now. But the claim that the circus carried a group of thieves, short change men, pickpockets, and shell game operators makes the three-day business absolutely incredible. A grafting circus makes one-day stands, leaving town under the cover of darkness. If it remained in town three days the natives who had been cheated would carve up the outfit.

I have pointed out only a few of the most obvious errors in "Circus Parade". His other books have equally ludicrous mistakes. In "Beggars of Life" he tells that a train on which he was riding reached Clinton, Iowa, an hour after it left DeKalb, Illinois. It seems suspicious that an experienced tramp should not know that DeKalb is a good two hour run from Clinton, Iowa.

Tully exhibits a vast interest in fat ladies.

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He describes in great detail the fat lady on the Cameron Shows in "Circus Parade", and in "Beggars of Life" he claims to have been the white-haired boy and personal flunky for a carnival fat lady who give him sixty dollars a week to buy her supply of whiskey.

At pre-Volstead prices sixty dollars would have bought sixty quarts of good whiskey—as good as any sold in towns visited by the carnival. It would have bought thirty quarts of real, old XXX whiskey. Jim says that only he and the fat lady consumed the whiskey. If he bought the good old barrelled red-eye they had eight quarts to guzzle every twenty-four hours, with four quarts to spare. If he bought the XXX variety he had from four to six quarts every twenty-four hours for their drinking bouts. In spite of such quantities of whiskey Jim explains that his hefty lady friend did her dances every day.

I do not know Mr. Tully's height, but if he is less than nine feet tall one incident in "Beggars of Life" is utterly inexplicable. He claims to have braced his feet against the running board atop the center of a box-car roof, reached down with his arms and opened the box-car door.

Mr. Tully's many friends among the critics should try this feat. I have seen strong men wrestle for hours in a vain effort to open box-car doors. They are the stubbornest contraptions ever invented. I have seen a box-car door resist the efforts of three men wielding pinch bars and crowbars. Yet Mr. Tully claims to have reached down from the top of a moving train and opened the door of a box-car. With good fortune this might be possible, but bracing his feet against the running board on the center of the car roof requires a nine foot man, if he is to reach the door on the side of the car at the same time, as Mr. Tully claims to have done.

Tully's books are packed with oft-told tales, long familiar to everyone who has gone over the road. These tales are the lore of trampdom as told to little boys who play around railroad yards. To men who have really witnessed or experienced tramp or circus life his tales are as real as Hans Christian Anderson's fairy stories!

I am not sure but that he deserves congratulations for so successfully fooling the critics. He has pulled the wool over the piercing eyes of Baltimore's sage. George Jean Nathan works himself into a great lather urging his readers to read Tully's work. William Allen White waxes eloquent in his praise of it. Scores of other critics hail Jim Tully's hair oil as great art. If it is art, any ham actor playing in Uncle Tom's Cabin under canvas for ten, twenty and thirty cents is a great artist.

GYPSY CAMPFIRE—DEVON

Ernest Thorne Thompson

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BACK-WASH OF THE WAR

By Foster Rhea Dulles

ONE of the most significant results of the war is the intense popular interest in international affairs which has characterized the past ten years. This is particularly pronounced in the United States. We have been subjected to a veritable deluge of books dealing with the problems behind war and peace, with the political developments in Jugo-Slavia or Manchuria, with the work of the League of Nations. In a transitional period it is inevitable that most of them should have but a fleeting value, yet they pour from the presses in an unceasing stream. It is a phenomenon which can only be explained by an avid desire on the part of the public to understand whatever is happening in the world which may have a bearing on the all-consuming question of international peace.

This year it is natural that as an aftermath of the tenth anniversary of the Bolshevist Revolution there should be an increase in the usual quota of books on Russia. Among the volumes under consideration there are four which take up different aspects of this mysterious and enigmatical country. They are written by a Catholic priest, a Cambridge professor, an American public relations counsel, and a German publicist.

Father Edmund A. Walsh has chosen in *The Fall of the Russian Empire* (Little, Brown, $3.50) to give a highly dramatic version of the events which led up to and immediately followed the abdication of the Czar. There is some measure of historical interpretation, but the emphasis is entirely placed on the high spots of that stirring drama. We find the grim story of Rasputin and the sinister influence he exerted over the Czarina, the scene on the Czar's private train when he renounced his throne, the tragedy of Ekaterinburg, the tale of Lenin and the sealed car which brought him from Germany, the exit of Kerensky.

This book may make no real contribution to our knowledge or understanding of the Russian Revolution, but it presents some vivid pictures of the chief actors in the drama, who are allowed to tell in their own words—so far as is possible—the story of the events through which they were passing. Father Walsh has no love for Bolshevism, but his history is written with what objectiveness he could muster and it is not propaganda.

Of a different type is *Russian Economic Development Since the Revolution* (Dutton, $5.00) by Maurice Dobb, lecturer in economics in the University of Cambridge. This is a serious study taking up the changes in Soviet policy whereby the "NEP" was substituted for war communism, with an estimate of economic prospects in Russia at the present day. It is a book for the expert rather than the general reader.

Ivy Lee, who is designated as "an advisor to many of the largest financial interests in the world", takes up these same questions in his *Present-Day Russia* (Macmillan, $2.50). His book opens with the frank declaration that he was in Russia ten days, but in that time by dint of careful observation and conversations with most of the Soviet leaders, he succeeded in reaching the conclusions which were the goal of his hurried trip. The Soviet régime is stable, but "the tendency of conditions is toward the establishment of Capitalism—and away from Communism and Socialism".

All is thus for the best in the best of all possible worlds. It is now the duty of the United States to wean Russia still further from Communism by a "propaganda of deeds", which will bring to the Russian people the true vision of prosperity, and convince them that they can do no better than emulate the United States. This is a challenge to business statesmanship and the whole problem is reduced to an engaging simplicity.

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If we next turn to *The Mind and Face of Bolshevism,* by René Fülöp-Miller (Knopf, $6.00), we discover why it is that Mr. Lee's discussion of present-day Russia leaves us a little dissatisfied. One of the most important accounts of Bolshevism written, this is a book of infinitely more significance than any one of the three already mentioned. It is in fact devastating. "Hitherto," writes the author in his introduction, "Bolshevism has almost always been regarded purely as a political problem; to wrest it from this misleading and superficial judgment is the aim of this book." The result would make Mr. Lee shudder.

The philosophy of Bolshevism is that of the collective man, the mechanized life. Here is something diametrically opposed to all our Western ideas: "Everything that happens in Russia today happens for the sake of the mass; every action is subordinated to it. Art, literature, music, and philosophy serve only to extol its impersonal splendour, and, gradually, on all sides everything is being transformed to the new world of the 'mass man' who is the sole ruler".

Mr. Fülöp-Miller then proceeds to show how this is true and after discussing Bolshevist philosophy tells of the "monumental style" which has been expressed through a dozen "isms": futurism, cubism, suprematism, imagism, colour-dynamism, tectonic primitivism, cosmism, expressionism, constructivism and left classicism. Next we have the propagandist theatre with its amazing disintegration of the stage into planes with constructivist sets; the theatricalized life, the mechanizing of poetry, Bolshevik music, changes in everyday life, religion, ethics. "There is nothing for the European to do," he writes—and we most readily agree with him—"but listen, look and marvel, and realize with increasing clearness that everything that happens in Russia is in all its manifestations fundamentally different from our traditions and our experiences."

This study of Russia's cultural life—with its vivid photographs—cannot fail to arrest the attention of every reader. While it cannot explain Russia, it gives us an entirely new idea of what is happening in a country still going through a revolution in ideas which, in so many respects, has led to a conception of life as different from that of the West as our imagination might picture that of Mars to be.

If Russia excites the imagination of America more than any other country, we are almost as keenly interested in events in the Far East. The growing importance of this part of the globe is clearly brought out by Nicholas Roosevelt in *The Restless Pacific* (Scribners, $3.00). After stressing the geographical and economic factors affecting the countries bordering upon the Pacific, he discusses in some detail the conflict of policies which may be found among Russia, Japan, Great Britain and the United States. With his presentation of the problem we have no real quarrel, but his solution would seem to ignore the lessons we have learned in Europe.

His book is a plea for maintaining in the Pacific a careful balance of power in which the United States must uphold her position through the "naval arm of diplomacy". His conclusion is that the interests of the United States "demand that no nation or group of nations become sufficiently strong and aggressive to disturb the balance of world politics". Is there nothing which can be said for conciliation and co-operation as opposed to an application to the Pacific of those political concepts which wrought such havoc in Europe?

Problems of the Pacific (University of Chicago Press, $3.00) is a documentary and valuable record of the proceedings of the second conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations at Honolulu in 1927. It is a reference book of very real value to the student of the Far East.

An interesting volume on a less controversial topic than either Russia or the Far East is George H. Danton's *Germany Ten Years After* (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50). It touches very briefly upon the political and economic reactions in Germany, for as an exchange professor at the University of Leipzig Mr. Danton was chiefly concerned with the educational side of German life. But the picture he gives of Germany's state of mind is

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far different from that commonly held in this country.

Beneath a surface prosperity he finds the people still suffering not only from economic depression but from a failure as yet to overcome the psychology of defeat. Nowhere in the world, he says, do the faces of the aged show such signs of suffering. While the "old, hard faceted Germany is gone", the new Germany has not yet truly found its bearings.

A keen observer, the author has allowed nothing to escape his attention. Though it may seem somewhat out of place in a chapter on politics and economics, we are told of such details of German life as the people's habits in regard to shutting their windows at night and taking baths. The book gives a clear and objective picture of Germany by a writer who does not allow his sympathies to impair his critical faculty.

The Post-War Mind of Germany and Other European Studies, by C. H. Herford (Oxford University Press, $3.50), is a less readable series of papers though written from a scholarly point of view. Among the topics taken up are the culture of Bolshevist Russia—a chapter not to be compared with René Fülöp-Miller's penetrating study—a sketch of the history of Shakespeare's influence on the continent, and such purely literary studies as "Dante and Milton" and the "National and International Ideals in the English Poets".

For a dispassionate and realistic exposition of European politics the student of foreign affairs would do well to read *Locarno: The Reality* (Knopf, $3.00), by Alfred Fabre-Luce, author of "The Limitations of Victory". Here is a Frenchman who finds the Treaty of Versailles doomed because peace cannot be imprisoned in a static form, who considers the League of Nations insufficient to meet European problems, and who sees hope in Locarno "because this time it is less a case of a treaty than of a plan to preserve peace from day to day, by different means, but in an unvarying spirit". It is his contention that treaties are only valuable insofar as they express the will of the signatories at a given time, and our search for peace must consequently be along lines of common interest. He finds this for France in reconciliation with Germany, but the form this takes must be elastic and the underlying spirit is the only thing which really matters.

Finally we come to *Back of War*, by Henry Kittredge Norton (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), a volume which to a certain extent covers the entire field of the various and different books under discussion. It is a rather superficial account—as it must be to cover so broad a field—of the causes of war; its treatment of such a problem as imperialism is not very critical; it is marred by a certain repetitiousness. Obviously it is not a book for the expert on international affairs.

On the other hand for the general reader—that mythological being who devours books so omnivorously and with such catholicity of taste—it is a very adequate account of the international questions facing every country in the world from the United States to Siam. They are taken up in order: first the problems of the Great Powers, then under the head of regional problems those of every foreign country including the Scandinavian. It is unfortunate that it has no index. It would make a handy reference book for those who would be well informed on every possible international question.

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A Shelf of Recent Books

FEWER CRIMINALS

By Winthrop D. Lane

THE NEW CRIMINOLOGY. *By Max G. Schlapp and Edward H. Smith. Boni & Liveright. $4.00.*

THE CRIMINAL AND HIS ALLIES. *By Marcus Kavanagh. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.00.*

IN the province of Autun on a certain day rats were cited to appear in court. They had eaten the barley crop, and were offenders. A lawyer, appointed to defend them, resorted to all the tricks of his profession to keep their names bright and clear.

"First," he said, "my clients live in many villages. They are dispersed over wide territory. One summons, therefore, is insufficient; a second must be issued, and it must be published from the pulpit of every parish." This took time, and the rats remained at large.

The day for their appearance came. Chassenée, their redoubtable defender, put on his legal armor. "The journey is long and difficult," he said, "and no blame should attach to my clients for not coming. Moreover," and here he raised his voice, "the mortal enemies of my clients, the cats, lie in wait for them at every passage, and will kill them if they come." Chassenée argued that if a person be cited to appear at a place, and it be unsafe for him to come, he may refuse to obey the writ and still be within the law. By such clever means did the counsel plead for his rats.

Perhaps this reads like a parable, but it is history. The criminal prosecution and punishment of animals was formerly common. A cock was burned at the stake for the "unnatural and heinous crime" of laying an egg. Pigs that killed children—and it seems that pigs used to kill children—were hanged, no doubt as a warning to other pigs. There are records of an eight months' trial of weevils at St. Jean-de-Maurienne in 1587. Many such prosecutions were held.

Out of such a past our ideas about crime and criminals have come. It is not an inspiring history. It is a history of extraordinary stupidity, in the course of which little was learned about why men act as they do.

Today the "new criminology" is not fadism. It is not coddling prisoners; it is not strewing their paths with chocolates. It is not baseball-games on Saturday, radio in their cells, making prisons into "palaces", or any of the things so commonly charged against it.

It is "going to the criminal for the facts". It is trying to discover why people act as they do, and what can be done to make them act more desirably. It is the extraordinary, fascinating process known as science, old as the hills but seldom applied to human conduct. Today criminologists get acquainted with their material at first hand, analyze it, try to discover what it is capable of and what it is not capable of, and in general how it acts. This is epoch-making.

For heretofore men consulted their superstitions, their ignorance, their theology, what-not. Crime was once regarded as instigated by the devil. Another view was that crime was an offence against God, or the gods. Still a third was that crime was contagious: if you were exposed to a criminal you might catch his criminality.

Science does not say: "You may pursue only one path to the truth". It says: "Whatever helps you to arrive at the facts is desirable". Criminology, therefore, seeks information about abnormal conduct by whatever route it can. Biology, the study of heredity, psychology, even sociology—all these have assisted. The most remarkable contributions, probably, have been made by psychology. Every one knows how amazingly psychology has whisked the cloak of mystery away from many phases of abnormal conduct. Not only that, it has pointed the way to therapeutic treatment of many types of behavior. Meanwhile, medicine has

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made its contributions. We know much more about the physical bases of conduct than we did. One has only to mention the recent remarkable studies of glands to remind people of that.

And right here is the strange thing about the book by the late Dr. Schlapp and Mr. Smith. (Dr. Schlapp, for many years professor of neuropathology at New York Post-Graduate Medical School and director of the New York Children's Court Clinic, died a few months ago.) The book undertakes to explain to laymen what has been learned about glands and their influence on personality and conduct. For this reason, it has no claim whatever to the title "The New Criminology". Knowledge of glands is not yet the only path by which one approaches an understanding of criminals.

There are exhilarating pages in the book. When the authors tell about a woman who, after a life of noticeable honesty, becomes a thief and then is cured—all because at the menopause her glands became disturbed and treatment remedied the trouble—one wishes to shout "Hurrah!" Another case is of a young Italian boy who at fourteen developed criminal tendencies; he stole, behaved violently toward his parents and seemed to be going to the bad. Examination showed over-activity of the thyroid, suprarenal and pituitary glands; and treatment restored him. He became once more the calm, studious and likable chap he had been. Portions of the book are simply and clearly written. There is caustic but deserved sarcasm at the expense of those who do not wish to study criminals, but who wish to go on letting them spend term after term in prison, receiving no benefit, repeating their damaging acts as soon as they are freed, with society a principal sufferer and no good gained by anybody.

But Dr. Schlapp was an enthusiast. He credited just about everything to glands or "chemical disbalance". Perhaps it is inevitable that the believers in a new line of inquiry should be over-enthusiastic; but the rest of us do not have to believe everything they claim. Portions of the book provoke disbelief. This extravagance of statement is perhaps its greatest defect—that and an occasional irritating anger with those who do not accept all that the authors say. Well, not all of it is acceptable.

When the authors try to prove that mental diseases are increasing out of all proportion to increase in the population, they practically ignore the fact that today we are diagnosing mental diseases more thoroughly than we were a generation ago; there may be evidence for their contention, but they have not found it. And the chapter in which they condemn every aspect of feminism, conclusively proving (to their own satisfaction) that all women who do any work outside the home are pushing the human race into insane asylums—all because glands in the female body won't stand it—is merely childish. One can only sigh over the intrusion, once more, of obvious prejudice into a field where clear thinking is so necessary.

Judge Kavanagh's book may be quickly dismissed. It is written in the tradition of the times. Judge Kavanagh presides over the Superior Court of Cook County, Illinois, and there he sees many criminals. He believes that offenders, knowing fully the difference betwen right and wrong, deliberately choose the wrong; the only thing to do with them under such circumstances is to punish them—"the deeper the guilt, the longer the suffering". Judge Kavanagh saves his book from being quite worthless by asking for some needed reforms in criminal law and procedure.

THE VOICE OF THE CRAFTSMAN

By Rose Mary Fisk

NEW DIMENSIONS. *By Paul T. Frankl. Payson & Clarke. $6.00.*

ONE of the most hopeful aspects of the new decorative art of today is that it is being sponsored commercially. One of its dangers is that commercialism is already threatening to cheapen it. During the past season two New York department stores presented serious and intelligent exhibitions of modern decorative art, which were received with healthy and on the whole sympathetic

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interest. It is fine and fitting that American business men should encourage a movement which, while it has had its most consistent development abroad, is still fundamentally the expression of a spirit essentially American: of science, of the machine, of American architecture. What is alone regrettable is that before the foundations of this new art are fully comprehended, its superficial characteristics—angularity, high color, austerity—are being distorted and unreasonably exploited. That Grand Rapids should slavishly copy Queen Anne and Louis Quinze is stupid, but that Grand Rapids should make bad copies of sincere contemporary designs is criminal.

It is with respectful ear, therefore, that we listen to what a pioneer of the modern decorative movement in America has to say. Whether or not one likes Paul Frankl's furniture, one must admit the fervor and independence of his creative expression, and a summary from him, who has studied and in some degree shaped the movement, is worth more than the theories of professional aesthetes at this stage. Those at the core of any enterprise are usually more simple and direct than the commentators, and Mr. Frankl's philosophy of the new decorative art is simple—simple and a little dogmatic and one-sided, as is usual with the practitioner.

All art, says Mr. Frankl in essence, is modern for its time, if it expresses the living forces of its time. Our time is characterized artistically by simplicity, by impersonality, by elimination of the superfluous, by emphasis of the structural elements. Modern *mores* have conditioned our architecture, caused us to carry our buildings into the sky; now they must condition the movable appurtenances of our lives, the chairs in which we sit, the beds in which we sleep, the lights by which we read, the tables from which we eat. Sitting and sleeping, reading and eating are assuredly not new functions; yet we do them today to a new tempo, and our decorative art must be timed in accord.

This is simple and sound. With some of Mr. Frankl's more explicit statements regarding what is good and what is bad in decoration one may disagree. Here he speaks as the craftsman who has found certain things good for himself; they are not necessarily of universal application. If for example the influence of Oriental design and color is admitted (and Mr. Frankl gives us an illustration of one of his own settings which he frankly terms "a modern rendering of Oriental motives"), I cannot see why Oriental rugs are ruthlessly ruled out. And if "while complexity is a characteristic of our mechanical lives, it is the opposite of this that we seek for in aesthetic enjoyment"—if escape is a motivating force in modern decorative art, I fail to see why Mr. Frankl insists so strongly upon the impersonal element. Certainly nothing is more impersonal than business, the machine, the skyscraper. Until the modern decorator offers us something more intimate, less impersonal than he has done to date, there will always be some who cannot find escape except in certain charming inheritances from the past.

Mr. Frankl's illustrations are numerous and interesting. They serve to indicate better than his text the variety of forms which the decorative arts have taken and to suggest that in some of the most successful manifestations the past has not been entirely swept aside but intelligently used.

MUSICAL CRITICISM

By Elbert Lenrow

THE SIMPLE STORY OF MUSIC. *By Charles D. Isaacson. Macy-Masius. $3.00.*

MUSIC: A SCIENCE AND AN ART. *By John Redfield. Knopf. $5.00.*

MONSIEUR CROCHE: THE DILETTANTE HATER. *By Claude Debussy. Viking. $2.00.*

RARE indeed are works on the aesthetics and criticism of music, especially on this side of the Atlantic; but as the standards of music criticism are here noticeably improving, so books published under the head of "Music" are concerned less and less with old-time gossipy memoirs and anecdotes, and are offering something of more substantial and more mature interest. These three books admirably represent varying stages in the evolution of present-day "literature on music".

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Mr. Isaacson's book is another one of those works which profess to bring the accumulated culture of generations to the casual and uninformed reader who may take the trouble to read a volume of three hundred pages. In this instance, the task of popularizing so abstract an art as music is especially difficult, and evidently Mr. Isaacson assumes that an informal chatty "radio announcer" style of patter is just what will solve his problem; but he forgets that the person who is eventually to enjoy hearing the Brahms C Minor Symphony, "Pelléas and Mélisande", or Stravinsky—among other works discussed here—is not the sort of person who will care to read about them in a book which sounds like the tabloid newspapers. Conversely, anyone who will be "uplifted" by this type of writing will probably be wearied and disillusioned if he proceeds to hear serious music in the concert hall. The author wanders glibly about the whole field of music with something to say about all the great works and all the great figures, but it sounds a bit superficial and cheap. His description of orchestral instruments and their tone color, are in the best Chautauquan style. There may be those who will profit by reading this book, but the "lads and lasses of fourteen or forty" to whom Dr. Isaacson dedicates himself will not necessarily come to a true appreciation of good music.

Mr. Redfield's work, on the other hand, is rare and invaluable, just the sort of book which one should thoroughly digest in building up a foundation and background for the intelligent understanding and appreciation of music. While emphasizing the scientific approach to music, this interesting and highly informed writer has escaped producing a dull and unreadable treatise, such as already exist in abundance. Without presupposing any training in music, scientific or artistic, on the part of the reader, he has set out to impart, in serious and concentrated form, such knowledge of the two branches of music as is essential to an intelligent public with an interest in music and a desire to cultivate that interest. The courses in "appreciation of music" and the books on criticism which lean heavily or exclusively on the "artistic" approach to music are necessarily one-sided and distorted, for music is certainly equally rooted in science and audiences as well as performers must have a knowledge of that branch. Most bad "appreciative" criticism is bad because of the critic's very lack of knowledge of such essentials as Mr. Redfield discusses in his chapters on Musical Tone, Tone Production, the Musical Scale, Harmony and Melody, and the like; and audiences fail at complete and adequate discrimination for want of the very same information.

Under the second section of this book, "Music as an Art", there are profitable chapters on Man and Music, the Nature of Musical Beauty, the Art of Interpretation, and the Composer and his Work, while a third and lengthy portion of the book takes up detailed and practical considerations relative to the future of music: Harmonic Possibilities, Rhythms of Tomorrow, Developing New Instruments, Improving the Auditorium, Better Voice Training, Chamber Music Possibilities, and other equally stimulating and profitable subjects for investigation.

Some one has pointed out that composers have usually been poor critics when they have troubled to record their opinions on music and other composers. And curiously enough, as stylists and literary craftsmen, they have exhibited themselves in even sorrier light. There have been exceptions, of course, such as Berlioz and Schumann; but certainly with the former, and some would add, the latter, the quality of the man's musical creations was as much inferior to that of the average "immortal" as his criticism and literary skill was superior. So it may be a surprise to musicians and music-lovers to come upon a volume of essays in musical criticism from the pen of that profoundly beautiful and ineluctable composer, Debussy. Only recently available, this collection of articles on music and musicians by the great French Impressionist composer will prove of value to anyone who is an admirer of this brilliant figure, or who is at all interested in the criticism of music itself.

Debussy contributed articles on music to various Paris journals for almost a dozen years before the War. This was, then, not

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writing done during his early and immature years, but of the time when he created his greatest and most unforgettable masterpieces. Always brilliant and provocative, his essays were challenging and delicately paradoxical. At first he invented the figure of M. Croche, restless and impetuous, as a medium through which to express his opinions. Later, however, he dropped all pretence, abandoned his affectionate caricature, his *enfant terrible,* "who dares to say out loud what his well-bred father contents himself with murmuring in secret", and expressed himself directly and, incidentally, more seriously. The contents of the present volume are not merely a collection of essays, the gleanings of the casual writings of a personage, thrown together posthumously for the sake of concocting a book; Debussy himself made extracts from his articles for publication in book form, and he was able to correct the proofs before the War came and postponed the appearance of the work until after his death.

As a critic, we find Debussy in these pages often acute, sometimes not quite just, always witty. One of his most vivacious *mots* is that about the Paris Opera House: "its boxes are the last salons where conversation still takes place". His dislike of Wagner is carried almost to an obsession, so strong is his disapproval; paradoxical, too, when one considers the echoes of "Tristan" and "Parsifal" in his own pages. He dismisses Grieg somewhat triflingly, perhaps over-praises Gounod, and prefers to discuss Beethoven without mentioning Brahms. But certainly he is sound and valuable in his discussions of Moussorgski—so great an influence on Debussy himself, from the time of his youthful sojourn in Russia—, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, César Franck, Weber's "Oberon", Rameau, and the like.

At times one is tempted to sweep aside much of what he has to say because of the elaborately casual way in which he attempts to maintain his pose of ironic trifler; but this is only a natural result of the personality of the man, for when he writes of the music he genuinely loves his manner changes entirely, and there is sincerity and fine discrimination, the voice of the enthusiastic and sensitive artist. As a piece of documentation, this work has of course much value; but regarded solely as criticism it is a work of considerable interest and consequence. The Foreword by Lawrence Gilman is an admirable and keenly appreciative introduction to the book, by the American critic who has written most sensitively and beautifully of the great tone-poet.

"COME BUY OF ME"

By Jennings Rice

A Short View of Menckenism—In Menckenese, *by Joseph B. Harrison;* The Painter Looks at Nature, *by Walter F. Isaacs;* Four and Twenty Block-Prints for Four and Twenty Rhymes, *by Helen Rhodes;* Œdipus or Pollyanna, With a Note on Dramatic Censorship, *by Barrett H. Clark;* Sinclair Lewis: Our Own Diogenes, *by Vernon Louis Parrington;* D. H. Lawrence: An Indiscretion, *by Richard Aldington;* Lillian Gish: An Interpretation, *by Edward Wagenknecht;* England and Ireland: Twelve Woodcuts, *by Richard Bennett;* Three Women Poets of Modern Japan: A Book of Translations, *by Glenn Hughes and Yozan T. Iwasaki;* The Haunted Biographer: Dialogues of the Dead, *by Gamaliel Bradford;* The Journal of Kenko: Musings of a Japanese Qoheleth in the Fourteenth Century, *by Herbert H. Gowen;* Christopher Morley: Multi ex Uno, *by Babette Hughes;* Remy de Gourmont: A Modern Man of Letters, *by Richard Aldington.*

University of Washington Chapbooks. Edited by Glenn Hughes. University of Washington Book Store. $0.65 each.

After a silence of two centuries or more, the voice of the chapman is again heard in the land, crying his wares. It speaks this time from the brightly colored backs of thirteen little volumes, issuing from an academic atmosphere very different from that which produced the majority of their progenitors.

The dictionary defines a chapbook as a small, paper-backed volume of a popular or religious nature, distributed by itinerant mer-

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chants or chapmen, whence the name originates. It made its appearance early in the history of printed literature, to supply reading matter to the masses who could not afford to buy expensively bound books. Samuel Pepys, who contrived to do so many other things along with his knaveries, made a collection of the best of the chapbooks then in circulation and had them bound in small quarto volumes which he called *Vulgaria*. Would the eminent diarist, if he were living today, consider these latest examples of the chapbook art, now under review, worthy of a place in his collection? I think so. While he would probably discriminate, as he did in his day, I think he would find these as a whole distinctly superior to the majority of those he was acquainted with.

The volumes in this series—which, by the way, is not yet completed—are listed above in their chronological order, without regard to merit or character of contents. As may be seen from the titles, they cover a wide range of subjects. Criticism, biographical and literary, predominates, however, and has produced the most interesting of these books. Space permits the discussion of only a few of them individually. But considered as a series they have a peculiar value in that they permit the author to go into his subject at greater length than would be acceptable to the average magazine editor, and thus they fill the void between the magazine article and the regular bound volume.

In "A Short View of Menckenism", Joseph B. Harrison, who describes himself as "a mere private in the rear rank of . . . . academic goosesteppers", gives "Mr. Mercury Mencken" a dose of his own medicine, served out of the same highly colored glass. The result makes not only entertaining reading but excellent criticism of a prolific critic. Though somewhat hampered by his self-imposed task of writing in Menckenese, which, as he says, is not a language adapted to disputation, the author classifies the sins of men in general and Americans in particular, as seen by Mencken, under five heads. He then views them each with normal vision, rather than through the magnifying glass which he implies Mr. Mencken must use in his pursuit of sin and sinners. The result is that they no longer appear even half so large as they are accustomed to loom up in *The American Mercury*.

American baiting still has its defenders, however, and Vernon Louis Parrington, in his essay on Sinclair Lewis, picks up the flung gauntlet. And yet, while he does champion Lewis's cause, he is so concerned with stating both views of the question that in the end his defense fails to present the impregnable front one expects, and which one is led at times to think the author intends. It is one of those vindications which are half apologies.

It would seem that the main trouble these days with people who refuse to be reconciled to things as they are is that they are not sufficiently disillusioned; they have not come to accept the hopelessness, or at least the uselessness, of a change. They still cling to the idea that the world has been and could be better than it is. This may explain Mencken. It was offered as the excuse for Sinclair Lewis's savagery. Now comes Richard Aldington accounting for D. H. Lawrence's cup of bitterness on the same grounds. Lawrence, he says, still belongs to the year nineteen hundred and twelve, when men nourished the hope of a Utopia. Whether or not this is true, the little essay gives a lifelike and unbiassed portrait of Lawrence the man, and shows a thoroughly critical appreciation of his work.

Barrett H. Clark also seems to be suffering from a lack of disillusionment: he, too, deems it worthwhile to inveigh against majority opinion. In "Œdipus or Pollyanna", he gives the most logically sound as well as the most vigorously spoken statement of the case against government censorship of art, and against the "Pollyanna" or happy-ending school of literary artists, which it has been my pleasure to come across. Though concerned particularly with the theatre, his special province, he champions the cause of art for art's sake in all its branches. Clark's thesis, which he ably upholds, is that all of life is legitimate material for the artist, and that the judgment of the artist alone should fix his bounds.

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VACUUMS OF FREEDOM

By Agnes de Lima

RECENTLY I paid a short visit to a private school across the valley from my home. Its principal for years had been a public school teacher and now, in revolt against the restrictions of the traditional system, had established a school dedicated to the newer principles of freedom. And there was obviously an air of will-to-be-free about the place. I located it first by means of an engaging sign near the gate, "Rhubarb for Sale by Group VI". Inside the door a bulletin board fluttered with clippings of news dispatches regarding the recent conference in New York City of the Progressive Education Association. Many texts that I saw were up to date, and such materials as there were—the school budget was painfully limited—were of the sort likely to lead children to constructive activity. Indeed one of the elementary grades had made astonishingly good use of clay, paints, stones and boughs and had reproduced with faithful detail examples of Indian life, a wigwam, drawings of Hopi pueblos, bits of weaving, clay utensils and the like; living for months with their project, and extracting from it a wealth of content and variety of experience no formal curriculum could ever supply. This appeared to be an exceptional group, however, with an unusually resourceful and imaginative teacher. In most of the rooms where the children were not diligently driving ahead on regular academic work—Latin, history and the like—in anticipation of Regents' tests, they were idling pleasantly about in a kind of vacuum of freedom. So far as I could judge from the exceedingly short time I spent in the school, the principal longed for a better educational order, but she appeared to lack both certain techniques and the ability to perform the hard intellectual labor of thinking through the implications of such a revolutionary scheme.

Now many progressive—or so-called progressive—schools are like that. They have revolted against the old order to the degree of removing certain obviously artificial and benumbing retraints, and to that extent they have made it possible for the children entrusted to them to be happier and more vital. But as John Dewey recently warned the members of the Progressive Education Association, this negative phase of the progressive movement has about run its course. "Freedom," he said, "is no end in itself." It is time that progressive schools *intellectually* organized their work and made a more positive contribution to the science of education.

A few progressive schools are doing the hard thinking necessary to develop the organized subject matter for which Dr. Dewey pleads, among them the Lincoln, and the City and Country School in New York City. Too many others are trusting to inspiration or a general atmosphere of genial goodwill to see them through.

Stanwood Cobb has been attempting to define the main direction in which progressive education is moving, and has called his book *The New Leaven* (John Day, $2.50). He canvassed for the purpose the opinions of the leading progressive educators in the country and evolved a set of ten basic principles from their answers. These principles have a familiar enough ring, and are so broadly stated that it is difficult to imagine how even the most die-hard pedagogue could disagree with them. Yet actually they are alien enough to what is practiced in the vast majority of schools, both public and private. Briefly, these principles are the following: health must come first; learning comes from doing; free the classroom from unnatural restraints; adapt education to the differences in individual children; develop social-mindedness in children; give the child abundant opportunity for creative expression; children should acquire not facts but thorough control of the tools of learning; introduce into

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academic work the method of creative expression; abolish the tyranny of marks and examinations; the teacher should be a leader and guide, not a taskmaster.

How these principles are applied in various progressive centers, Mr. Cobb describes in succeeding chapters with sincerity and enthusiasm. Possibly he writes too enthusiastically. As president of the Progressive Education Association, and headmaster of the Chevy Chase School, he must be constantly examining the development of progressive schools with a critical as well as a friendly eye. The lay parent to whom the book is addressed wants more than a rosy survey of the progressive field. He wants more also than an exposition of general principles. There are a dozen excellent books of exposition and theory already at hand for the lay student of the "new" education. Those by John Dewey and his gifted daughter are easily the best; there are the always valuable issues of *Progressive Education;* Eugene Randolph Smith wrote robustly on how "Education Moves Ahead", some years ago —and there have been others. It would have been more profitable to have had from Mr. Cobb a critical appraisal of the work of progressive schools for the last ten years, say, a frank facing of failures as well as gains, and an equally frank facing of future needs.

Mary Lewis, who now heads the Park School in Cleveland, also tells the story of a revolt, *An Adventure With Children* (Macmillan, $1.75), as she calls it, covering a period of twelve years. It began with her demand for a rug to break up the formality of her class in one of those splendidly overfinished schools in New York, carried her to the roof of an eight-story college building, gained her the help and interest of a great university and took her to a more western community where she established her school on a sixty-acre farm. Her story is ardently, even sentimentally written, and tells us more of the successive settings of her experiment than about the experiment itself.

Now of course we still need urgently the right kind of books about subject matter. The curriculum is the one question that too many schools dodge if they can. The Lincoln School at least has made a notable beginning in curriculum reform, and recently issued a tentative series of "units of work" for the elementary grades, which, after ten years of experimenting, appear to be most fruitful. Members of the staff of the Lincoln School have also written a number of distinguished new texts, notably those by Dr. Rugg on the social studies, Dr. Caldwell on science, Mr. Knowlton on history, Mr. Mearns on literature; and several of the primary teachers have written excellent primers (sometimes with the help of their pupils). The experiments carried on for eight years by Mrs. Satis N. Coleman are having a very profound effect on music teaching everywhere. It is Mrs. Coleman's belief that children of ordinary musical ability find the piano and the violin far too complicated. There is however a wealth of musical material better suited to their needs. Moreover man himself began by making simpler instruments, and it is wise pedagogy therefore to let children share the musical experience of the race. Children can make these instruments themselves, so that the joy of creation is added to that of performance. "If we give a child music that is within his grasp, let him play simple tunes on glasses of water and on other things of his own contrivance; if we let him make drums and rattles, and experiment with the sounds of wood, metal, pipes and strings, his musical power will grow naturally as his interest and achievements grow . . . Even if it be only the making of a primitive tom-tom, it will offer at least a starting place from which his interest in music may grow."

Mrs. Coleman's present volume, *Creative Music in the Home* (Myers, $5.00), deals very little with her long researches in the field and her carefully worked over theories of teaching music. This she has done in previous publications. Here she is concerned with children themselves and their first introduction to music. Explicit directions are given on how to make simple musical instruments, drums, rattles, tuning glasses and bowls, marimbas, bells, pipes of Pan, horns, flutes, lyres, banjos and so forth. No household article is too homely to be overlooked—bottles, chopping-bowls, pot-lids, table-ware, cigar-boxes, all may be put to

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musical purpose. Any child who can use hammer, saw and nails and who can follow printed directions may, with the aid of this book, turn out a delightful variety of musical instruments. And possibly he may learn to play them too, through becoming acquainted with the simpler principles of musical theory. Ninety simple tunes are provided, set down in the earlier chapters in a system of number notation, invented by Mrs. Coleman for children too immature to attempt conventional staff notation. Musical stories are told concerning the development of music through the ages and the history of musical instruments. There is a fascinating chapter on American bird songs. The book is splendidly printed, profusely illustrated and written sympathetically on the child's level. Naturally it makes no claims of offering more than one first approach to music. Possibly Mrs. Coleman should have said as much in her introduction. The modern creative teaching of music includes in addition singing, dancing, poetic expression, learning to listen, improvisation, playing by ear and by note. For these the guidance of skilled artists is necessary. The present volume at least offers a suggestive, and to any child a truly thrilling, series of first musical experiences, and it ought therefore be warmly welcomed by parents everywhere.

The word "progressive" in education covers a multitude of meaning. In a village school of my acquaintance, the kindergarten teacher pulls the hair of her small charges and slaps them if they do not keep quiet during assembly. Yet she was appointed by the school board because she was so progressive. Many of the *Better Schools* (John Day, $2.50) described by Carleton Washburne and Myron M. Stearns will not appear particularly advanced if compared with those we have been considering, but at least they indicate a growing demand for some kind of educational betterment. This demand, report the authors, is stronger in parts of the Middle West and the Pacific Coast than it is in the East or South. They note in quick review an encouraging number of school systems which have introduced reforms of one sort or another, ranging from so simple an innovation as a travelling museum to rather thorough curricular revision. Among these systems are Gary, Detroit, Denver, Dayton, Winnetka, St. Louis County in Minnesota, and others. Yet, admit the authors, the majority of schools are still content merely to steer children through the three R's; they subscribe in theory to the notion that the end of education is the development of the child, yet in actual practice make little or no provision for it. "All school traditions are against it . . . the day is jammed with passing on the traditional knowledge and skills. . . ." And the early pages of the book are given to dark discussion of the successive rise and fall of earlier civilizations. Our present civilization contains within itself the seeds of disintegration. Only education can save us. "It is a desperate race between the new education and mankind's tendency to use for his own destruction the power he possesses."

Back in 1833 it was the Church, not the school, that was given the job of rescuing mankind from its sure and awful fate. The school in those days was a comparatively inconspicuous institution, neglected and poverty-stricken, and pretending not at all to meet the full needs of childhood. In fact it was not expected to meet any need save that of giving the most rudimentary of book learning, and ridding parents of the actual care of their children for part of the day a few months each year. A delightful and graphic picture of school days a hundred years ago is given us in Warren Burton's book, *The District School as It Was* (Crowell, $1.50), first written by him in 1833, and now republished and edited by Clifton Johnson. "I was three years and a half when I first entered the Old School house as an abcedarian" is the way the book begins; and we may follow Mr. Burton through his first summer of initiation into the mysteries of the alphabet on until the winter term fourteen years later when he took his place with the big boys on the back seat. There are humorous tales of spelling matches, of dire attempts at discipline, of rolling a too harsh schoolmaster down an icy slope, of the impossibilities of grammar, of penmanship, of vertical reading. The book points no moral and adorns no pedagogical tale, but is sheer pleasure to read.

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HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

By Rose Lee

FIVE volumes from France and four from Germany appear in rapid succession, almost as though an old rivalry were transferred to American soil. There is no question in which camp the greater merit lies. It seems likely this season that Marianne will wear the palms in the American market and her best sellers of last year will find golden echoes here. Each of the French writers in this group is a finished performer in his own *genre*, and each partakes of that limpid realism, that clarity of phrase and outline, which flourishes with peculiar excellence under the delicate skies of Paris.

François Mauriac is the dean among them, as Thomas Mann among the Germans. He is a classic from before the war, and the manuscripts of his work are already priceless in a country of bibliophiles. Yet he is hardly known in America, where Paul Morand, for instance, is a familiar figure to sophisticates. Mauriac's novels are all so sombre in theme, so pitilessly logical in treatment, that American publishers have generally refused to take risks upon them. Oddly enough, it was the polished Monsieur Morand, in one of his letters to the *Dial*, who first directed attention in this country to the merits of *Thérèse* (Boni & Liveright, $2.50).

One wonders what the American public will make of this new Madame Bovary, driven by temperament and the boredom of provincial life. Thérèse is not a pleasant person, but she is distinctly a personality. Mauriac felt it necessary to explain in an introduction why such an odious, even criminal, character had become for him a fascinating heroine. In effect, she is tremendously pathetic, with her alternate apathy and fire, her white, thin-lipped face and her perpetual cigarettes, her intelligence perverted by circumstance and her charm gone brutally to waste. Like all of Mauriac's characters, she belongs to the gentry of the Landes, that sandy region south of Bordeaux where the pines grow in dark, thick forests. The hard winters, the intense summers, the miles of monotonous landscape find a certain reflection in the lives of the inhabitants. Thérèse is like the others, only more sensitive, more restless, and more conscious. There is an almost contemptuous honesty about her, as she sits in a railway carriage after her acquittal at the Assizes and attempts to make intelligible to herself her motives for having tried to poison her husband. In the hands of a less skilful writer, she might have seemed either monstrous or absurd. Mauriac has made her real in every gesture: very simply and impersonally and with a marvellous economy of detail, he has lifted her rather sordid story to the scale of fine tragedy.

Julian Green's new heroine is a less complex person, though *The Closed Garden* (Harper, $2.50) is no less tragic on that account. She is almost entirely the passive instrument, played upon by the dual hand of environment and emotional forces that she does not comprehend. She is a green leaf shaken from the stem, swept blindly through narrow spaces in ever more headlong eddies. Like Thérèse, she suffers from the pressure of family tyranny and the deadly circumscription of provincial manners, and she also is driven to seek escape through a crime. Unlike Thérèse, Adrienne Mésurat is capable of irrational devotion to a fixed idea, the idea of her love for a doctor twice her age, to whom she has never spoken a word. She is helpless from the start, and the progressive desperation of her case strikes emotional overtones that vibrate with almost unbearable insistence through the detached manner of the narrative.

In this uncanny emotional power lies the resemblance to Emily Brontë's work, to which French critics generally point as evi-

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dence of Julian Green's English heritage. In other respects, however, this young American of twenty-eight, who has chosen to become a French man of letters, shows very plainly the effects of his Latin schooling. His precocious insight is not American, any more than his method. Like Balzac and other of the classic French novelists, Julian Green likes to choose a realistic situation and to develop it objectively with the most precise logic. Without ever having spent more than three days at one time in a provincial city, he can manage to penetrate the recesses of the French provincial mind. He succeeds in evoking atmosphere and consistent characters, among whom the adventuress, Léontine Légras, is positively a masterpiece. It is no wonder that Paris has already embraced Julian Green as the most promising of its younger novelists.

The appeal of that city in which so many foreigners feel themselves most intimately at home is hymned by the Princess Marthe Bibesco in her novel *Catherine-Paris* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). Catherine, like her author, is a lady of lineage, learning and wit, and perhaps she is also a shade sentimental. Paris, by right, is in her blood. She is never for a moment unfaithful to the memory of a lovely city where her parents conceived her in the Spring, where her idyllic girlhood was spent, and where, after all, "one can best exist without happiness". The novel has many attractive points, of which the plot is possibly the least. The story of Catherine's conjugal life is so violent as to seem unbelievable at times, and her love for a French aviator, which consumes the last third of the book, is one of those passionate episodes which have become almost a convention in novels of Parisian life. The charm of the book lies rather in its flavor. There are hints for the historian in the picture of the "pan-pan" War brewed upon the hunting estates of one or another of the great families, like some blind continuation of the old traditions of the chase. The way of these *seigneurs* is sketched with an irony reminiscent of Proust; but the descriptions of Catherine's youth in the Faubourg du Roule, with her grandmother and the two servants and the two old *savants* for her bodyguard, are individual and exquisite. The atmosphere of Paris is distilled like an essence throughout the pages, and it is upon this that the beauty of the book depends.

In contrast to the urban lyricism of "Catherine-Paris" comes an idyll of the French countryside. It is one of those pure and quiet stories of humble life that could be placed with safety in the hands of the most carefully guarded *jeune fille* in France. *Aimée Villard,* by Charles Silvestre (Macmillan, $2.00), if not highly original, is extremely well done. For those who enjoy that sort of thing, it presents a serene picture of the idealized peasant girl for whom the War was won. It counteracts, on one hand, the somber native tones of Mauriac and, on the other, the rather frivolous cosmopolitanism of Paul Morand.

In Paul Morand's *The Living Buddha* (Holt, $2.50), the Hereditary Prince of an Eastern kingdom leaves home to view those Western curiosities of which he has read so much. Bewildered by the busy rapacity of the West, he retires for comfort to his familiar dogmas of the East, and gradually it appears to him that he is reliving the existence of the Master among men. He proselytizes from the back seat of a Ford in Hyde Park, and leads the life of a beggar yogi in the hills above Saint-Cloud. A French courtesan, Angèle Ventre by name, becomes for him the Belle of Benares. In the whole of Jali's wanderings there is a deliberate parallel to the stories told of the Bodhisat, but the sacred episodes do not appear in a wholly sanctified light. When Jali wanders through the suburbs of Paris in his yellow robe of a pariah, "Holy Moses," cries a woman, "a cuckold!" The incidents of the book are clearly fantastic, but the psychology that moves them is amusingly genuine. The result is a sophisticated and not too profound satire upon the ways of both East and West, done with Gallic lightness and good-humor.

Beside five such competent products of the French imagination, the Germans do not perhaps appear at their best. All things considered, I cannot help finding the French assortment more true and more tasteful than the German; but I feel that in one respect the Germans might complain of injustice.

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Whether because their language lends itself to translation less easily, or because less skilful translators have been secured, the German volumes suffer abominably. In this way the authors appear a good deal cruder than need be. Except in some of the stories by Thomas Mann, they are not over gifted with subtlety, and even in *Children and Fools* (Knopf, $2.50) one is vaguely repelled by characters that serve cold veal and beer at an evening collation, or *herringsalat* at a young folks' party. Their emotionalism seems by contrast grotesque, their psychologizing heavy and self-conscious. And still one cannot help sympathizing with them for being forced to show themselves through the medium of such awkward English.

Through it all, and throughout these four volumes, one becomes aware of something resembling a national trait. The touch of the *macabre,* the Gothic strain descended in direct line from the German romantics, is never absent for long. Sometimes it is effective; sometimes to frivolous minds it seems to border on the comic. Not even Thomas Mann is free from it. One remembers, from "Buddenbrooks", the faint odor of death ascending through the flowers that cover successive corpses. From "The Magic Mountain" one remembers the heroine giving her lover, in place of a photograph, an x-ray of her diseased lung. "Death in Venice" depicted love in circumstances that were gruesome enough, and in "Children and Fools" the Master shows a mild predilection for monsters. It is hard to say whether such quality is directly the product of raw nerves and a painful imagination, or whether it has become unconsciously a part of every German's literary equipment. It recurs so fatally —Tycho Brahe's dwarf, with his pustule-covered forehead, whose death foretells that of his master; Elfie, the "Woman in Flight", who is tortured into sainthood by the peculiar lusts of men; Maria Capponi, and her morbid lover, and his wife who dies beside him in the crevice of a glacier.

Except for *Woman in Flight,* by Fritz Reck-Malleczewan (Boni & Liveright, $2.00), which belongs quite frankly to the lurid school, these volumes are perfectly sincere efforts at literary creation. *Maria Capponi,* by René Schickele (Knopf, $3.00) is the story of a divided soul veering tragically between wife and mistress, and his personal disharmony is reflected in the complex loyalties of his Alsatian background. Max Brod's *The Redemption of Tycho Brahe* (Knopf, $3.00) describes against a background of intrigue and violence the historic friendship of two medieval astronomers. Outwardly the two books are as different as possible, yet both of them are filled with a search for the higher purities—that yearning for unutterable things which is summed up for the Germans in their adjective "kosmisch". The characters are earnest, complex, articulate. They are rather vehicles than persons, and to the literal American mind they seem more or less unnatural. One follows their adventures and is grateful to Thomas Mann for his ability to write laconically.

Most of the stories in "Children and Fools" are slight, and the interest of the volume as a whole is chiefly historical. The contents date from 1897 to 1926, and "Little Herr Friedmann" which is the earliest story in the book is curiously enough the best. With extraordinary simplicity it describes the life and death of a little hunchback who had always avoided passion and was finally overtaken by it. It is a beautiful thing, good as any of Schnitzler's *novellen*: it stands as evidence that, come what may, German literature has its masters and is likely to have others.

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FAR WEST AND NEAR-WEST

By Will James

I WONDER why, when a feller picks up a western novel nowdays, there has to be so much smoke and dust, smoke from six-shooters and dust from one man chasing another. It seems like there's no rest for the good any more than there is for the wicked, and a feller wonders how come all the characters aint killed in the first round of the first chapter, but if that was the case there wouldn't be no story much, so the characters have got to suffer on thru and live anyhow, only the bad boys are relieved at the end, by sudden death or by a term in the pen. That's proper and as it should be, sure enough, but that aint life.

Maybe western life aint fancy enough to tell about, without making strong of the six-gun, or maybe the authors dont know enough about the life to write interesting things of it without bringing in a band of outlaws to cover up all they dont know with a lot of dust and smoke. But there's other reasons for this covering up of real western life, and the main one is the average reading public, they most of 'em want thrills and action, they expect that from a western novel and been expecting it ever since the first dime novel introduced the notched gun, and the western authors, being they have to eat the same as anybody else, have sort of got to cater to that. If they cater well they'll get their books in the movies too, and there's where thrills and shootings and chases go well. They go so well that a feller can see a hundred western pictures and all he'd know about the west and cowboys is that they ride horses and are always a shooting.

Of course there was such a time, in the early days, when shooting was pretty popular, far as that goes it's still popular today, only it's considerable more general, and even women are taking it up, but why make so much over it? I ask, why is it that a western novel has to have so many guns in it and not hardly any in other kinds of novels?

I dont object to the guns, as long as they aint pointed towards me, what I object at, by making that big a fuss over 'em, is that so much that's good in the western life is covered up by 'em.

B. M. Bower is one of the mighty few western writers who can write a book, have a few shooting scrapes in it, and still have plenty of room to show a cowboy at work, very few writers bother about having a cowboy do anything besides shooting somebody.

In B. M. Bower's new book, *Points West* (Little, Brown, $2.00), there's everything that'll please them who dont know the west and them who do. Them who dont know it will find that a cowboy, no matter how thick the trouble comes, and how fast he's shooting, will worry along with what goes with the making of him, that's his horses. This young feller in the story, Cole Lawson, worried a heap more about the bullet that creased his horse's shoulder than the one which went thru his own wrist. That's sure natural of a true cowboy, also the many other things which this Cole Lawson done, such as how he felt when a girl rode by his camp and his other horses fell in with the bunch she was driving. Cole just took a shot at her, he'd thought, on account of the distance, that it was a plain horse thief, but as she doubled back and rode towards him he soon realized his mistake, and the way the two introduced one another just then wasn't at at all according to parlor ettiquette.

But Cole sure remembered her name ever after that, and she sure remembered his, which is more than I can say for parlor meetings. There's many other happenings, different from that last, and which sure are at the bottom of what goes to make up a cowboy's life, and, as young Cole goes a setting things to rights, which had been all wrong since it was thought his dad had committed suicide, there's a heap that tells of a

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cowboy's tactics in true form. I'd advise everybody to be sure and hunt up that book.

Cloudy In The West, by William Patterson White (Little, Brown, $2.00), is another mighty fine book. There's a considerable lot of talk over shooting irons in that story, but it's the kind of talk that makes a feller see thru the smoke, and there's a humor in that talk that'd make a reader grin even after just receiving a notice that the second payment from the income tax was due. That's just what happened to me, and when I'd got to the more serious parts of the story I didn't think about that second payment then either, it's a mighty easy book to pick up but a hard one to put down, and as I said before, even tho I object to a lot of shooting there's something about it in this one that makes you want to see it happen, and the noise it might make sounds more like music.

Aurelian, the main character in that story, is the kind of a feller that anybody couldn't help but like a whole lot, so is his brother George, and as them two make a stand to help a fair lady in distress, who is in danger of losing her ranch to a few land sharks and tin-horns, there are some schemes brought up often by Aurelian that makes a feller grin and hold his breath at the same time. There's true life in that story and the author sure seems to savvy his earmarks and wartles.

Bird of Freedom, by Hugh Pendexter (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.00), is what might be called a Six-gun-West story, he has some bad men in there that are plum b-a-ad, and good men who can manipulate the smoke wagon as well as any of the bad ones, and it's a good thing they can too. That story is of the times when the first settlers came West, for gold and land, and as two families throw in together to beat the speculating land shark, there's many characters brought in that are mighty strong and natural. George Hancey, whose father was murdered by outlaws, turns out to be a gun fighter and many years of his life are spent in hunting up the murderers. He keeps in touch with the families as he keeps on a hunting for 'em, and for one good reason, that's his pal's sister, Ruth Strong. He gets a reputation as a gunman that he dont like much and the name of Rattler which he dont like either, but he sure lives up to the reputation and the name, specially so thru some injun fighting where he more than makes a hand of himself. The story strikes me as different from most of them early days' stories and to my way of thinking, tallies up mighty well with the best.

The Golden Bubble, by Courtney Ryley Cooper (Little Brown, $2.00), is a story of the gold rush in Colorado. It's of the times when the law was packed in scabbarts, but there's not very much shooting in the story, and the author writes mighty well of the happenings of them times without hardly stirring any smoke. It's the story of a young banker, Judson Moberly, who goes under in one bank in Kansas City and then hits out further West, first to sort of hide, and then to make another start when, with Preacher Jim, he stumbles acrost a new gold camp. Between trying to get enough gold to square himself, and playing guardian angel to a girl he met whose dad done away with a band of outlaws, he has his hands pretty full. The story strikes me as mighty true of the times and told in a way that makes it mighty easy reading.

When West was West, by Owen Wister (Macmillan, $2.50), is also of the early days. The book is made up of short stories, and they're not at all hard to follow. One of the stories "The Right Honorable The Strawberries", like some of the others, has the tune of being wrote after summer vacations in the west. The Englishman in that story seemed to've dodged out from under the lordly yoke for some reason and came west. His actions in the western country are sort of interesting, and there's the usual run of gambling and so on. I liked "Bad Medicine" best of all the stories, that's about an Indian who tried to live down his superstitions.

Partners Three, by Elby Wagner (Crowell, $2.00), is a mining camp story of Alaska. There's a girl all the way thru the story and she does all of her share as a partner with the two young fellers who, by an accident happening to her brother, she had to fall in with on the rest of the way to the gold fields, and there's where "Partners Three" comes

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in. It's a mighty easy running story, and being I've seen a few "diggins" myself, I can say that the author knows his "samples".

Nevada, by Zane Grey (Harpers, $2.00), strikes me as a stirring story. Here's the way it starts, "As his goaded horse plunged into the road, Nevada looked back over his shoulder. The lane he had plowed thru the crowd let him see back into the circle where three men lay prostrate. The blue smoke from his gun was rising slowly, floating away". Now, here's smoke and action. It seems like this young feller Nevada got in bad while trying to be good and kept on that way, all the while a trying to make a stand to clean his name of all the bad that's been attached to it. There's a girl, Hetty, who gets to believe in him, there's a plot thru the story that wont at all disappoint the readers of Zane Grey.

The Cabin at the Trail's End is by Sheba Hargreaves (Harpers, $2.00). Here's a good story, not at all wild, but mighty true, and which gives a real look into the lives of the very first settlers of the west. This one takes place in Oregon, in 1843, and the way the Bainbridge family take a holt and go to making a home, with only four bits in cash and no grub to speak of would be mighty interesting reading for folks who nowdays are never very far from the delicatessen. I liked old Uncle Adzi near as well as his niece Martha, who is the leading character in the story, and I like the way the two worked and schemed to make their place a home and keep the rest of the family doing the same. There's a love story mixed in too, friends and enemies, and the way the whole book is put together it all strikes me as mighty good.

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DOCTRINE OF THE TWO SWORDS

By E. Boyd Barrett

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE MODERN STATE. *By Charles C. Marshall. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.*

THE doctrine of the "two swords", which underlies the political theory of the Catholic Church, contrasts sharply with that "Civic Primacy of Peoples" which is the essence of democracy. It might with justice be called the most explosive of all political doctrines. In the past it occasioned many upheavals, and today it is a disturbing factor in France, Italy and Mexico. If we are to believe Mr. Marshall, whose book reopens the discussion of this very delicate and treacherous subject, it may prove in time to be a source of serious unpleasantness in our country.

No doubt Mr. Marshall, in calling public attention to the political philosophy of Catholicism, had in mind the dictum of Lord Acton that "concealment is unworthy of those things which are divine and holy in religion, and in those things which are human and profane publicity has value as a check". But frankly, he will receive little thanks from Catholics for imposing upon them the exceedingly difficult task of faithfully explaining and fully justifying, to a people imbued with the spirit of democracy, the tenets of their absolutist politic.

Back of the doctrine of the "two swords", which I shall presently unfold, there stands the claim of the Catholic Church to sovereign status. "We teach and declare," proclaimed the fathers at the Vatican Council, "that by the appointment of our Lord the Roman Church possesses a Sovereignty." And Pius XI, recently amplified this claim when he said: "The divine origin and nature of our power as well as the sacred right of the community of the faithful scattered throughout the world require that this sacred power should be independent of all human authority, should not be subject to any human laws. They require in fact that these rights and power should be completely independent and that this should be made manifest". The claim of Rome to sovereignty is largely, though of course not unequivocally, admitted by such states as send legates and representatives to the Vatican Court.

We come now to the doctrine of the "two swords" which regulates the status of the Church in states in which its divine sovereignty is recognized. This doctrine, upon which the Holy Roman Empire and the Spain of Ferdinand and Isabella throve, was thus formulated by Pope Gelasius I, in the fifth century. "There are then two authorities by which the world chiefly is ruled. The sacred authority of the priesthood, *(sacerdotium)*, and the authority of kings, *(imperium)*. And of these the authority of the priests is so much the weightier as they must render before the tribunal of God an account even of the kings of men." Subsequently, in 1302, Pope Boniface VIII enunciated the doctrine anew. "There are two swords, the spiritual and the temporal; the first borne by the Church; the second on behalf of the Church; the first by the hand of the priest; the second by that of the king but under the direction of the priest."

The doctrine of the "two swords" involved the doctrine of the union of Church and State. The opposing doctrine that "the Church ought to be separated from the State and the State from the Church" is one of the condemned propositions of the Syllabus of Pius IX. The State, as conceived by the Church, should consist of two independent Sovereignities, the Spiritual and the Temporal; the former ruling in matters spiritual, the latter in matters secular; while in mixed matters, in the "twilight zone" where the two elements commingle, the Church should prevail if difference of opinion arise. The doctrine of the "two swords" implied further that the true religion, namely Catholicism, should be recognized and favored to the ex-

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clusion of all other religions. Tolerance, in so far as it implies tolerance of error or of heresy, is unlawful. And indeed, as Lord Acton stated, "for four centuries Rome taught that no Catholic could be saved who denied that heretics should be burned".

In the light of the Church's claim to sovereignty, and in the light of the Church's ideal of a State ruled by the "two swords" one can understand the difference of attitude towards the State which exists between Catholicism and, say, Methodism. Mr. Marshall, of course, alludes to this difference of attitude. "No Church in America, other than the Church of Rome, possesses a doctrine or makes claims that are, in objective truth, inconsistent with the religious liberty established by the Constitution of the United States". Further on, with some trifling display of irritation, he adds, "nothing can be more intolerable in the modern State than the promulgation of the theory that, as a matter of objective right, it is the duty of the State to promote the interests of the Roman Church to the exclusion of other Churches".

Mr. Marshall contends, and his contention should be frankly admitted by all truth-loving Catholics, that should the majority of the citizens be converted to Catholicity the American Constitution would in due course be amended in accordance with Catholic theory. But Mr. Marshall, who realizes as well as every one else that such an eventuality is not imminent, has the honesty to admit that should Catholics, being in the majority, and desirous of so doing, amend the Constitution, they would be within their rights. "There is nothing treasonable in a propaganda to amend a Constitution by majority vote in a manner consistent with one's convictions." The question naturally arises, and it is of course the main topic treated by Mr. Marshall, whether, in view of the claims of the Church on the obedience of her children, Catholics, believing as they must that the sovereignty of Rome is above all other sovereignties, can be hundred percent American. Is not their allegiance divided? Are they not hypothetical rebels? May not issues arise in which they will have to choose between their American citizenship and their membership in the Church? Has not such been the unhappy dilemma of Catholics at various times in Austria, France, Italy, and Ireland? Had not the Irish Fenians and Sinn Feiners to choose between loyalty to their honest political convictions and fidelity to Rome?

Was not Mr. Smith doubtfully orthodox from the Catholic standpoint, when he said, *"I recognize no power in the institutions of my Church to interfere in the practice of the Constitution of the United States, or in the execution of the laws of my country"?* Were Mr. Smith a citizen of Mexico, presently, what would he do? Would he obey the laws of the State or the ruling of the Church? Or were he a follower of *L'Action Française?* Is Mr. Smith cognizant of the teaching of Leo XIII (*Sapientiae Christianae*), *"If the laws of the State are manifestly at variance with the divine law,* [as interpreted by the Pope], *containing elements hurtful to the Church or conveying injunctions adverse to the duties imposed by religion, or if they violate in the person of the Supreme Pontiff the person of Jesus Christ, then truly to resist becomes a positive duty, to obey a crime"?* No Catholic, however eminent, may brush aside papal teachings on the plea of not accepting responsibility for them. Every papal encyclic demands of every Catholic respect and absolute submission. Their binding force is beyond doubt whether or not they be infallible.

Mr. Marshall lays great stress on the unenviable position in which, as he conceives it, Catholics find themselves on account of the dual allegiance which they owe to their Church as Sovereign and to the State as Sovereign. The escape from this impasse which he suggests, will, however, appear to Catholics amusingly patronizing. "The conclusion may be ventured, that the only safe way for conscience is to deny a Divine Sovereignty to the Church of Rome, thereby reserving to individuals their freedom of conscience."

"The Roman Catholic Church in the Modern State" is scholarly and to a very large extent impartial. The author perhaps betrays less than seemly reluctance in alluding to damaging incidents in the history of the

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Church, whereas some inhibition, which is no doubt unconscious, prevents him from referring to the *faux pas* of the modern States. His treatment of the Catholic doctrine and practice concerning marriage and annulments is neither accurate nor just. From time to time also he overstresses the emotional as when he writes, "One marvels at the charity and indulgence of the State in permitting the publication among its people of sentiments [i. e. Catholic] so in conflict with its constitutional law and order!"

Apart, however, from minor defects, due no doubt to the haste with which the book must have been written, Mr. Marshall has produced a valuable study of the political theories of Catholicism. And though his views should prove unpalatable to the Vatican taste, he is happy at least in that he does not live in an age when a Pope, like Pius V, long-armed and strong-willed, cherishes the doctrine that it is better "to spare a culprit guilty of a hundred murders rather than a single notorious heretic".

ECHOES OF MUSIC

By Abbe Niles

GENTLEMEN, BE SEATED! *By Dailey Paskman and Sigmund Spaeth. Doubleday, Doran. $4.00.*

DAILEY PASKMAN'S RADIO MINSTRELS. *By Dailey Paskman. Robbins Music Corporation. 75¢.*

MARCHING ALONG. *By John Philip Sousa. Hale, Cushman & Flint. $5.00.*

BALLADS AND SEA SONGS FROM NOVA SCOTIA. *By W. Roy Mackenzie. Harvard. $5.00.*

"GENTLEMEN, Be Seated!" is in an important respect the most satisfactory of the three big volumes of American song-lore that bear Dr. Spaeth's name. "Read 'Em and Weep" and "Weep Some More", it is true, contained a wealth of material that is harder to come by than the literature of the minstrel show, but the present work, unlike those earlier books, is adapted for practical use. It contains not only a brief history of the outstanding national entertainment and sketches of some of its principal heroes, but a good collection of minstrel songs with words, music and accompaniments, and a complete show with its classical forepart (the dialogue and songs of the semi-circle), its interlude or "olio" (consisting here of a burlesque stump speech), and its afterpiece, a venerable "Africanized version" of Box and Cox. The material was for the most part supplied by Mr. Paskman, who has so repopularized minstrel shows over the radio as to make it practical to send them about the country as of old; and the paper-covered folio above mentioned is built, in miniature, on the same scheme as "Gentlemen, Be Seated!". But the latter would be the book for the library, if only for its reproductions of the grand and grotesque lithograph covers of old minstrel songs and of the numerous illustrations for the "songsters". The writer is informed, though not conclusively, that the wenches on the splendid cover at page 142 are various poses of E. P. Christy himself in skirts. The same lithograph, like the portrait of Bones at page 28, demonstrates that the visual—the athletic—aspects of jazz are of respectable antiquity. Dr. Spaeth, who can trace any fine old Colonial joke from its birth to its last appearance in *Judge*, is at his best in this atmosphere.

The writer hoped for more than he found in "Marching Along". Mr. Sousa certainly does not fail to appreciate that he earned his success, but by some complication of modesty, perhaps, he has chosen rather to present the material evidence of victory than the qualities which brought it all about. This is more a scrap-book than an autobiography: a mass of testimonials, scrolls of honor from this city and that, commands from royalty,

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press reviews, public correspondence on ancient controversies, photographs, statistics of miles travelled, countries seen, and attendance; anecdotes upon anecdotes, all tied together with a loose and slender thread of narrative and comment. In short, there is too little of Sousa and too much about him. He would be worth knowing better: the man who made a musical instrument of the "brass band"; the composer whose first great hit, "The Washington Post", was published in 1892, and has been played the world over along with his other great marches continuously up to its latest phonograph recording in June, 1928; the determined and efficient fighter for the rights of composers, great and small; the novelist, traveller and man of affairs. He is saluted, with the wish that he would take up his pen and do himself justice.

The echo of music which, hanging about these four books, alone excuses treating them under one heading, is at its faintest when one comes to the latest Harvard collection of folksongs. This is a work of scholarship in the scholarly tradition: a poem (No. so-and-so) with its reference and sources; its variants (A, B and C); so on to page 391, and then the bare tunes to a pitiful few of the songs. This is too desperately dry a treatment for popular consumption, but as it is offered for no such purpose, one may merely regret the book this might have been and accept it with thanks for what it is. In large part, as might be expected, it substantially reduplicates the matter of similar collections from England and from the United States, both North and South. At random: "Blow the Man Down", "The Butcher Boy", "The Chesapeake and the Shannon", "Barbara Ellen" (*sic.*), "The Frog He Would a-Wooing Go", "The Dying Cowboy", "Young Charlotte", "Lord Bateman"—there are countless such overlappings, but also a substantial body of purely local lore, the real justification for the collection.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, life member of the American Library Association, in co-operation with the Public Libraries of America.

Ransacking the files of a not too reliable memory, no other record being at the moment available, this reporter is unable to recall the appearance in this Monthly Score of a single detective story, in all of the nearly ten years during which these tabulations have been kept. Possibly one or two of Mrs. Rinehart's mystery novels may have appeared in these lists in that period, but when one considers the enormous output of detective literature it seems strange, at first impact, that so few of them achieve the popularity which is indicated by a persistent demand for them at all of the public libraries of the country. For there is hardly a library reporting this month which did not include "The Greene Murder Case" among its most popular circulators. Perhaps this is solely because of the outstanding merit of the book among those of its class; more probably, one is inclined to believe, because this alone among recent American detective novels was not published serially in some popular magazine of wide circulation. While publication in "Scribner's" decidedly gives to any novel a cachet which amounts to a guarantee of respectability, it does not make the story accessible to the wide audience which usually reads its crime fiction in the cheaper magazines. Anyway, it seems as if this and the other works of the thinly-hidden author behind the pen name of "S. S. Van Dine" might be the beginning of a movement to give the American detective story as respectable a place in the minds of critics as English books of the sort enjoy in London. —F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	The Bridge of San Luis Rey	*Thornton Wilder*	A. & C. Boni
2.	Wintersmoon	*Hugh Walpole*	Doubleday
3.	The Greene Murder Case *	*S. S. Van Dine*	Scribner
4.	Kitty	*Warwick Deeping*	Knopf
5.	Jalna	*Mazo de la Roche*	Little
6.	Red Rust	*Cornelia James Cannon*	Little
7.	Death Comes for the Archbishop	*Willa Cather*	Knopf
8.	Beauty and the Beast *	*Kathleen Norris*	Doubleday
9.	Sorrell & Son	*Warwick Deeping*	Knopf
10.	Nevada	*Zane Grey*	Harper
11.	Claire Ambler	*Booth Tarkington*	Doubleday

GENERAL

1.	Mother India	*Katherine Mayo*	Harcourt
2.	Trader Horn	*Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis*	Simon
3.	Napoleon	*Emil Ludwig*	Liveright
4.	Disraeli	*André Maurois*	Appleton
5.	Strange Interlude	*Eugene O'Neill*	Liveright
6.	The Royal Road to Romance	*Richard Halliburton*	Bobbs
7.	"We"	*Charles Lindbergh*	Putnam
8.	Safari	*Martin Johnson*	Putnam
9.	Skyward	*Richard Byrd*	Putnam
10.	Bismarck	*Emil Ludwig*	Little
11.	My Life	*Isadora Duncan*	Liveright
12.	Count Luckner	*Lowell Thomas*	Doubleday

* This title has not previously appeared in the Monthly Score.

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News Story Contest

COMMENT ON MAY PRIZE AWARD

By Paul Patterson

(Editor, the Sun papers, Baltimore, Maryland)

WHEN an unusually disastrous explosion occurred in a coal mine at Mather, Pennsylvania, on May 9, *The Pittsburgh Press* sent William G. Lytle, Jr., to write a story of what happened. Mr. Lytle did such an excellent job of straight-forward, clean-cut newspaper reporting of the tragedy that, in my opinion, he is entitled to THE BOOKMAN prize for the month of May.

Mr. Lytle's narrative is a vivid, but finely restrained, description of the rescue work, covering many essential details, together with a brief but sufficient picture of the scene when the explosion took place.

The story is marked, not only by its moderation in the use of adjectives, but also by its complete avoidance of repetition; and despite the magnitude of the disaster the article is kept within a little more than a column of space.

I had hoped that in passing on these selections it might be possible to find a story in a lighter vein worthy of the award, particularly as in the first six months of the contest the prize has been given three times for descriptions of funerals. Unfortunately, there were no stories of the lighter character submitted.

I refuse to believe that the fine humor which has been so characteristic of good newspaper writing has passed out. The difficulty, I think, lies in the fact that the reporters themselves are too modest to submit their output. The remedy lies in a more active interest on the part of editors and managing editors in seeing that worth while stories developed by members of their staffs are sent in.

Among the stories submitted was an excellent description of a children's soup and bread line, written for *The New Bedford Evening Standard* by Clara Sharpe Hough. An account of the reunion of G. A. R. veterans, written by Gilmore Millen for the Los Angeles *Evening Herald,* and a story, "Asylum Doors Clang 'Finis' to Romance of Medicine King's Wife", by Morris Watson, printed in *The Denver Post,* also compelled serious consideration. But none of these three, I felt, came up to the standard set by Mr. Lytle in his very thorough handling of a big action story.

PRIZE STORY FOR MAY

RESCUERS PUSH ON IN HOPE OF SAVING OTHERS

Air Forced Into Blast-Torn Pit at Mather, in Which 160 Are Entombed

BELIEVE SOME ALIVE

Model Mine Town Presents Pitiful Scenes as Kin Keep Silent Vigil

BY WILLIAM G. LYTLE, JR.

From *The Pittsburgh, Pa., Press,* May 21, 1928.

Waynesburg, Pa., May 21.—Driven by the desperate hope that trapped men still may live in the blast-wrecked depths of Mather mine, rescue crews dug forward today into the pit at Mather, Pa., eight miles southeast of here, where a terrific explosion trapped approximately 210 miners on Saturday.

With thirty bodies brought to the surface and 14 men taken out alive, approximately 160 men remained unaccounted for, according to the best check obtainable among company officials and state mine inspectors. This figure may vary either up or down, since men may be found later who rushed from the mine after the blast, without leaving a check with any officials.

Air Sent Into Mine

Walter H. Glasgow, Pennsylvania state secretary of mines, who was here throughout yesterday, and left last night for Harrisburg, settled

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on the total of 210 for the number of men originally trapped by the explosion. Glasgow held firmly to the hope that some of the main group of miners might yet be found alive in their working rooms between 300 and 400 feet underground. John Ira Thomas, deputy mine secretary in charge of the bituminous section, was left in charge by Glasgow.

The men have air if they are still alive, Thomas said, referring to the possible chance of any surviving. Glasgow's representatives have not as yet delved into the cause of the disaster at the mine of the Mather Collieries, subsidiary of Pickands, Mather & Co., of Cleveland, O.

Glasgow coincided in the belief of L. C. Lougee, head of the forces of the Mather Co., that the explosion originated from gas. The mine was thoroughly rock dusted to the working faces, according to Lougee, and this would have minimized the possibility of the blast originating from coal dust.

Unless many of those unaccounted for are found alive, the Mather explosion will stand as one of the worst disasters in the history of coal mining in western Pennsylvania, taking rank with terrific explosions of a score of years ago and more. Rescue crews are making faster progress than is customary, because of the fact that the main shaft machinery was not harmed by the concussion. The fan apparatus was started a short time after the blast, forcing fresh air into the gas-ridden workings.

The hard-driven relief squadrons whose pluck may cut down the death toll, pressed forward in two long main drives, one division hacking in from the foot of the main shaft, and the other striking doggedly forward from the bottom of an air shaft on the Marianna road. It was from this air shaft that three men staggered early Sunday morning, eight hours after the explosion, and unharmed by their frightful vigil underground.

The fatal northeast section is the goal of the rescue crews. It is in this part of the mine that the night shift was believed working when the blast boomed through the long, dark entries underneath the hills of Greene county.

Six of the 14 men rescued alive are in the Waynesburg hospital. One of them is in a critical condition. Another has a skull fracture. Clothes of one of the men rescued Sunday were blown entirely from his body, but he was able to make his way to the shaft.

Rescuer Overcome

James Fleming, of Roscoe, a rescue worker, was overcome by gas, and was revived at a first aid station.

The machine shop has been converted into a temporary morgue, where ghastly burdens are taken in ambulances as the mine cage lifts them to the surface. The village recreation hall has been changed into the permanent morgue where relatives of the dead men come to view the bodies.

More than a score of rescue teams are at the mine. Their members are the pick of the Pennsylvania coal fields, both in courage and in technical knowledge of mining conditions. They are quartered at Mather, Jefferson, one mile away, and at Waynesburg, some sleeping heavily until the time comes to change the shifts.

Pennsylvania state highway patrolmen and state troopers and members of the Waynesburg fire department were stationed for miles around the town yesterday handling the swarm of traffic which converged upon the village.

Situation Dramatic

The rescue team of the Pittsburgh Coal Co., headed by Clyde McDowell, is among those underground. Arthur Neale, an executive of the Pittsburgh Coal Co., was among those who reached the scene early yesterday. The situation is dramatic by the fact that there is not the weeping and emotional scenes which might be expected. Instead of gathering in one mass, relatives and neighbors stand in scores of smaller groups. Many wives and mothers have chosen to suffer suspense in the quiet of their homes, rather than to stand near the mouth of the pit.

Close beneath the surface of the picture are countless pathetic incidents, each typical in its way of the tragedy which struck into Mather village at the end of a sultry day.

Wives of the miners were starting supper in anticipation of the return from work of their husbands, when a dull, low rumble, a flash of fire about the towering tipple head, and a slow rising column of black smoke told the news. The black death of the underground—the unvoiced fear that the wife of every miner knows daily—was sweeping through the regions under the earth. A moment more and the mine whistle shrilled the alarm. The battle was on in the entries of Mather mine, with death holding the odds. The tipple stands on a low plateau whence it is visible for miles around in the pretty, green valley of Ten Mile creek.

Many Pitiful Scenes

Speeding cars bearing the grim life-savers of the coal industry headed for the flood-lights clustered around the tipple and the village. A drenching rain beat down intermittently throughout the first night as the crowds shuffled patiently around the mine buildings.

A girl aged about 6, came to the door of one cottage, clad in a little nightgown, ready for bed. She stayed there a long time, peering out into the night, with her mother standing behind her. It was a story without words.

A foreigner came to the office of the mine, and in broken English inquired for a relative, down in the mine. No word yet, he learned. He shrugged his shoulders. He spoke a few guttural words and turned away with the fatalism of his kind to carry a message of more agonizing suspense to waiting women.

From the shadows of a quiet lawn, a woman's voice rose suddenly, forming incoherent phrases, a longdrawn wail. She spoke of a man found dead. She spoke of another whose fate was blank. A riddle in the hands of the unknown forces of the coal caverns.

A girl came to the door of the temporary morgue. She walked out of the dark, bare-headed, holding an old-fashioned oil lantern high with one hand. Stretcher bearers with a broken burden covered by a blanket passed her as they hurried into the building. She turned her face away, and vanished into the dark again.

Model Mine Town

Broad, white lightning flashes split the starless sky throughout the night, forming a background to the struggle going on beneath.

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The horror that struck into Mather town is all the more impressive because this village is a model mine town, the finest that many observers ever have seen. It has tree-shaded cement walks, bungalow type houses for its workmen that set well back on wide lawns, and artistic buildings.

Women of the Mather Christian church, of the Greene County Red Cross, and members of the Salvation Army, did what they could to bring comfort into stricken homes.

The relief car of the United States bureau of mines of Pittsburgh rushed here from Nanty-Glo, arriving after an advance guard from the bureau which raced from Pittsburgh by automobile. J. J. Forbes is in charge.

Cornelius R. Beatty, a machine runner, stood on his porch today and chatted with neighbors, looking not at all like the man who was carried into his home early Sunday after surviving eight hours underground after the blast.

Beatty told his story to The Press today in halting phrases, broken by long embarrassed pauses.

"Just Lucky"

"There were three of us. Cliff Benjamin, my buddy and a digger by the name of Joe Plinks.

"When the blast came it knocked us down onto the floor of the coal, but it didn't hurt us.

"We started to walk out, but we ran into a lot of smoke and knew the air was bad. We back tracked to the room where we were at first.

"We waited there the whole time. We could talk when the fans started running again. We waited until about 11 o'clock (standard time). Then we started to head for the air shaft again.

"If that air shaft hadn't been there, we never would have got out, because the way to the main entry was blocked. We didn't pass any bodies on the way. There were no other men between us and the air shaft.

"We walked out standing up. I had a respirator that I use when running the cutting machine, and I used that for an improvised gas mask. We were just lucky; that was all."

Mrs. Beatty flung her arms around Beatty and kissed his blackened face when he was carried into their home last night.

Gas Claims Many

The Mather mine is a non-union operation, but has no direct connection with the coal strike in the Pittsburgh district, since it is in an old non-union field, and has run on an open shop basis since it was started.

The first bodies recovered were virtually unmarked. It was apparent that these men had been cut down in their tracks by the deadly waves of gas which rolled through the mine after the blast.

As the rescue work went on and one body after another was lifted out of the mine, evidences of the crushing concussion which tore at those closer to the heart of the blast became more frequent.

Others who escaped from the mine are: Fields Whitney, Albert Fowler, Walter Rearick, Lot Davidson and Tony Miller, all of whom are in serious conditions in the Waynesburg hospital; Felix Lecinski, Michael Tephanic, J. Hensey, Stanley Phecoski, Joseph Tabel, Charles Burnsworth and William Stimmell.

Coroner John W. Ross has named a jury of six men to sit at the inquest into the disaster. They are W. E. Bailey, O. S. Ward, W. K. Reed, Dr. Roy Easterday, Rathord Purman, Morgan Henderson, all of Waynesburg.

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BOSTON

A Contemporary Historical Novel

By Upton Sinclair

(A summary of the preceding instalments will be found on page vi, front advertising section.)

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Trial By Jury

I

"Court!" shouted the bailiff, and pounded on the floor with his "wand". It was the court-room at Dedham, in Norfolk County, instead of Plymouth, so it was a different bailiff, but he looked exactly like the other, and so did his wand and uniform. There entered the same thin, shrunken old gentleman with white moustache and face like parchment, wearing the same voluminous black silk robe. The lawyers and spectators rose with the same reverence, and the bailiff pounded the floor again and repeated the ancient formula: "Hear ye! Hear ye! All persons having anything to do before the Honorable, the Justices of the Superior Court, now sitting within and for the County of Norfolk, draw near, give your attention, and you shall be heard! God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!"

Also there was the same district attorney, Fred Katzmann, blond hair and bursting red face, round, pulpy and smooth-shaven, his plump figure and manner of elaborate cordiality to his equals and Prussian sternness to his inferiors. There were three assistants; one of them was a "ticquer", like Judge Thayer, and presently they were to put on a witness who was a "ticquer", and there would be three of them in solemn confrontation, all blinking away, but not keeping time. There was Lee Swenson, his lanky western figure out-towering the rest, his face haggard from long nights of work, his black clothes hanging loose about his frame—but he had made the concession to Massachusetts sentiment of getting his hair cut. There was Fred Moore, from California, alert and aggressive; and the McAnarneys, associate counsel, two Irish Catholic brothers, retained in a vain hope of contributing respectability to anarchist wops accused of murder.

The court-room was crowded: a great number of veniremen, to be questioned as possible jurors, and many spectators—more than could find seats. The newspapers had been full of the case, the desperate character of the criminals, the radical agitation concerning them, the precautions taken by the government to protect the court. The judge and the district attorney had a body-guard day and night. Fifteen policemen in plain clothes guarded the court-room and the courthouse entrance. Male spectators were searched thoroughly as they entered the court-room, and women had their handbags opened. An atmosphere of tension, almost of war.

Vanzetti was brought by armed guards in an automobile from Charlestown Prison, "where he is serving a sentence of from twelve to fifteen years for the Bridgewater holdup"—so said the papers, and the veniremen read it and talked about it; when they became jurors, they were assumed to be ignorant of Vanzetti's previous conviction, and all persons who respected the legal system of the Commonwealth would solemnly pretend to accept this legal fiction. Up in front was the steel cage, with fancy grillwork, open in front; a psychological device for overcoming the legal presumption that a wop is innocent until he is proved guilty. The jurors gaze at him locked in throughout the trial, and by the time they are ready to vote they know him as a creature who belongs in a cage. The jury-box faced the prisoners, and had an American flag on a standard behind it.

A stir in the audience; the bandits were coming. A side door of the court-room opened, and there entered several police-

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men and then a guard with a handcuff on his wrist, and then a wop with the other half of the handcuff on his wrist, another handcuff on his other wrist, and another wop chained to that; this second wop with a handcuff on his other wrist, and another guard chained to that: in short, four men chained together, the two on the outside being guards and the two on the inside being alleged bandits; all four symbolizing the fundamental human fact that slavery enslaves masters as well as servants. Outside was the glorious spring sunshine, and here were some hundreds of people who might have been walking in the woods picking May flowers, or sitting on the beach engaged in high philosophic discourse; but they were crowded in between four whitewashed walls, breathing foul air and shortening their lives, fastened to their seats by manacles of hate, fear, and greed.

A few others, held by love and a sense of justice! "Society matrons and college girls", as the newspapers described them, they sat in silence, watching the procedure, sometimes pretending to be busy with their "fancy-work"; doing their refined best to be unaware of being the cynosure of all eyes. These were the "Red sympathizers", or "pinks", as patriotic orators derisively called them: women who left homes of luxury to come and meddle with the course of justice, lending encouragement to bomb-throwers and assassins, and making things harder for brave officials. Their presence was a continual irritant to the police, who would have liked to lock such trouble-makers up, along with their anarchist pets.

And yet mixed with this anger was awe; for some of these were "blue-bloods", the wonderful, almost supernatural beings whose names appeared in the society columns of the papers. To Judge Thayer they represented everything in the world to which he aspired, and every now and then he would steal a glance at Mrs. Lois Rantoul—who was a Lowell—or Mrs. Cornelia Thornwell, or Mrs. Elizabeth Glendower Evans, as if to see what they thought about him; presently his curiosity would get the better of him, and he would invite them to his chambers, one by one, and try to convince them that they were mistaken in believing these desperate anarchists to be innocent. He, the judge on the bench, would do that; and little by little the news of it would spread among lawyers and judges up in Boston, who were under the necessity of pretending to uphold the dogma of judicial infallibility.

II

Between Web Thayer and Lee Swenson there existed an antagonism of temperament, which showed itself the very first hour. In order to practice in Massachusetts the lawyer should have complied with some formality. He had not known this, and now Judge Thayer proposed to bar him from the case. There were hasty conferences among the "blue-blood" ladies, and they kept the telephone wires to Boston busy; with the result that next morning when Lee Swenson renewed his application for judicial courtesy, there were several leading lawyers of the city lined up in a row behind him. Too bad these great ones could not have stayed all through the trial, and restrained Web Thayer from making their community into a by-word throughout the world!

The veniremen, fresh from two days of patriotic celebrations, sat under the shadow of the flag and heard the black-robed old gentleman explain to them what patriotic celebrations are for. "You must remember the American soldier had other duties that he would rather have performed than those that resulted in his giving up his life on the battlefields of France, but he, with undaunted courage and patriotic devotion that brought honor and glory to humanity and the world rendered the service and made the supreme sacrifice. So I call upon you to render this service here with the same spirit of patriotism, courage, and devotion to duty as was exhibited by our soldier boys across the seas."

Such was the mood in which the men of Norfolk County approached this trial. These were the wops who had sent bombs through the mail two years ago—so it was whispered—and the Wall Street explosion had been revenge for their arrest. Now, whoever voted them guilty would never sleep safe in bed. Wives had hysterics at home, and husbands promised to "lie out of it" at any cost; so, one after another, they took the stand and swore to a disbelief in capital punishment, or to an invincible conviction regarding the case. After three days a panel of five hundred venirement had been exhausted, and still five jurors were lacking. Such a thing had never been known in the history of the county, and newspapers made

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"streamer heads" out of the desperate dangerousness of the case.

It happened that on the night of June third Representative Samuel Wragg was being made the Worshipful Grand Master of the Masonic Lodge of the town of Needham. Fred Katzmann, the district attorney, was a Mason, and the slain paymaster of the shoe-company had also been a Mason. His worshipful brothers would not shrink from their duty to his memory; so the father of Representative Wragg, a deputy sheriff, appeared without warning at the ceremony and notified the members of the lodge to appear in court next morning. That was in flat violation of the law, which specifies that in such an emergency special veniremen shall be summoned from among the bystanders. But Judge Thayer overruled the objections of the defense—just as he overruled Lee Swenson's efforts to question the veniremen.

One of the jurors selected over the protest of the defense was Walter Ripley, an old man who had been Chief-of-Police of the town of Quincy. For many years Ripley had watched juries file in and out of courtrooms; never had he seen one stand and salute the flag. But now, when he was made foreman of the jury, he set a new precedent for the Commonwealth; every time he entered the jury-box, he faced the flag and solemnly saluted it. These anarchists were trying to "tear down the flag", and he was going to show them. On his way to court he had met an old friend in the railroad station, and said that he was going to act as a juror in the trial of two "guinneys". "Damn them, they ought to hang anyway!" said Ripley, according to the affidavit of his friend.

III

John Nicholas Beffel was covering the trial for the Federated Press, an organization with headquarters in Chicago which served ninety or a hundred labor papers scattered across the country, these including a few dailies. Each night he would go back to Boston and would send a wire story to the New York *Call* and a mimeograph service to the other papers.

On the fourth morning of the trial he observed that the Italian consul stationed in Boston, the Marquis A. Ferrante, was present in court. After the session Beffel went over and talked with the consul. The Marquis said he had a brief statement to make to the press, and requested Beffel to take it down and give it to all the reporters. This was the statement:

"The Italian authorities are deeply interested in the case of Sacco and Vanzetti, and this trial will be closely followed by them. They have complete confidence that the trial will be conducted solely as a criminal proceeding, without reference to the political or social beliefs of any one involved."

Beffel went to his typewriter and made several carbon copies of the consul's comment. Then he walked down to the Dedham Inn, where he occasionally had lunch with the other newspapermen. Here was a private dining room in which Judge Thayer and the reporters had their noon meal each day. Beffel sat down at one of the tables with some of the Boston men and gave them copies of the Ferrante utterance. In another corner of the room the judge sat at his own table. Presently he arose and started for the door.

Jack English of the Boston *American* walked over and showed him the consul's statement. Judge Thayer exhibited anger. "Why," he declared, "that fellow came clear out to my home in Worcester and assured me that the Italian government had no interest in this case." All the newspapermen had clustered around the jurist. Frank Sibley of the *Globe* was there, and Jack Harding of the Associated Press, and five or six others.

Questions were asked by the reporters. One of them mentioned Fred Moore of defense counsel. Moore had come into conflict with the court that day concerning the venire of one hundred and seventy-five extra men, which the defense resisted on the ground that they were gathered in not "from among the bystanders", as the law required, but from a Masonic meeting and other places where "substantial" citizens could be found. The reference to Moore nettled Thayer, and he said: "And what do you suppose that fellow wanted me to ask those veniremen? 'Are you a member of a labor union? Are you opposed to union labor? Are you a member of a secret society?' "

More indications of anger at this point, and then Judge Thayer proceeded: "Did you ever see a case in which so many leaflets and circulars have been spread broadcast saying that people couldn't get a fair trial in the State of Massachusetts?"

His voice rose high and shrill, and his

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face, usually bloodless, grew red. He was leaving now. Beffel, chagrined at the turn events had taken, pushed forward and sought to explain to the judge that he had given out the Ferrante statement at the consul's specific request. But Thayer would not hear. He brushed Beffel aside, and as he turned to depart shook his fist and exclaimed to the other newspapermen: "You wait till I give my charge to the jury. I'll show 'em!"

There was something breath-taking about that incident for some of the men who heard the judge's words. It was an ugly situation, and delicate. How should they treat it? That question was discussed with animation as they walked back to the courthouse. Harding of the Associated Press finally decided the issue. It was controversial matter, he declared, quite separate from the trial proper, and the policy of his organization was to keep clear of all controversies. Sibley of the *Globe* concurred in this, and said, "Let's all agree that we won't say anything about it." All the Boston men agreed, and none of them mentioned the affair in print.

But Beffel wrote to the Federated Press headquarters, and from Chicago a confidential notice was sent out to all F. P. clients, warning editors that things were happening in the Sacco-Vanzetti case which gave it the ear-marks of another Mooney and Billings frame-up. That warning advised editors to watch particularly the rulings of the court in Dedham.

And meanwhile, by various channels, the story of the incident in the Dedham Inn found its way to Boston, which caused the leading lawyers and judges of the city to say that Web had gone mad, and that something ought to be done about it—only, alas, nothing could be done, because all the judges and court employes of Massachusetts are appointed for life, and if you were to try to impeach Web in the midst of this case you might just as well turn the Commonwealth over to the Reds and be done with it.

The prisoners sat in their steel cage, gazing about with anxious eyes, trying to understand the complex procedure in a strange tongue: Bart with his heavy drooping moustaches, his melancholy face now deeply lined; Nick restless-eyed, impatient; both of them pale with a year away from sunshine. They were neatly shaved, brushed and washed, dressed in new suits, with black silk ties and clean collars—doing their best to look like Americans, to impress an American jury. They gazed at the elderly stern-faced men who were to decide their fate; not one foreigner among them, all English names, old Yankee ancestry.

Assistant District Attorney Williams arose and made a speech to the jury, telling what his side intended to prove. Once more Cornelia listened to that story about a bandit-gang, about Boda and Orciani and Coacci, the bandit-house and the little shed behind it, the Buick car with the bullet-hole in the side, the little Overland car in which the bandits had escaped, after they had "thrown away" the Buick car in the Manley woods. The jury would be taken downstairs to inspect the Buick; they would be taken on a tour, Judge Thayer accompanying, to see the shack and the shed.

Exactly the same thing happened as at Plymouth; no evidence appeared. The farce became so apparent that even Judge Thayer could not stand for it. Concerning Boda he said, in bewilderment: "But he is not connected in any way with the murder. Anybody else driving a Buick car, if it was a seven-passenger car, would stand almost in the same relationship . . . But there is not one identifying feature". He forced the prosecution to admit that "Neither Orciani nor Boda was in South Braintree at the time of the murder and there was no concert of action between them and Sacco and Vanzetti as to the murder". He ordered that "all evidence obtained by the jury on the view at the Coacci barn or shed be entirely disregarded". But of course it wasn't disregarded, and the prosecution knew what it had fixed in the jurymen's minds. Even after the district attorney had expressly admitted that Orciani was not one of the murderers, he brought him up before the jury as a dark and sinister mystery, challenging the defense to explain why it had not put him on the stand.

Physicians described the wounds of the dead men; and then came the identification witnesses. Lewis L. Wade, a shoe worker, had thought in the Brockton police-station that Sacco was one of the bandits; but now he said he was not sure. It was a blow to the police, and as Wade left the stand one of the officers called him a "piker", and another muttered, "We are not through with you yet". A few weeks later Wade lost his job—after seventeen years' service with the shoe-company. Two others who testified for

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the defense met the same fate. Not all the dangers were on one side!

There came Mary Splaine, bookkeeper of the shoe-company, who had run to the window and looked out. Mary was one of the victims of that process of suggestion which prosecuting officials understand well. She had looked at Sacco so many times that she saw him as the bandit; she sat and looked at him once more and described him in minute detail, height, weight, square shoulders, high forehead, hair brushed back, between two and two and a half inches long; "dark hair, dark eyebrows, thin cheeks and clean-shaven face of a peculiar greenish-white". No one could have asked a better identification—until you considered the opportunity which Mary had had to see the bandit. Then you realized that she was claiming a physical impossibility. She was in a second-story window, eighty feet from the car, and she saw the bandit for the length of time it took the car to travel thirty-five feet at eighteen miles per hour—one and one-fifth seconds, amid the wildest excitement and shooting.

The defense confronted Mary with the record of what she had said at the preliminary hearing, after three different examinations of Sacco: "I do not think my opportunity afforded me the right to say he is the man". Now, surprised and confused, she said, "That is not true. I never said it". Having a day to think it over, and to be warned that stenographer's notes are not to be so easily waved aside, she took the stand and corrected her testimony, admitting that she had said what was in the record, but claiming that she had changed upon "reflection".

The defense tried desperately to break Mary Splaine; but she was one of those covered by the tragic phrase, too late! For her they needed the Pinkerton reports—the evidence of the operative Henry Hellyer, who was in court, and whose knowledge was in possession of the prosecution. He and Captain Proctor, of the state police—another witness, also in court—had shown Mary Splaine a photograph of a criminal called "Tony the Wop", and Mary had positively identified him as one of the bandits; so the police had set out to get him—and learned that he had been in jail at the time of the crime! Also Mary Splaine had told Hellyer a long story about two men in the factory who had plotted and carried out the banditry, and had given their names. Hellyer had made "discreet inquiries" of the owner of the factory, who had said the accusation was baseless; also of the superintendent, who told him to pay no attention to Mary Splaine, "because she is one of the most irresponsible persons he ever came in contact with". So read the report of "H. H."

IV

Next came Louis Pelzer, the half-wit, son of two mutes: the Jewish boy, haunted by the memory of pogroms, and in terror of the police. He had peered out through the window, and amid flying bullets had written down the number of the bandit-car and made note of the bandit so exactly that he could describe even the pin in his collar. Lee Swenson took this pitiful creature in hand, and soon had him mopping the sweat from his forehead. It became evident that he could not understand simple questions, and tangled himself in lie after lie. Yes, he had said he did not see anything, because he did not want to be a witness. The defense put on three fellow-workmen of Pelzer's, two of whom testified that instead of putting up the window to look, he had dived under a bench when he heard the shooting. The third testified, "I heard him say that he did not see anybody". The district attorney did the best he could in defending Pelzer to the jury. "He was frank enough here, gentlemen, to own that he had twice falsified before to both sides, and he gave you his reason . . . He is big enough and manly enough now to tell you of his prior falsehoods and his reasons for them."

And then the Lola Andrews circus. Three days of the expensive time of the Superior Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts was given up to Lola. She told her tale of how, four hours prior to the crime, she had seen two men with a car drawn up by the curb, and how she had talked to them, and the one under the car was Sacco. When Lee Swenson began to go into the details of her past life, she threw her famous fainting stunt, and Judge Thayer ordered the court-room barricaded, so that when Lola was restored she might pick out the man whom she alleged assaulted her in a toilet in a Quincy rooming-house. But that man was apparently an adept in the occult lore of the Hindoos, and possessed the power to dematerialize his body and disappear through the walls of court-rooms; the police could

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not catch him—but Lola won time to think, and also she won the jury, and Judge Thayer to keep the defense from asking her bad questions. When Fred Moore spoke of her testimony as "hopelessly confusing", the judge gave him a stern rebuke. "That is an unfair criticism of any witness."

When the defense had its chance it put on Mrs. Julia Campbell, who had accompanied Lola on that visit to the shoe-factory to look for a job, and testified that she had spoken to no man in or near an automobile. A policeman and a reporter testified that she had told them she had not seen the bandits. Harry Kurlansky, a small shopkeeper of Quincy, had talked with her on his door-step and heard her tell how the police were hounding her to testify against Sacco and Vanzetti. "'The Government took me down and they want me to recognize those men,' she says, 'and I don't know a thing about them. I have never seen them and I can't recognize them.'"

The testimony looked so bad for Lola that it was one of the times when Judge Thayer felt it necessary to jump to the rescue. He began to cross-question the witness; why hadn't he set to work as a good citizen to find out who it was that was trying to make Lola give false testimony? Such an obvious thing for a small shopkeeper, a foreigner in a New England town, to tackle the police and the district attorney's office! Said the judge, "Did you attempt to find out who this person was who represented the government who was trying to get her to take oath and to state that which was false?" Naturally Kurlansky was taken aback by such a question, and could only say, "Well, it didn't come into my mind. I wasn't sure, you know. It didn't—" The judge pinned him down as to why he didn't think of it, why he didn't do it—thus leaving him completely discredited before patriotic jurors, who gave all their spare time to supervising the work of police-chiefs and district attorneys.

V

Presiding over a murder trial is a complicated and exacting business. Common sense and humanity have nothing to do with the procedure; it is a matter of rules and decisions, millions of intricate and subtle details, the interwoven and organized history of the trials which have been held in New England for three hundred years, and in Old England for twice as long. All this you have to have at your finger-tips, for each decision must be rendered immediately; you cannot take it under advisement and look up the precedents overnight. Your reputation depends upon your decisions being such that the highest court, reviewing your work, will sustain you. The strain is incessant, and may last for many weeks; the rules allow ten days' rest to a judge after each ordeal.

Web Thayer had been playing this game for many years, and knew all the tricks; including the one of favoring his own side while seeming to be impartial. His spoken words would go into the record, to be studied by the higher judges; but his manner would not go in—so the art was to keep his words fair, and do the damage otherwise. Every time Swenson or Moore would make an objection, Web would turn and look at him over his spectacles with a kind of ironical curiosity. "What is this that has come out of the wild west to teach us how to conduct a court in Massachusetts?" Then his eyes would turn to the jury, and give half a wink; with a bored drawl, he would say, "Objection overruled", and jury and court officials would be all one grin.

Within its narrow limits the judge's mind was quick and cunning. He was instantly on the alert to spoil any advantage his enemies were gaining, ingenious to find reasons to interrupt, to block questions, to bar out evidence and confuse witnesses. It may have been, of course, that a more capable mind was helping him; for frequently he sat with some of the prosecutors in public places, and he always knew what the prosecutor was aiming at, and, if he missed a point, would prompt him. Once, realizing that he had gone too far, he apologized blandly: "I am always telling the district attorney what to say". The naïve court reporter put that into the record!

And later came the incident of the cap which had been picked up at the scene of the crime, and which the prosecution sought to identify as Sacco's. It was too small for him, but the jury would overlook that. When the son of Sacco's employer was on the stand, Judge Thayer tried to get him to say that this cap resembled Sacco's. Naturally, when a man runs a factory with many workers, he can't remember the details of all the caps they wear; young Kelley was embarrassed, not liking to displease a great judge, but

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he had to say, "I can't answer it when I don't know right down in my heart that that is the cap". Said the judge, "I would like to ask the witness one question; whether—" then he turned to the assistant district attorney, Mr. Williams: "I wish you would ask him, rather".

The defense lawyers tried to break up this game, but Web stuck to it: "I would rather it came from Mr. Williams. Will you put that question?" The somewhat slow Mr. Williams asked the witness whether the cap was "alike in appearance to the cap worn by Sacco". The witness replied, "In color only", which would seem clear enough; but Web refused to be defeated. Said he, "That is not responsive to the question", meaning, of course, that it wasn't what he wanted. He went on, telling the witness what to say: "In its general appearance it is the same". Those words came from the just and upright judge, and the witness would have had to be very rude indeed to contradict them. "Yes, sir," he said. When the defense objected to this singular method of "framing" evidence in open court, the judge made it all right by directing the court reporter to falsify the record. "You may put the question so it comes from counsel rather than from the Court." Mr. Williams then obediently put the question, and the witness obediently answered again. But the court reporter, whether from stupidity or malice, failed to take the judge's instructions, and copied out the whole dialogue, and there it stands in cold print, to be handed down to the scorn and fury of all future times.

And this partisanship and cunning combined with the cheapest vanity and craving for display. The photographers were constantly taking pictures of Judge Thayer, and he was never too busy to pose for them. On the front page of the papers you saw Judge Thayer sitting on the bench with a legal tome open before him; Judge Thayer with a palm-leaf fan standing in front of the courthouse; the twelve gentlemen of the jury being entertained by a Victrola, with Judge Thayer in the center of the picture.

And then, sitting in his chambers, spitting on the floor, and talking about the case with Tom, Dick and Harry; with court-officials, interpreters, policemen, newspaper reporters, photographers—incredible as it might seem, even with ladies of social prominence who were there as friends of Sacco and Vanzetti. So furious was his hatred against these "anarchistic bastards", he was not content to send them to the electric chair, but must throw mud at them on their journey. To Cornelia Thornwell it seemed that the evil old man had literally gone out of his mind; so also it seemed to dignified "blue-bloods" when she told them what was happening. But what could be done about it? The Commonwealth makes the proud boast that no judge has ever been impeached. Were they going to break that record, tarnish that scutcheon, for the sake of two Italians who were anarchists, infidels and draft-dodgers, even if they were not bandits and murderers?

VI

Carlos E. Goodridge to the stand: the man who had arranged to trade a jail sentence of several years for his aid in sending Sacco to the electric-chair. Judge Thayer knew all about that trade; and exactly as Lee Swenson had predicted, he refused to permit any questions to be asked of Goodridge to reveal the fact that he had pleaded guilty to larceny in Massachusetts. Moreover, the judge called the lawyers to the bench while he was discussing the matter, so that the jury might have no hint that they were listening to the testimony of a crook. He would not even permit the discussion to get into the record, and when he saw the court reporter starting to take down his words he exclaimed, "Get the hell out of here!" So the proprieties were preserved; the glib and plausible Goodridge took the stand, and told the trusting jury how he had run out of the pool-room and seen the bandit-car go by, close to the curb, and how a bandit "poked a gun over towards" him, and that this man was Sacco and nobody else.

The defense was hog-tied and helpless. Concerning the rest of Goodridge's record, the fact that his very name was an act of perjury, they had as yet no hint. The court-room rang with the cries of the several fine women whom Erasmus Corning Whitney had married and betrayed, of the owners of horses he had stolen, of others whom his glib tongue had swindled; but the fates which held Sacco and Vanzetti at their choice allowed no sound to be heard. When later these sounds had been duly transcribed upon legal paper, been sworn to before notaries,

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and laid before Judge Thayer in the form of a motion for a new trial, that Daniel come to judgment would repeat his deadly formula: "Motion denied!" When the matter was carried before the Supreme Judicial Court, that august body would apply its vast learning to the problem, and decide, first, that the failure to let the jury know of Goodridge's record was not ground for reversal, and second, that the discovery of new facts about Goodridge was not basis for a new trial. "Motion denied!"

Blocked and thwarted at every turn! Police officers took the stand to tell how witnesses had identified Sacco and Vanzetti in the Brockton police-station immediately after their arrest; but when the defense tried to ask them about witnesses who had refused to identify, Web Thayer held up his mighty hand and cut him short. No witness could be asked about what any other witness might have said! By this device the defense would be kept from using the trial-proceedings to fish for evidence. The bare idea that they should try to do it was so preposterous that both the judge and the jury burst out laughing.

Again the voices shrieked. Roy Gould, the salesman of shaving-paste, the man with the bullet-hole in his overcoat, who had been within ten feet of the bandits, and would swear that Sacco was not the man! Mrs. Kelly and Mrs. Kennedy, the only persons who had had an extended view of the driver of the car, and whose written statements that he was not Vanzetti were in the hands of the district attorney! All those witnesses who had been taken to the police-station by Henry Hellyer and Captain Proctor, and had identified photographs of other bandits, but had refused to identify Sacco and Vanzetti—in spite of the posing, and pulling down of caps over the eyes, and pretending to aim pistols! So many voices crying their warnings, filling the court-room with their clamor—in vain!

VII

In the papers Cornelia read news of great concern to her family: the demurrer to the suit of Jerry Walker had been overruled; the last bar was down, the tremendous case was to be tried out in the courts. "Fifteen Million Dollar Conspiracy Charge!" said the newspapers. To Cornelia it meant a family agony; all three of her sons-in-law, two of her nephews-in-law, two or three cousins, were going to have to take the witness-stand, and be questioned for weeks and months as to the details of their business procedures. Jerry Walker's lawyers had not minced words in setting forth what they expected to prove: the great bankers, headed by Rupert Alvin and Henry Cabot Winters, had "entered into a secret combination and conspiracy to carry into effect by their combined power and influence, by duress of the plaintiff, by fraudulent concealments, false representations and by wrongful, illegal and fraudulent means which are hereinafter stated with certainty and particularity, to deprive the plaintiff of his shares in the above-named companies". The yellow newspapers smacked their lips over the promised feast, while the dignified ones put the news away in the financial columns, as if to say that these abusive words were used in a technical sense, and did not mean what the ordinary reader would suppose.

Already families had been broken up over this issue, and wives were not speaking to one another. Mrs. John Quincy Thornwell, wife of the president of the Fifth National Bank, was telling everybody that Rupert Alvin had drawn her husband into the mess without his knowledge. Mrs. Rupert Alvin, wife of the president of the Pilgrim National, was outraged because her sister, Mrs. Henry Cabot Winters, was taking the affair with flippancy, saying to her intimates that it would be an excellent thing if some of these gentlemen were sent to jail, so that their wives would know where they were! Slanders and recriminations—bitter feuds starting—a whole kettle of Back Bay codfish!

In the Sacco-Vanzetti trial Attorney Jeremiah McAnarney fell ill, and Judge Thayer put off the trial over the week-end. Cornelia was planning to write a lot of letters and raise some money which was badly needed; but Deborah telephoned from her place at the North Shore that her mother must meet her in Boston at once—something about Alice, very serious. Cornelia assumed it was more of the Jerry Walker quarrel. "You know, Deborah, I consider the Walkers as my friends, and I am not going to have anything—"

But Deborah broke in: "It has nothing to do with that, Mother. It is something personal, something desperate—I can't give you any hint over the telephone. Come to the house at once".

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So Betty drove her grandmother to Boston. "I know what you'll find," said the sarcastic young lady Bolshevik—"another of Aunt Alice's platonic love-affairs. I've heard that she's completely lost her heart to a great Bohemian pianist." And sure enough, that was it; only it was worse even than Betty had ventured to imagine. This time Alice had gone completely wild; she had flung herself at the head of a towering temperamental genius of the piano, and proposed to follow him to Europe, and had notified Henry that she expected to get a divorce while there. "And right now!" cried Deborah—"while Rupert and Henry are driven nearly to death with this Jerry Walker affair, and the Elevated Railway business, too—and Betty, and you—Mother, we simply cannot have another scandal now!"

For twenty years Alice had sought happiness, and the women and the men of the family had formed the phalanx about her, and held her captive, until—"Now look at me!" she cried. "I am an old woman! A haggard old woman, and my chance is nearly gone!" It wasn't quite that bad; but still, Alice was suddenly showing her years; no longer the wild rose complexion, the girlish charm, the serenity and security of young matronhood.

She loved Franz Cezak! He was not a "strolling Bohemian", as Deborah had basely insinuated; he was no common musician, but the younger son of a great family, who had been received as a house-guest in Back Bay homes. Alice loved him, and she didn't love Boston, and she was going to be happy!

Would she really be happy? asked the mother, and began the agonizing task of shattering poor Alice's castle in Bohemia. Did this man know that she had very little money in her own right, and that it is not the custom for American husbands to subsidize the romances of their wives? Was it true that the man was some years younger than Alice, and if so, how long could she expect to hold him? Was it true that these temperamental and tumultuous artists were not always monogamous? Was Alice expecting to come back to Boston, the morning after her *nuit d'amour?*

Clara Scatterbridge, the youngest daughter, came in; having all the future of her many sons and daughters, coming one by one to marriageable age, to weep and plead for. Rupert Alvin came, leaving all his cares of state. He had put into action the machinery which the ruling classes have established for the quick and efficient collection of scandal; just as he could tell his mother-in-law all the gossip of the "Italian colony" concerning the anarchists of East Boston, so he could tell his sister-in-law about a Bohemian pianist, who, if the tales could be believed, had had a love in every concert town. He had been knocked down and almost killed by a well-known cricket-player of Philadelphia, and in Paris he had run away from a duel with the exiled Russian Prince Dolgorovitch, "or whatever it is", said Rupert, with Anglo-Saxon contempt for a name with such termination.

And then young Josiah Thornwell Winters, Alice's only son, who was to get his "sheepskin" from Harvard in a few days. Young Josiah's own behavior didn't give him much standing in court, he admitted, but he was promising to settle down and make a man of himself, and it would certainly be easier if he had a mother in blameless Boston, rather than following a pianist about Bohemia. The rest of the family withdrew while this intimate episode in the drama was played out.

VIII

Cornelia went to see the husband, and found that Henry was taking a most un-Bostonian attitude. "Mother," he said, "it seems to me Alice had better have it out, and see whether there's anything in this romance business for her. I know that will shock you ——"

"No, Henry," said Cornelia, "I am learning all sorts of new things. Go ahead."

"Well, I have said for years that Alice ought to have a divorce. If she had a husband, she might settle down ——"

"But this man won't be a husband, Henry!"

"I know; but something has got to pull her loose from the family. I haven't said it to them, because after all, it's a Thornwell affair. But it's been plain to me ever since I realized that I wasn't the man for Alice. The misery has been because the family couldn't make up its mind to face a divorce; they'd rather have a fit of hysterics once a month for twenty years. I don't want to talk about Alice, for she's your flesh and blood ——"

"Go on, Henry, let's have it out. I've got to understand you all."

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"Well, Mother, fundamentally it's that Alice hasn't got any brains. Why didn't you teach her some of your sense of fun?"

"You forget, Henry, I didn't do the teaching. The house was full of Josiah's sisters and aunts, who knew what ought to be done always. I waited too long before I fought."

"Yes, Mother, we've all made mistakes. I ought to have given more time to my son. I left him to his mother, while I made the money, and now I've got too much money, and no wife, and a son who has the structure and constitution of a marshmallow. That's my reward for hard work—not much reason for going to the office in the morning, is there?"

"I know, Henry; you've talked like that before. But you go to the office in the morning, and go on doing what you did the day before. We're all of us like so many ants—we do what the others do. Because I have tried to think for myself, you decide I am cracked in the head."

"No, Mother, not at all!" Henry's gallantry came to the rescue. "I really have a great admiration—you should hear me boasting about you in the clubs—nobody can sport such an exciting mother-in-law! Truly, you're the talk of the town—they tell me you have assumed the moral leadership of all the Bolsheviks at the trial."

"They tell you something very foolish, like all the other tales about the Sacco-Vanzetti defense. What became of the evidence you promised to get me, Henry? Have you forgotten it?"

"No, Mother ——"

"You didn't find it so easy as you thought?"

"Not that; but fifteen million dollars is a lot of money, and Rupert is terrified as to what he has to admit in the Jerry Walker case. Also he's had to take charge of the Bar Association—the job they are planning, to oust our district-attorney. I suppose you've heard about that?"

"No, Henry, I've been out of touch with the criminal world of late." She laughed, and he laughed too—they always had a good time. If only Alice had had her mother's ability to laugh.

"It's a long story; I'll tell you about it some day. When the blackmail ring got after the Thornwell family, Rupert insisted that we had to put them out of business; he's a sterner moralist than I, you know. We started work through the Bar Association—you are reading about this Mishawum Manor case, of course."

"Did you and Rupert start that?"

"The episode happened four years ago. Didn't it strike you as peculiar that it should be taken up now?"

"To tell the truth, I've been too busy to think about it."

"Well, so has the public! The fact is, I got detectives and got the story for Rupert."

"Why did you start in Middlesex?"

"Well, you see, the district attorney there happens to be an American, and we thought it would be good policy to show impartiality. After we have put Tufts out, nobody can kick if we come over here to Suffolk and tackle Joe Pelletier!"

It was one more crisis in the unending struggle between the blue-blood and the Irish-Catholic elements of the city. Cornelia had watched it all her life, so she did not have to ask many questions. "It seems unfortunate," she commented, "that Rupert has to be mixed up in this Elevated scandal right now."

"But that is part of the fight," said Henry; and he explained that Joe Pelletier was threatening prosecutions as a means of frightening Rupert and the rest of the Pilgrim National crowd. About half the patriotic legislators of Massachusetts had been borrowing money from the banks, and speculating in Elevated stocks, before they passed the bill which boosted these stocks on the market; and now Pelletier was trying to fasten it on Rupert. It was a question which would "beat the other to it". "Make your bets!" said Henry Cabot Winters.

"Your smile is a sufficient betting tip!" replied his mother-in-law; and he said that it was coming out all right, only Rupert was of a worrying temperament, and getting worse. The doctors tried to get him to stop, but they hadn't chosen a very helpful way. They took x-ray pictures of his veins and showed how they looked like white ribbons, which meant deposits of lime and other minerals; they had given the poor fellow such a list of things he mustn't eat that when he dined out he picked around in his plate like a chicken!

IX

Alice did not go with her musician. Did one of the Thornwell men convey to the tempestuous genius the information that the

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Thornwell ladies had no money of their own? Anyway, the celebrated artist discovered a series of concert engagements in California, and wrote Alice a letter of great wisdom and sympathy. The tormented woman died a score of soul-deaths, and retired to a fashionable sanatorium to try a rest cure.

And meantime, Cornelia hurried back to Dedham, where the trial had reopened, regardless of Thornwell family troubles.

The prosecution had come now to the identification of Vanzetti as one of the bandits. They put on the stand a man named Levangie, gateman at the railroad tracks across which the bandit-car had passed immediately after the shooting. This old man told how a train was coming when the car drove up, and that he started to put down the gates, but the bandits forced him at the point of a revolver to raise them and let the car across ahead of the train. He identified Vanzetti as the driver of the car.

When the defense had its turn it put on a locomotive fireman, not a Red but an Irishman, who testified that three-quarters of an hour after the shooting he talked with Levangie, who said that he did not see the bandits, all he saw was the gun, and he "ducked into the shanty". Three other witnesses gave the same testimony. As it happened, Levangie had told one of the defense lawyers that he could not identify the bandits, and first he admitted having said this; later he contradicted himself, and said he did not remember any such interview. He was a loose-jointed fellow, shifty of eye, and did not seem at all abashed when he was caught in false statements; rather he took the whole affair as a joke.

Later it became a joke to everyone, when the district attorney came to discuss Levangie's testimony on his address to the jury. Mr. Katzmann was in a dilemma, because the gateman had identified Vanzetti as the driver of the car, whereas Mr. Katzmann's other witnesses agreed upon the driver as young, small, light-haired and sickly-looking. The district attorney managed very ingeniously to repudiate Levangie while at the same time asking the jury to accept him. The gateman thought he had seen Vanzetti driving the car, but really he had seen him in the rear seat!

That was all the real evidence they had. But to cover the weakness they put on some more that looked like evidence. A man named Dolbeare, who "thought" he had seen Vanzetti in a car full of foreigners in South Braintree, four or five hours before the crime.

And then a man who claimed to have seen Vanzetti on a train the morning of the crime, coming from Plymouth to East Braintree. This man was completely refuted by the conductor and three ticket-agents—no ticket had been sold for such a journey. Also the prosecution put on another crossing-tender, who had noted a car at his crossing, near the Manley woods, an hour after the crime, and thought it was Vanzetti in the front seat of the car. And that was all! That was the evidence upon which the august Commonwealth of Massachusetts proposed to send a man to the electric chair!

When Cornelia examined her notes, and questioned others in her party, to see if her memory was playing her false; she was appalled by the thing she saw happening before her eyes. They were actually attempting to convict Bart of murder without one real item of identification; solely upon the fact that he had been with Sacco the night of the arrest, and had had a gun and some cartridges, and had told lies to the police about himself and his doings! So farcical was the identification of Bart, and so completely were the identifications of Nick shot to pieces in the course of time, that three years later Judge Thayer found himself backed against the wall, and forced to admit that "these verdicts did not rest, in my judgment, upon the testimony of the eye-witnesses". This news would certainly have surprised the gentlemen of the jury, who had spent a week or two listening to these eye-witnesses, and had been solemnly assured by the district attorney himself that never in his eleven years of office had he "laid eye or given ear to so convincing a witness as Lola Andrews!"

X

Almost three weeks it took the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to present its case against the two anarchist wops. Thirty times the prisoners emerged from the county jail —at a quarter to nine every morning except Sunday, and again at a quarter to two every afternoon except Saturday and Sunday— and marched from the jail to the court-house; chained to a deputy on each side, with ten or twelve policemen marching in front, and as many in the rear. They always walked in the street, not on the sidewalk, for greater safety against surprise attack. Small boys

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would gather to stare, and the deputies would command, "Stand back!" It was their only chance to justify the expense to the county.

Seated in the cage, side by side, the prisoners would gaze about, and nod and smile to their friends. That much was permitted, but no one might speak to them, except their lawyers. After a time the stern guards learned to make an exception of Mrs. Sacco, who would go to the cage and chat with her husband until court opened. Poor little woman, she had to bring a nursing baby with her, and her face, unusually bright and eager, was worn and lined. She would sit all day, silent and rigid, trying to understand long words in a language that was still largely alien to her.

Her husband also would try, and the more he understood, the hotter became his revolutionary fury. Several times he and his companion boiled over—impossible to sit in silence while lies were told and rascality committed under the forms of law. When the policeman who had arrested them swore that Bart had several times started to reach for his gun, Bart cried out, "You are a liar!" A terrible breach of decorum—the guards seized him and shoved him into his seat, commanding, "Shut up!" When Lola Andrews was in the midst of her identification, Sacco rose in his seat and cried, "Am I the man? Take a good look! I am myself!" Again a great shock, and a sensational story for the papers. Nick's picture took the front page.

Later, when the defense was having its innings, there were more scenes. The interpreter provided by the court was an Italian by the name of Rossi; he belonged to the Norfolk County "ring", and was a friend of Mrs. De Falco's, and of Judge Thayer's—had a child named Webster Thayer Rossi, and he used to drive the judge up to the University Club in Boston; if the judge did not discuss the case with him on the way, it was the only chance "Web" ever lost.

Either this Rossi did not know how to interpret correctly, or he did not wish to; at a critical point in the testimony of Alfonsina Brini, he misstated in English what she had said in Italian. Bart knew enough to catch the error, and insisted upon calling attention to it, and would not let the guards silence him. Again and again he saw these errors, and to Cornelia, when she came to see him in the jail, he insisted, "That fellow is a crook!" Over and over he said, "He is a crook! Crook!" Cornelia thought it was Bart's prejudice against everybody in power; but it was another of those things that were to be proved too late. Before five years had passed, Rossi was to get a two-year jail sentence for trying to sell his influence with judges.

Such misfortune appeared to dog the patriots who were prosecuting Sacco and Vanzetti; so many of them got into trouble with their own laws—but always after the verdict, when it was too late to count! There was an agent of the Department of Justice, Shaugnessy by name, who had had the job of watching Red meetings, and had supplied a mass of material for the Sacco-Vanzetti prosecution. This ardent patriot stole a carload of hogs—a rather difficult object to get away with, one would think. Later he got ten years for a hold-up. But when, in the course of later appeals, the defense had occasion to suggest the possibility of improper conduct by Department of Justice agent, "Web" Thayer was outraged by this and delivered a stern rebuke.

XI

And then Captain William H. Proctor, head of the state police. The Proctor story was atrocious. He had been in the police service of the Commonwealth some thirty-six years, and was an old hand at the "frame-up"; among other jobs, he had "made" the Ettor and Giovannitti case. When Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested, he was called in by Mike Stewart, and interviewed all the witnesses, and tried to help out Mike's "theory". But in the end he said to Mike, "You've got the wrong men", and withdrew from the case.

But still, gang loyalty held him, and when Fred Katzmann called on him to identify the so-called "mortal bullet", which had been extracted from the body of the dead guard, he came. This bullet was the crucial issue in the whole case; it was what tied Sacco and Vanzetti to the case, because the other five bullets found in the dead bodies were of such a size and make that they could not have come through either Sacco's pistol or Vanzetti's. The prosecution claimed that this "mortal bullet" had been fired from Sacco's pistol, and could have been fired from no other pistol. They put on an expert who swore to that; and then they put on Proctor, who backed up the expert.

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At least, that is what everybody thought he did, and the trial was concluded on that basis; the prosecution laid the utmost emphasis upon it, because Captain Proctor had qualified at great length as an authority upon bullets and revolvers, who had been studying the matter for twenty years, and had been a witness in more than a hundred capital cases. Said Katzmann, in his closing argument to the jury, "You might disregard all the identification testimony, and base your verdict on the testimony of these experts". And Judge Thayer put the weight of his judicial authority behind that; he explained to the jury what the testimony meant: "It was Sacco's pistol that fired the bullet that caused the death of Berardelli. To this effect the Commonwealth introduced the testimony of two witnesses; Messrs. Proctor and Van Amburgh."

Nothing could be more positive; and so the matter went to the jury; so it stood in the minds of all students of the case for two years. But when Captain Proctor was near death his conscience troubled him; two men whom he believed to be innocent stood in the shadow of the electric chair because of a conspiracy into which he had entered with the prosecution, to mispresent his testimony to the jury. So he made an affidavit in which he set forth what had happened. Again and again he had been asked by the prosecutors to testify that the particular mortal bullet had been fired through the particular pistol belonging to Sacco. He had made many tests and measurements in the effort to convince himself that this was so, but he could not get the proof, and refused to give such testimony. "The district attorney desired to ask me that question, but I had repeatedly told him that if he did I should be obliged to answer in the negative." At the trial the questioning had been done by the assistant district attorney, later to become a learned judge. His question had been framed very carefully, and Proctor's answer no less carefully: "My opinion is that it is consistent with being fired by that pistol."

A verbal trick, you see; the witness meant that the mortal bullet *might* have been fired through that pistol; but the district attorney represented to the jury that his words meant something entirely different—that it *must* have been fired through that pistol, and could not have been fired through any other pistol in the world. That was how Judge Thayer passed it on to the jury in his charge; and in after years, with the printed words of his charge before him—preserved immutably, to be handed down to the scorn and fury of all future times—the embittered old man rendered a decision in which he told half a dozen plain lies about what was in the Proctor affidavit, and the answering affidavits of Katzmann and his assistants, and the testimony and its interpretation in the judge's charge.

It was Web's way, shown in almost every decision he rendered. You would state something in plain words, as explicitly as the language permitted; you would wait patiently, a year or two, while the old gentleman had an appendicitis operation and an attack of pneumonia; and finally he would hand down a decision in which he accused you of having said many things you had never thought of. He would set up a whole regiment of straw-men, and in a valiant duel chop off their heads; he would fill pages in the stately law-books with refutations of arguments which had never been heard anywhere save in one hate-tormented old head.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Judge Fury

I

Four times each day the prisoners made their march down the middle of the street, accompanied by armed escort. Four times each day the jury made a march: from their hotel to the court-house, at noon to a restaurant and back, then to the hotel in the evening; twelve "good men and true", with court officers preceding and following, the aged foreman toddling at their head—he was to die within three months, so his were farewell salutes to the flag. It was a heavy strain upon old men, to sit for six hours a day in a crowded court-room, in suffocating midsummer heat. The judge mercifully said they might take off their coats, but their Puritan consciences forbade them to be comfortable.

Seven weeks their semi-imprisonment lasted; the bored victims got to know one another too well, and when they were tired of playing cards they sought refuge in the daily newspaper. They were not allowed to read about their own case—the sheriff cut it all out of the papers; but they read about a court up in Boston, where Charles Ponzi was

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being punished for having made five million dollars without permission of the Federal Reserve Board. The financial wizard's digestion had been wrecked by the ordeal of law, so the papers explained, and he had to be taken out to a restaurant each day to get his diet of little-neck clams and cream of tomato soup.

And then the story of Mishawum Manor, where the emperors of the moving picture world had been entertained by naked young ladies dancing the highland fling! Who could have invented more delicious material for the beguiling of bored jurymen? The Hearst newspaper put it on the front page each day: the romantic life story of the "madame" of this road-house, the number of husbands she had deserted, the millionaires she had plundered and ruined; details about the "champagne and chicken supper", the hugging and the dancing, and how the guests had disappeared to the rooms upstairs, so that at one time there was nobody to eat the chicken or drink the champagne. Later they were reassembled, much in déshabille, and the young ladies—names, addresses and prices all given—were flinging their very highlandest, when a flashlight went off and a photograph was taken of the scene. Most of the guests were too drunk to know what this meant; when they woke up next afternoon they paid a thousand dollars for "entertainment and breakage", and thought that would be the end of it—just as if they had been at home in Hollywood.

But no, this was a pious Puritan community; and presently the emperors of moving pictures were receiving letters informing them that several of the young ladies who had been hired for the party had husbands, and these husbands were threatening suits for the desecration of their wives; furthermore, some indignant moralist had carried the story to the district attorney of Middlesex County, and that official was greatly shocked. Middlesex is sacred territory, because it contains the city of Cambridge, home of Harvard, the center of the center and hub of the hub. It would take no less than half a million dollars to wipe out the stain which these Hebrew and Babylonian emperors had put upon New England culture.

After much dickering, and threats and counterthreats, the dispute was settled by the payment of a hundred and five thousand dollars, which, according to the newspapers, had been divided among the chiefs of the political "ring", including the Middlesex district attorney—no Irish-Catholic "mick", but a blue-blood of registered pedigree, a gentleman with two hobbies, Red-baiting and college athletics. A year earlier he had led a spectacular raid against "Red headquarters" in Cambridge, with a patrolwagon, cops, reporters and cameramen, and had confiscated a load of literature. He was engaged in umpiring the Yale-Princeton football game when the newspaper reporters came to inform him that the Supreme Judicial Court had removed him from office. Being a good sport, he went on with the game.

On Sunday, twelve days after the trial started, the bodies of three dead soldiers, dug out of the ground in France, were buried in the city of Brockton, in Plymouth County, and the whole town turned out for the ceremonies. On the same day at Whitman, in the same county, two bodies were buried. On the following Sunday another one at Hingham, in Norfolk County. The day before that was the anniversary of the battle of Belleau Wood, celebrated by veterans all over both counties; the day before that was a great New England holiday, Bunker Hill day, celebrated in every town. On June 25th, just as the defense was getting under way, the sacred Plymouth Rock was restored to place with a new shrine over it, and there was a great celebration in Vanzetti's old home, reported in all newspapers and read about by all jurors.

And then the college commencements! There are a score of colleges and universities in Massachusetts, to say nothing of two hundred and forty-nine high-schools; and all of them celebrated their exercises while the Sacco-Vanzetti trial was in progress. All had eminent persons to deliver orations, and few were the orators who did not refer to the enemy within our midst, and the need for good citizens to stand together. These exhortations would be quoted in the next day's newspapers, and read by the twelve good men and true in their legal quarantine.

Cornelia took a day off and went up to the Harvard exercises. Impossible to refuse, for it was the crisis of the effort to hold Alice in line, and this was an occasion that would never come again, the graduation of her only son; the public appearance of Alice with Henry, and with all the family about her, would set forth their solidarity to the world, and repudiate malicious gossip.

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In Sander's Theatre the sheriff of the county called the meeting to order, the dean of the divinity school offered a prayer, three graduates delivered orations, and the Governor of the Commonwealth made a speech. A curious moment for Cornelia Thornwell, with ghosts walking upon the platform, in costumes much out of style. How many years since she had sat up there, and heard Josiah's stern dry voice? The fashion in speeches had not changed a particle; they still talked about the responsibility of educated men for citizenship; they still rebuked disturbers of the public thought. Said Governor Cox: "We ought to stop complaining about the wrongs other men are doing until we are sure each one of us is doing his part honorably and well".

President Lowell arose to confer the degrees; a tall gentleman with a brown moustache and full red cheeks and proper coldness of manner. He belonged to the inner circle of the sacred caste, enjoying in his own right an income of a million dollars a year from family cotton-mills and real estate. He had been a rich man's lawyer when they had selected him to take charge of their university. Under his direction there had been established a Graduate School of Business Administration, to teach the sons of the plutocracy how to manage billion dollar corporations; the institution had grown with such speed that it was turning Harvard into a department of the House of Mammon.

There was a slow procession of thirteen hundred young men in black gowns and mortar-boards, walking across a stage, putting out a hand and taking a roll of sheepskin; listening to a little speech, if it happened to be a *cum laude,* with an extra sentence if it happened to be a *magna cum laude,* and several sentences if it happened to be a *summa cum laude.*

It came the turn of Josiah Thornwell Winters; and Cornelia hoped that not many of these graduates were hiding a tragedy like his. She had heard from Quincy Thornwell the end of the story: the woman from Larry Shay's, who had succeeded in making Young Josiah think she was only nineteen and innocent, was in reality twenty-five, a victim of drugs, and of disease. This latter she had passed on to her victim. As he walked across the platform, all over Sander's Theatre members of the audience nudged one another, whispering, "The grandson of Governor Thornwell—the tall one". They thought about his blue-blood, and mothers with marriageable daughters pondered ways to meet him.

II

Back to Dedham court-house with its high white dome, with its ring of port-holes like an ocean liner. The jury making its daily marches, and the foreman saluting the flag; the manacled prisoners parading down the middle of the street with their armed escort; the heavily armed guards, searching the spectators, even the handbags of the ladies; the newspapers reporting sensations!

The defense was having its innings. Frank Burke, a man in his fifties who gave demonstrations of glass-blowing, had been on the street in South Braintree where the bandit-car crossed the railroad tracks. The car had passed within ten feet of him, and the bandit in the right front seat had leaned out and snapped a gun at him—it had failed to explode. The man who was supposed to be Sacco was in the right rear seat, and Burke had got a good look at him, and described him, a flat, full face, with broad heavy jowl —no resemblance to Sacco. It was Burke who had told the defense about Roy Gould, the man with a bullet-hole through his coat; but Gould had not been found.

Five laborers took the stand, men who had been digging an excavation, and had witnessed the murder. These men all swore that neither Sacco nor Vanzetti was in the bandit-car; but they were Italians and Spaniards, having to talk through interpreters, and it was easy for Katzmann to discredit them. One laborer estimated that he was forty or fifty feet from the shooting; Katzmann very cunningly got him to answer a complicated question—that he was as sure of the distance as he was that the bandits had not been Sacco and Vanzetti. Then he measured the distance on the map, and said it was ninety-five feet; and that finished Pedro Iscorla. In his closing speech Katzmann attacked all those laborers as cowards, because they had stood by with picks and shovels, and failed to attack bandits who were shooting guns.

Two gun-experts testified for the defense. Experts can always balance one another. One was a champion pistol shot and department head in a cartridge company; the other was superintendent of the testing department of the Colt Automatic Pistol Company, which had made Sacco's gun, and should have

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known more about it than Captain Proctor, who had found himself on the witness-stand vainly trying to take the weapon apart. Both the defense experts testified that the mortal bullet could not have come from Sacco's gun; nor did they, like Proctor, take back their testimony later on.

Witnesses appeared to counter the testimony of the gateman Levangie, and say how he had told them he did not see the bandits. The same for Goodridge, the ex-convict; four men swore that he had made statements contradicting his present testimony. Too bad these poolroom gentlemen were not named Jones, Smith, Brown and Robinson, instead of bearing such names as Magazu, Arrigoni, Manganio and D'Amato!

And then the witnesses to answer "Fainting Lola"; her friend, Mrs. Campbell; the policeman and the reporter to whom Lola had admitted that she could not identify the bandits; and then Kurlansky, the storekeeper.

Then came poor Joseph Rosen, the Jewish peddler of cloth, who had sold Vanzetti a piece of suiting at a great bargain because it had a hole in it. He had gone with Vanzetti to show the goods to Mrs. Brini, and they had had a long talk. Three weeks later he had read of Vanzetti's arrest for banditry, and had seen his picture and recognized him and realized that it was the day he had sold the cloth. He told his story to the jury, and Katzmann provided a four-hour circus for bored jurymen by kidding Rosen's Yiddisher dialect, and asking where he had been on a certain day a year ago, and where he had been three weeks ago. Poor Rosen tried to protest that if he had a little time he could remember some of that; which of course Katzmann and the jury took to mean that he could have the lawyers' help in remembering it.

As a matter of fact it would have been easy for the prosecution to have verified Rosen's story if it had cared to, for he said he had sold cloth to many persons in Plymouth that day, including the wife of the chief of police. But it was as Lee Swenson had told Cornelia—hardly any use at all to put on foreign witnesses; the jury took it for granted that their stories were "built", and whether they were all "built" or only a few of them "built" made no difference in the result. Of course no jury would ever dream that the cultured gentlemen who represented the Commonwealth would do such a thing as tell a witness what to say! Never in a thousand years could you make them realize that of the five identification witnesses upon whom the case against Sacco rested one was a many times convicted crook, one a hysterical prostitute, one a half-wit, one a disordered fantast, and one a feeble victim of police pressure; all five of them persons who had made statements identifying other men as the bandits, or else saying that they could not identify anyone. And all this known to the prosecution, and most of it to the judge on the bench.

III

The great day of the trial: Bartolomeo Vanzetti taking the stand in his own defense! He looked neat and proper in his new black suit, clean white collar and little black silk tie. He had grown bald about the temples during his long confinement, but he still had his heavy droopy mustaches; his earnest, deeply-lined face was clearly that of a student and thinker.

They took him out of the cage to give his testimony, and sat him in the witness chair, with a little low railing before him, where for hours he answered the questions of his lawyers. His manner was quiet and courteous, and his command of English remarkable; he had profited by his year of study to drop most of his Italian peculiarities, and the newspapers commented upon his education, so that Cornelia was proud of her pupil. Only once did he let himself be goaded by Katzmann into a flash of "redness"; when he had occasion to refer to the place where some of his friends lived, working on the railroad near Springfield: "Yes, in a shanty, you know, the little house where the Italian live and work like a beast, the Italian workingman in this country".

He told the jury the story of his life: his childhood in Italy, his slavery to a pastry-cook, the breakdown of his health, the death of his mother. He told about coming to America, his work in the great rich club in New York City—he no longer called it a "clooba"—and then in Mouquin's restaurant; his work in the brickyard, the stone-quarry, on the railroad, the Worcester reservoir—near the home of Judge Thayer; then in a wire-mill, then for the Plymouth Cordage Company. He told about his going to Mexico because he did not believe in war; he had learned by now that he had not been liable to the draft, and he mentioned it, but apparently without result.

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He told about his fish-selling business (and the defense counsel showed his license to dig clams, and the receipts for his fish). All the morning of the South Braintree crime he had been selling fish in Plymouth—in Cherry Street, Standish Avenue, Cherry Court, Suosso's Lane, Castle Street. A little after the noon hour he had met Rosen, and bought from him the piece of suiting with the hole in it; Vanzetti still had the cloth, and it was introduced in evidence. He had taken Rosen to Mrs. Brini, because she worked in a woollen mill, and was a judge of cloth. In the afternoon he had left his cart in the yard of Melvin Corl, the fisherman, and had gone down to the shore, where Corl was painting a boat, and at the actual moment of the South Braintree murders he had been chatting with Corl. The owner of the boat-yard, Gossi, had come along during the talk, and another man, Holmes. Later Bart had dug clams and bait, had gone home and had his supper at six o'clock, and had spent the evening in Plymouth.

He told about his doings from that April fifteenth to the day of his arrest three weeks later. He had gone to the club in East Boston, and had been asked to go New York to see about Salsedo and Elia. But there Katzmann and Thayer stopped him; it was the intention of the district attorney to argue that the defendants had no reason to be afraid on the night of their arrest, and to tell lies to the police. Katzmann wanted to argue that the worst that anarchists had to fear was getting a free trip to Italy; that as Sacco was going anyhow, the claim of fear was obviously silly. The entire ruling-class of Massachusetts was going to maintain that argument for six years; so the jury must be kept from realizing that sixty-seven hours prior to the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti, their friend and comrade Salsedo had jumped, or had been thrown, to his death from the fourteenth story of the Park Row Building in New York! The defense came back to it, again and again, but they were blocked here and blocked there, and the real meaning of the matter was never made clear to the jury.

It was the aim of the prosecution not so much to refute the testimony of Vanzetti as to rouse the prejudices of the jurors against him; to fill them with emotions of hatred and fear, so that they would be incapable of thinking; to make them see an anarchist infidel draft-dodger as a depraved wretch, deserving to die many deaths. When the time came for cross-examination, Mr. Katzmann's first question had nothing to do with the problem whether Vanzetti had sat in a bandit-car and pointed a shot-gun out of the rear window; it had to do with the problem of whether the jury was going to find him guilty, regardless of whether he had sat in the bandit-car or not. Said Mr. Katzmann: "So you left Plymouth, Mr. Vanzetti, in May, 1917, to dodge the draft, did you?"

Mr. Katzmann of course knew perfectly well that Vanzetti had not been liable to the draft; but he went on to rub in the sneer, with that mock indignation acquired in the course of eleven years' service for the Commonwealth: "When this country was at war, you ran away, so you would not have to fight as a soldier?" The district attorney was not interested to question Vanzetti about the South Braintree crime, and try to prove that he was there; the district attorney was not interested in trying to break his alibi; he was only interested to prove that he had lied to the police, and that he was unpatriotic. He took up Vanzetti's effort to organize a meeting, and the pitiful circular he had drafted: "You were going to advise in a public meeting men who had gone to war? Are you that man?" "Yes, sir," answered Bart, quietly, "I am that man, not the man you want me, but I am that man." The newspapers made much of this scene; it was what their readers were hungry for. "A tensely dramatic moment," said the Boston *Traveler,* and described how the prosecutor "thundered". Said the *American,* "The district attorney's voice was vibrant with emotion. It thrilled the spectators".

IV

But it was during the cross-examination of Sacco that the district attorney's vibrations did their heaviest thundering, and the spectators and readers of newspapers got their choicest thrills. Nicola Sacco had a poor command of English, and had to call for the aid of the interpreter-crook; also he had poor command of his emotions, and could be jeered at and goaded, provoked into saying things that would ruin him. So the patriotism issue led all others. Said Mr. Katzmann: "Did you leave this country in May, 1917?"

Said Sacco: "I can't answer in one word".

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"Please answer my questions, Mr. Sacco" —"in thundering voice", the newspapers said. "One week before the day of the first draft in May, 1917, did you leave this country?" There followed a long dialogue, a scene which made Cornelia think of a deer in the forest, when a wolverine or lynx or other fierce creature drops upon him from a tree, and chews into his neck as he runs. That is a common event in nature; but in this case appeared a phenomenon unknown to zoölogy—another animal running alongside the fleeing deer, to keep anyone from interfering with the neck-chewing process. This creature went by the name of a webthayer.

"Did you say yesterday you love a free country?

"Yes, sir."

"Did you love this country in the month of May, 1917?"

"I did not say,—— I don't want to say I did not love this country."

"Did you love this country in that month of 1917?"

"If you can, Mr. Katzmann, if you give me that,—— I could explain ——"

"Do you understand that question?"

"Yes."

"Then will you please answer it?"

"I can't answer in one word."

"You can't say whether you loved the United States of America one week before the day you enlisted for the first draft?"

"I can't say in one word, Mr. Katzman."

"Did you love this country in the last week of May, 1917?"

"That is pretty hard for me to say in one word, Mr. Katzmann."

"There are two words you can use, Mr. Sacco, yes or no. Which one is it?"

"Yes."

"And in order to show your love for this United States of America when she was about to call upon you to become a soldier you ran away to Mexico."

That question was, obviously enough, not intended to elicit any information of use to the jury; that question was, purely and simply, a sneer. And Katzmann hammered and hammered upon it; eleven separate times he repeated the word "love". First, did Sacco run away for love of his country? Then, did he run away for love of his wife? "Would it be your idea of showing your love for your wife that when she needed you, you ran away from her?"

Said Sacco: "I did not run away from her".

Said Sacco's lawyer: "I object".

But the webthayer said: "He may answer"—and added, with his usual cunning, "Simply on the question of credibility, that is all"!

So the wolverine or lynx went on with the neck-chewing. "Would it be your idea of love for your wife that you were to run from her when she needed you?"

Said Jeremiah McAnarney: "Pardon me. I ask for an exception on that".

The webthayer excluded the question; but obligingly indicated to the neck-chewer how he might go on. "He had not admitted he ran away."

So, of course, the torture was resumed.

"Then I will ask you, didn't you run away from Milford so as to avoid being a soldier for the United States?"

"I did not run away."

"You mean you walked away?"

"Yes."

"You don't understand me when I say 'run away', do you?"

"That is vulgar."

"That is vulgar?"

"You can say a little intelligent, Mr. Katzmann."

"Don't you think going away from your country is a vulgar thing to do when she needs you?"

"I don't believe in war."

"You don't believe in war?"

"No, sir."

"Do you think it is a cowardly thing to do what you did?"

"No, sir."

"Do you think it is a brave thing to do what you did?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you think it would be a brave thing to go away from your own wife?"

"No."

"When she needed you?"

"No."

V

The prosecutor kept at it until he had got all the hate he could out of the wife question; after which he took up the sneer that "wops" come to America to make money. "Is it because,—— is your love for the United States of America commensurate with the amount of money you can get in this country per week?"

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"Better conditions, yes."

"Better country to make money, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Is your love for this country measured by the amount of money you can earn here?"

"I never loved money."

This went on, until the defense broke in again. Said Jeremiah McAnarney: "That I object to, if your Honor please. And I might state now I want my objection to go to this whole line of interrogation".

Said the webthayer: "I think you opened it up".

Said the lawyer, very humbly: "No, if your Honor please, I think I have not".

Said the webthayer: "I think you have" —and went on to give an argument which for prejudice-carrying capacity exceeded anything the fertile mind of the district attorney had been able to conceive. It was the contention of the defendants that on the night of their arrest they had been going with Boda and Orciani to visit some of the anarchist comrades, and collect the dangerous literature from their homes, to hide it until the storm of persecution had blown over. And now here was the webthayer, elaborating an even more complicated sneer than the one about love of country and of wife. Said he: "It seems to me you have. Are you going to claim much of all the collection of the literature and the books was really in the interest of the United States as well as these people and therefore it has opened up the credibility of the defendant when he claims that all that work was done really for the interest of the United States in getting his literature out of the way?"

Said Mr. McAnarney: "That claim is not presented in anything tantamount to the language just used by the Court, and in view of the record as it stands at this time I object to this line of inquiry".

There followed upon this a phenomenon never observed in any forest: the wolverine or lynx desisting from his neck-chewing, and letting the webthayer take his place on the victim's back! The webthayer liked his mockery so well that he repeated it five separate times, in detail, and several other times by implication. "Are you going to claim that what the defendant did was in the interest of the United States?" And each time with a broader wink at the jury, a broader grin from the jury in response. When the defense lawyer objected, "Your Honor please, I now object to your Honor's statement as prejudicial to the rights of the defendants and ask that the statement be withdrawn from the jury"——then instantly the webthayer was on the alert to protect the record and make everything look all right. "There is no prejudicial remark made that I know of, and none were intended. I simply asked you, sir, as to whether you propose to offer evidence as to what you said to me."

After which he went on to repeat the sneer and rub it in; and closed, as usual, by telling the wolverine or lynx how to get back to the neck-chewing: "I will let you inquire further as to what he meant by the expression". So, of course, Katzmann took the hint, and went on, exactly as if there had been no interruption: "What did you mean when you said yesterday you loved a free country?"

VI

Poor Nick! He was a talkative, eager young fellow, a propagandist; and for fourteen months and two days they had had him behind steel bars. He had boiled, he had seethed, he had all but exploded. And now suddenly he saw a hope! "Give me a chance to explain," he pleaded; and the prosecutor said: "I am asking you to explain now". Actually, the great Mr. Katzmann asked him to explain! The great Judge Thayer said it would be all right for him to explain! The jury, the spectators, everybody was ready to listen—while he told what he thought about America, about Italy, about liberty, about the workers and their rights, the rich and the poor, good food and vegetables, schools, free speech, Debs, the capitalist class, Harvard College, D. Rockefeller, Morgan, working people, war, socialism, Abraham Lincoln, Abe Jefferson, the Irish, the Germans, the French, governments, devilment and robbery—everything! Perhaps he could not convert them, but at least he could make them understand him!

Forgive him if his stump-speech is long—he has all the conclusions of a life-time to state! Forgive him if it is jumbled—he has no time to arrange it, he does not know at what moment they may shut him off again and lock him up for another fourteen months! Forgive him if it is incoherent—he is groping desperately for words in a strange tongue, stammering, halting, starting again, tripping himself up with his excitement, the intensity of his convictions. And meantime the bland prosecutor stands silent, smiling—

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why should he trouble to work, when his victim will hang himself with his own rope? The judge is content, for he knows it will look well in the record—the defendant has had a chance to express himself, no possible claim that he was misrepresented. Most content of all are the jurymen—because they have power to punish a wop who is insulting and defiling their most sacred Yankee prejudices.

Said Nicola Sacco, in defense of his life:

"When I was in Italy, a boy, I was a Republican, so I always thinking Republican has more chance to manage education, develop, to build some day his family, to raise the child and education, if you could. But that was my opinion; so when I came to this country I saw there was not what I was thinking before, but there was all the difference, because I been working in Italy not so hard as I been work in this country. I could live free there just as well. Work in the same condition but not so hard, about seven or eight hours a day, better food. I mean genuine. Of course, over here is good food, because it is bigger country, to any those who got money to spend, not for the working and laboring class, and in Italy is more opportunity to laborer to eat vegetable, more fresh, and I came in this country. When I been started work here very hard and been work thirteen years, hard worker, I could not been afford much a family the way I did have the idea before. I could not put any money in the bank; I could no push my boy some to go to school and other things. I teach over here men who is with me. The free idea gives any man a chance to profess his own idea, not the supreme idea, not to give any person, not to be like Spain in position, yes, about twenty centuries ago, but to give a chance to print and education, literature, free speech, that I see it was all wrong. I could see the best men, intelligent, education, they been arrested and sent to prison and died in prison for years and years without getting them out, and Debs, one of the great men in his country, he is in prison, still away in prison, because he is a Socialist. He wanted the laboring class to have better conditions and better living, more education, give a push his son if he could have a chance some day, but they put him in prison. Why? Because the capitalist class, they know, they are against that, because the capitalist class, they don't want our child to go to high school or college or Harvard College. There would be no chance, there would not be no,—— they don't want the working class educationed; they want the working class to be a low all the times, be underfoot, and not to be up with the head. So, sometimes, you see, the Rockefellers, Morgans, they give fifty,—— I mean they give five hundred thousand dollars to Harvard College, they give a million dollars for another school. Everyday say, 'Well, D. Rockefeller is a great man, the best man in the country'. I want to ask him who is going to Harvard College? What benefit the working class they will get by those million dollars they give by Rockefeller, D. Rockefellers. They won't get, the poor class, they won't have no chance to go to Harvard College because men who is getting $21 a week or $30 a week, I don't care if he gets $80 a week, if he gets a family of five children he can't live and send his child and go to Harvard College if he wants to eat everything nature will give him. If he wants to eat like a cow, and that is the best thing but I want men to live like men. I like men to get everything that nature will give best, because they belong, —— we are not the friend of any other place, but we are belong to nations. So that is why my idea has been changed. So that is why I love people who labor and work and see better conditions every day develop, makes no more war. We no want fight by the gun, and we don't want to destroy young men. The mother been suffering for building the young man. Some day need a little more bread, so when the time the mother get some bread or profit out of that boy, the Rockefellers, Morgans, and some of the peoples, high class, they send to war. Why? What is war? The war is not shoots like Abraham Lincoln's and Abe Jefferson, to fight for the free country, for the better education to give chance to any other peoples, not the white people but the black and the others, because they believe and know they are mens like the rest, but they are war for the great millionaire. No war for the civilization of men. They are war for business, million dollars come on the side. What right we have to kill each other? I been work for the Irish. I have been working with the German fellow, with the French, many other peoples. I love them people just as I could love my wife, and my people for that did receive me. Why should I go kill them men? What he done to me? He never done anything, so I don't believe in no war. I want to destroy those guns. All I can say, the Government put

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the literature, give us educations. I remember in Italy, a long time ago, about sixty years ago, I should say, yes, about sixty years ago, the Government they could not control very much those two,—devilment went on, and robbery, so one of the government in the cabinet he says, 'If you want to destroy those devilments, if you want to take off all those criminals, you ought to give a chance to Socialist literature, education of people, emancipation'. That is why I destroy governments, boys. That is why my idea I love Socialists. That is why I like people who want education and living, building, who is good, just as much as they could. That is all."

VII

July 7th was the date of this oration. Three days previously all patriots had celebrated the Declaration of Independence, with its opening assertion that "all men are created equal". If the author of that document, "Abe Jefferson", could have been present in the Dedham court-house, he would have been able to understand the blundering protest of an uneducated foreigner, chained for life to an edge-trimming machine in a shoe-factory. But not so this jury, not this judge nor this prosecuting attorney! To them it was treason; and the moment the orator ceased, the wolverine or lynx was on his neck again. "And that is why you love the United States of America? She is back more than twenty centuries like Spain, is she?"

Worse yet, the presumptuous wop had dared to insult Harvard College! The district attorney waited until after lunch, to refresh himself and gather his energies to deal with such insolence. "Did you say in substance you could not send your boy to Harvard? Don't you know Harvard educates more boys of poor people free than any other university in the United States of America?" The defense lawyers objected, but were overruled, and poor Sacco had to answer.

But alas, poor Nick was not an authority on educational statistics, and could only say that he didn't know; thereby confessing to a more serious crime than first degree murder. Said the outraged Mr. Katzmann: "So without the light of knowledge on that subject, you are condemning even Harvard University, are you, as being a place for rich men?"

More argument, more interruptions; the defense lawyers protesting, Judge Thayer overruling them—he and Katzmann like two skillful basket-ball players, keeping the ball in play between them and working it down the field to the goal. "Did you intend to condemn Harvard College?" (Objection overruled). "Were you ready to say none but the rich could go there without knowing about offering scholarships?" (Objection overruled). "Does your boy go to the public schools? Are there any schools in the town you come from in Italy that compare with the school your boy goes to?" (Objection). And then, free nursing in the town of Stoughton! The number of children in the schools of Boston, and what did Sacco know about it! Said Mr. McAnarney: "I object to that answer. I object to the question and the answer". Said Judge Thayer: "The question may stand, and the answer also".

To Cornelia Thornwell, watching this scene, listening to these interminable wrangles, this was not a real procedure in a court; this was some kind of crazy dream, a world of cross-questions and crooked answers, another Alice in Wonderland. Yes, that was it—Cornelia was in the home of the White Rabbit and the March Hare, the Mock Turtle and the Queen of Hearts! "He's murdering the time! Off with his head!" A world where things changed their form suddenly, where they grew enormously big and terrifying and then shrunk to littleness, so that you had to laugh at them! A world in which a blond and genial gentleman with bursting red pulpy face turned suddenly into a wolverine or lynx, chewing a deer's neck—and then into a basketball player, romping down a field with a judge! Anything but a responsible public official, conducting a judicial procedure involving human life!

> I'll be judge, I'll be jury,
> Said cunning old Fury;
> I'll try the whole case and condemn you
> to death!

They got onto the question of the literature which Sacco and Vanzetti claimed they had been intending to gather up. "Books relating to anarchy, were they not?" "Not all of them." "How many of them?" "Well all together. We are Socialists, democratic, any other socialistic information, Socialists, Syndicalists, Anarchists, any paper." They discussed for a while what they had intended to do with the literature, whether it was to

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be destroyed or only hidden for a while. Sacco admitted it was to be hidden. "Certainly, because they are educational for book, educational." Said the prosecutor: "An education in anarchy, wasn't it?" Said the witness: "Why, certainly. Anarchistic is not criminals". This greatly incensed the district attorney—a reaction which threw a revealing light upon his purpose in the inquiry. "I did not ask you if they are criminals or not. Nor are you to pass upon that, sir."

On and on, with no end in sight. Presently the wolverine or lynx was back at his neck-chewing—though you would think his victim must by now be bled to death. "And you are a man who tells this jury that the United States of America is a disappointment to you?" Again an objection of the defense, and the webthayer telling the wolverine or lynx how to proceed. Katzmann, said the judge, had made the mistake of "assuming" that Sacco was the man. So of course Katzmann took the hint, and framed it as a question; *was* Sacco the man? The lawyers again objected, and the judge overruled, and the lawyers asked an exception, and then the victim couldn't understand the phrase, "passed judgment upon the United States of America", and it had to be explained to him: "Well, told us about how disappointed you were, and what you did not find and what you expected to find. Are you that man?" Yes, Sacco admitted, he was the man; and the jury was greatly enlightened.

VIII

The ordeal was over at last, and a court official came to Cornelia Thornwell, saying that His Honor would like to see her in his chambers.

He had taken off his black silk robe and hung it on a hook, and was now a quite ordinary little old man, small, narrow-shouldered, with white hair and a feeble chin and bloodless complexion. He rose from his chair and bowed her to a seat, and she saw that his hands were trembling, and his blinking worse than usual—he was a tired old man, who had been through a severe ordeal and was wrought up and suffering. He was fussy in his manner, over-cordial and lacking in repose; he repeated himself, saying the same words several times: "Now, Mrs. Thornwell, you see, you see! You see what I told you about those men!"

"How do you mean, Judge Thayer?"

"You heard the testimony that fellow Sacco gave? You see he admits it, he admits the worst—they are arnychists, of the most desperate character—they say it, defiantly—they defy the court and all society!"

"But, Judge Thayer, I have always known they were anarchists. I don't understand they are on trial for anarchism."

"No, but it shows their character, their ideas. They have no respect for the law—they are men who would commit crimes."

"But I heard Sacco's employer testify that he was a good workman, that he had not been absent from his machine but one day in a long time—he was trusted with the keys to the factory—he had been a night-watchman ——"

"Oh, but Mrs. Thornwell, you should hear what Kelley says outside!"

"What do you mean, what Kelley says?"

"I cannot tell you his words, they are not fit for a lady's ears; the substance of it is that Kelley is afraid to tell the truth about what he thinks of Sacco."

"Judge Thayer, you appal me!"

"How do you mean, madame?"

"You are going outside the testimony of the case, considering gossip that people bring you, things that the witnesses are unwilling to say under oath!"

"I am dealing with people who are terrorized. You cannot imagine the condition in this community, the time we have had getting men to come forward and testify at all. Think of the situation, Mrs. Thornwell—what it means, where it was necessary to summon nearly seven hundred veniremen in order to get a jury!"

"And so you think that our legal system has broken down, and you throw it overboard! I have read that men were executed upon the gossip of spies in Turkey under the sultans, and in Russia under the tsars, but I did not know we had come to that in Massachusetts."

The old man's face showed that he had blood in him after all. He held up a shaking hand to stop her. "Mrs. Thornwell, it is a grave impropriety for you to address such words to a judge who is presiding over a trial!"

Cornelia rose. "You well know I did not seek this meeting, Judge Thayer. If it is your idea that you are free to say what you please in condemnation of these men, and that impropriety begins when you hear what you do not wish to hear, then I would advise

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you to confine your talks to your social inferiors, for I have not been brought up to carry on conversation on that basis."

The furious old martinet had risen, trembling so that he had to hold onto the back of the chair to sustain himself. His voice became shrill—it was like a thin strip of steel. "Mrs. Thornwell, I deeply regret having to say such a thing to you, but it amounts to contempt of court, what you have said to a judge while he is sitting upon a case."

"I will leave your chambers," said Cornelia, haughtily, "and trust that you will refrain from troubling me with further invitations. But I will not fail to tell you what is the opinion of every disinterested person in the court-room—that the scenes witnessed today constitute a travesty upon justice, the worst I have ever heard of in my life!"

She started to the door. But even than the old man could not give up. He came hurrying behind her, stretching out a hand that seemed to be palsied. "Mrs. Thornwell! I warn you! You are letting yourself be deceived! You are being used by unscrupulous persons! We are surrounded by criminals, by desperate and embittered enemies of our institutions! You owe it to your ancestry and your heritage to stand behind us—we are trying to protect the community—a public service—patriotic duty—a desperate danger —*arnychists—assassination—conspiracy—*" they were snatches of words that Cornelia heard, while she was going down the corridor, not yet out of sound of the shrill metallic voice.

IX

Frank P. Sibley was a star-reporter of the Boston *Globe,* covering this trial in a special effort to be fair. The *Globe* aims to be what is known as a "family newspaper", and has become one of the wealthiest in America upon a policy of publishing the name of everybody in Eastern Massachusetts not less than twice every year. It gives pages of local gossip from every town and village: "For the Friday evening meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church a delicious walnut cake was provided by Mrs. Amanda Lubb, who is visiting her niece, Mrs. Peter Bobbs of Scrugham Corners", and so on. Sibley, one of three men who wrote a column of sentimental comment, signed "Uncle Dudley", in the *Globe,* was an old-fashioned Bostonian, having notions of honor and dignity now going out of fashion. He was covering this murder trial as a high civic duty, signing his daily articles, and taking them very seriously.

And here he saw the judge on the bench, forcing himself upon newspapermen, insisting upon talking about the case with them, such an impropriety as had never been heard of. Judge Thayer joining reporters walking back to the court-house from lunch, asking them what they thought of his conduct of the case; telling them of other murder trials he had conducted, and of compliments he had received from justices of the Supreme Judicial Court of the Commonwealth for his skillful handling and exact rulings! Sibley could not tell such things in his paper, for that was not what several hundred thousand families of Eastern Massachusetts wanted to read with their morning codfish balls. But he thought it his duty to write a letter to the attorney-general of the Commonwealth —to which that blue-blood gentleman thought it his duty to make no reply!

Did a rumor come to Judge Thayer? Or was there something in the attitude of the newspapermen which conveyed, even to his obtuse mind, that he was not "making a hit"? Anyhow, he was anxious; and now in that private dining-room of the Dedham Inn where the reporters lunched and discussed their stories, comparing notes so as to protect one another from error, they were surprised to have the judge come up to them without warning and announce: "I think I am entitled to have a statement published in the Boston papers that this trial is being conducted in a fair and impartial manner".

Naturally, the group of men at the table were taken aback. Even a newspaper reporter must respect somebody, and who should it be if not the learned judge of the Superior Court, presiding at a trial which involved the attendance of some two hundred persons, and was costing the county of Norfolk some two thousond dollars per day?

Thayer turned to the star-reporter of the *Globe.* "Sibley, you're the oldest. What do you think? Is this trial being fairly and impartially conducted?" And Sibley had to think in a hurry. "Your Honor, I have never seen anything like it." His Honor stood and pondered that compliment. Some little bird must have whispered to him that it would be better to take it at face value; he turned on his heel and walked out of the room.

And now came the cross-questioning of

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Sacco, with the judge on the bench delivering his elaborate sneer at the defense: "Are you going to claim that your client, in collecting this literature, was acting in the interest of the United States?" The question revealed such an obvious effort to distort Sacco's meaning, and expose him to the prejudice and hatred of the jury, that Sibley quoted the sentence in his story; with the result that during the recess he found himself summoned into the judge's chambers. His Honor took him to task for having quoted such a sentence; no such question had been asked, and the judge had verified it by getting the transcript of his remarks. He presented to Sibley a typewritten record, upon which the question did not appear.

Sibley, of course, was embarrassed, and said that he had written the sentence down as he heard it; he could only assume that his hearing had played his false. He was about to ask if the judge wished him to publish a retraction, when the bailiff entered, announcing that the jury had arrived. The judge entered court, and so did Sibley. Next day, when the actual record of the case was available, the reporter consulted it, and found that it showed Judge Thayer's question, in the exact words quoted in the *Globe!* Five times the old man had asked that question explicitly, and several times more by implication; but now he had got frightened, and in an effort to cheat the public and hide the truth he had gone to the extreme of preparing a doctored version of the record, and trying to palm it off on a reporter!

X

The funds of the defense had run out. A collection was taken among the sympathizers at the trial, and six hundred dollars raised; but that was not enough. Cornelia wrote letters and sent telegrams; then, in one of those moods of mischief which had always been incomprehensible to the Thornwells, she called up her daughter, Deborah, at the North Shore place. "Deborah, there is some trouble, very serious—something I must see you about at once. No, I can't talk about it over the telephone, you must come here to Dedham." She used, as nearly as she could remember, the words by which Deborah had summoned her to Boston. The daughter, of course, thought instantly of Betty and Joe, having always this scandal hanging over her head.

It was a drive of two or three hours, and she arrived about lunch-time. Her mother was waiting at the Dedham Inn, and there was Betty, looking very lovely, though pale and tired—no visible trace of a scandal. But there was a trace of tears in the child's eyes—one does not so easily sever family ties—even during the class struggle! "What is it?" asked Deborah, of her mother.

Cornelia replied that they couldn't talk about it here. "Wait until the afternoon session is over."

"You mean of the court?"

"Yes, my child, I cannot miss this afternoon, there is to be some important testimony. You come with me."

"To a murder-trial, Mother!"

"Surely, if I can stand a murder-trial, my daughter can!"

They sat in the court-room; Deborah straight as a ramrod, motionless for three hours. Her manner said, "Do not assume that I have any interest in this, or that I give it my sanction." She heard Guadagni, journalist and lecturer, telling the story of his lunch with Sacco in Boston on the day of the South Braintree crime. The murders had been committed at a little after three; and from one to two, or later, Guadagni had been chatting with Sacco, discussing the banquet being given by a group of Italians in honor of the editor of the Boston *Transcript* who had been decorated by the king of Italy in recognition of his services in getting America into the war. The affair took place that same day—which was how Guadagni fixed the date; Fred Katzmann strove in vain to make him admit that it might have been some other day.

"You know, Mother," said Deborah, when it was over, "those Italians don't think anything at all of telling lies to help one another out of trouble."

"Yes, my dear, I know," said Cornelia. "It's just like the men of our own family, sitting up nights fixing their stories for the Jerry Walker case."

And when they were outside again, apart from the crowd, and the danger of reporters, "Well, what do you think of our boys, Deborah?"

"You mean those two prisoners? Mother, I don't see how you can force yourself to tolerate such people! Dark, sinister-looking—"

"Most Italians are dark; but that doesn't make them murderers."

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Deborah shuddered. "I feel the hate in them—something frightful! Those set, intent faces—"

"My child, they are intent upon the question of whether they are going to the electric chair. It seems really important to them."

They went to Cornelia's room in the hotel, and she lay down to rest. Deborah sat up straight. "Now, Mother, what is it?"

So Cornelia told her: "My dear, I have to pain you, I must sell my jewels."

"Mother! What do you mean?"

"The defense has run out of funds, and I am not going to let those boys lose the chance for their lives. I must have some cash, and there is nothing I can think of but to sell my jewels."

"But Mother, how dreadful!" Deborah was shocked into incoherence. The family heirlooms—they were priceless—treasures with spiritual associations—surely the children had some rights!

"You miss the point, my child," interrupted Cornelia. "I want to sell them to *you*."

Deborah said, "Oh!" She looked at her mother—no trace of a smile on the little round face, no twinkle in the soft brown eyes! Deborah said, "Oh!" again, and began to realize that this was another manifestation of that sense of humor which her father had found so untimely. It was clear that she was in a trap, no way out. So with no more ado she went to her handbag, took out her checkbook and fountain-pen, sat at the desk, and created five thousand dollars.

XI

Other witnesses testified to the alibi of Sacco, supporting Guadagni. Dentamore, a bank department manager, had joined them in Beni's restaurant, opposite Paul Revere's old home in North Square, and took part in the talk about the banquet which the Italians were giving to the editor of the Boston *Transcript*. A Boston grocer testified that Sacco had paid him a bill on that day; he had his notebook, with the payment entered. Also there was a deposition from Guiseppe Adrower, who had been a clerk in the Italian consulate in Boston for six years, and now in Italy. In this deposition, sworn to before the American consul general in Rome, Adrower identified a picture of Sacco, his wife, and their son, as a photograph Sacco presented at the consulate on April 15, 1920. This picture, offered by Sacco for use on a passport, had been rejected as too large. Adrower corroborated Sacco's testimony concerning his difficulties at the consulate. Eugene Lyons had gone to Italy expressly to obtain that deposition.

There was more alibi evidence for Vanzetti. His friend Alfonsina Brini took the stand and told how he had sold her fish that morning, and brought Rosen to sell her cloth that afternoon. The district attorney was so angry in his cross-questioning that he made her cry; it seemed to him unpardonable that she should have made an alibi for Bart on two separate days, for two separate crimes; he would not realize that Bart had been practically a member of the Brini family ever since his coming to Plymouth nine years back, and that all the Brinis saw him every day. The district attorney made Mrs. Brini stand up while he read into the record a stipulation to the effect that she had testified to an alibi for Vanzetti on another occasion. The jury was not supposed to know anything about the Plymouth trial and conviction, but of course they did know all about it, and smiled to one another while this statement was read. The lawyer fellows were trying to tie red tape over their eyes, but they would not be blinded!

Another legal hocus-pocus: in order to avoid having the Plymouth conviction brought into evidence, the defense had had to agree not to introduce character witnesses for either defendent. Now the prosecution came forward with a demand that the jury be instructed to disregard all evidence as to the good character of either defendant. So Cornelia Thornwell heard one of those voices which had cried to her in vain in Plymouth county-jail; not a ghostly voice, but the far-seeing Vanzetti! The very trick he had explained to her—his enemies had made a convict of him, and now were using his conviction to cast a cloud over both him and Nick, to send them to their deaths. Mr. Katzmann put on his sternest manner and read to the jury the stipulation, at once so tricky and so cruel:

"The Commonwealth assents to the request of both the defendants that all evidence heretofore offered in the course of this trial to the effect that one or both of said defendants bore the reputation of being peaceful and law-abiding citizens, be stricken from

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the record of this trial, and that such evidence heretofore offered be entirely disregarded by the jury so that the result of striking same from the record there is no evidence before the jury that either or both of said defendants bore the reputation of being a peaceful and law-abiding citizen."

All in vain the years that Nicola Sacco had worked for the Three-K Shoe Company, earning from forty to sixty dollars a week as expert shoe-worker, with extra pay as night-watchman for long periods. All in vain those annual gardens full of ripe red tomatoes, and the surplus given to Mr. Kelley, the boss! All in vain the ten dollars a week Rosina had put by, till they had fifteen hundred in the savings-bank, with the record of deposits to show that it had been got by labor, not by hold-ups! All in vain the hard toil which Bartolomeo Vanzetti had performed in stone-quarries and brickyards, on railroads and reservoirs! In vain his years as fish-peddler, the friendship of hundreds of Italian housewives, of little Italian children, so that when they heard of his dreadful fate they wept and wrung their hands, and would never cease to talk about him all the days of their lives! In vain his plea, "Save Nick, he got the wife and kids!" Again the lawyers made their demands for separate trials, but Judge Thayer stood firm to save the funds of Norfolk County. Ten thousand dollars a week for seven weeks was all two wops were worth!

XII

Cornelia was not surprised when Lee Swenson asked her to have lunch with him; nor when he got a table apart from others, and looked about to make sure there was no listener. "Well, Nonna, what do you think of our chances?"

"I don't know what to think, Lee. I have no experience. You must tell me."

"Well, I think that speech of Sacco's finished us."

"Oh, Lee!" Something went weak inside Cornelia, and she lost interest in lunch. She sat staring before her. "Lee, how can they convict men on such evidence? I have kept a record: thirty-one witnesses have said Vanzetti was not the man; twelve others, put on by the prosecution, ought to have known him for the man if he really was, and they didn't." She went on, clamoring her protest. Not one of the witnesses who identified Bart or Nick had ever known them before, or claimed to have seen them before; in every case it was a question of remembering strangers, and to American eyes half the Italians in the world looked like Sacco!

"Yes, Nonna," said Lee, patiently.

"And the least time afterwards was three weeks—everybody had three weeks to forget what the bandits looked like! Some, like Goodridge and Pelzer, had nearly a year!"

"It's the jury you have to convince, Nonna—not me!"

"But you must make that clear to them, Lee!"

"I'll do so, never fear. But I can't deny that they are anarchists; I can't deny that our principal witnesses are Italians. Those are the fatal admissions."

They sat, with the food on their plates growing cold; something which had happened to them many times. Life or death was in the balance. Should Lee Swenson, in his speech to the jury, stress the lack of evidence against Vanzetti? If he did so, he might get Vanzetti off. But if Lee knew anything about the Yankee jury, they would soak Nick all the harder; and Bart had positively forbidden it to be done. Once again he commanded, "Save Nick, he got the wife and kids!"

They groped in the dark, and beat bare hands against stone walls; they heard in imagination those warning voices which were to haunt the rest of their lives. If only they had known this, if only they had done that! They went back to the court-room, and the case for the defense was closed. And next day the prosecution put on its rebuttal witnesses—one of them Henry Hellyer, the Pinkerton operative "H. H."! He came to discredit one of the defense witnesses, and the bland Katzmann questioned him, serenely sure about those secrets, locked in his head, which would have blown the case of the prosecution higher than a kite. Actually, Hellyer had in his hand the reports he had turned in on his investigations, and when he was uncertain, he said, "I can find out"—and he examined his notes, right there before everybody. And the defense had no idea what was in those notes, no suspicion of the chance they were losing! The bland Katzmann turned the witness over to Mr. McAnarney, and that gentleman said, "No questions, if Your Honor please." The voices of all the future, shouting into the ears of the defense, were heard by no one. Not a single

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"hunch", not a dream, not a spirit-voice or a telepathic message!

XIII

Next morning Lee Swenson and Fred Moore pleaded the case of the defense, and then the bland prosecutor rose to close the arguments. He had four hours in which to apply those arts he had learned during eleven years service to the Commonwealth; four hours in which the minds of these twelve good Yankees and true belonged to him, to mould and shape as he would.

For seven weeks they had listened to testimony, most of it dull and soporific, obscurely related to the main issue. Lawyers had wrangled, using long technical real terms beyond the grasp of uneducated men. The total amount of testimony was thirty-nine hundred typewritten pages, more than a million words. To study them, and analyze their meaning and relationships, to digest them and evaluate them would occupy a brilliant legal mind several months; and there were two real-estate men, two machinists, a grocer, a mason, a stock-keeper, a clothing salesman, a mill-operative, a shoemaker, a last-maker and a farmer. They could not assimilate the evidence, and they would not have either time or opportunity to try. They must make some sort of guess; and in doing it they would be guided by the two men they most respected, the district attorney and the judge.

The wops and most of their lawyers were "furriners"; but the genial and friendly prosecutor was their county official, whom they had elected. He was honest, he was conscientious; he told them so, in grave and weighty words: "Gentlemen, there is some responsibility upon the Commonwealth. There is some responsibility upon a prosecutor who produces witnesses whose evidence tends to prove murder. He may think well. He should think long, and he should always have his intelligence and his conscience with him before he puts the stamp of approval of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts upon him as a credible witness before he takes the stand seeking to prove the guilt of men and if proven will result in their death".

From the point of view of prosody that statement could have been improved; but the jurors knew what it meant. This was Fred Katzmann, the prominent and successful, and he was going to tell them the truth. Pretty soon he was telling them: for example, about Lola Andrews—a distracted, hysterical female, who had stultified herself several times in Mr. Katzmann's presence. Now he told the jury what to believe about her: "I have been in this office, gentlemen, for now more than eleven years. I cannot recall in that too long service for the Commonwealth that ever before I have laid eye or given ear to so convincing a witness as Lola Andrews". Concerning Pelzer he told them that the witness had twice falsified, but was "big and manly enough now to tell you of his prior falsehoods and his reasons for them". (The reasons were cowardice.) Concerning Levangie, who had identified Vanzetti as driver of the bandit-car, he asked the jury to believe that Levangie had seen Vanzetti in the car, but thought he had seen him driving when he wasn't!

And then the amazing incident of the cap. Nicola Sacco had had two caps, one that he was wearing when arrested, the other which the police had got from his home afterwards. Nick did not see this latter until the trial, fourteen months later. While he was on the stand it was suddenly held up, and he was asked if it was his. He did not know what to think—the prosecutor might be playing some trick upon him, getting him to recognize a cap which was not his cap, and then accusing him of lying. All he could say was, "It looks like my cap", and again, "I think it is my cap, yes". Badgered about it, and told to put it on, he finally was brought to say, "I don't know. That cap looks too dirty to me . . . It look like, but it is probably dirt—probably dirty after"—meaning that it was dirty after the police had kept it for a year and shown it about.

That was what Nick said; and now behold the outraged Mr. Katzmann, storming before the jury: "But that is not all, gentlemen. He has falsified to you before your very faces. . . . he would not admit, gentlemen, that the cap was his!" Fred Moore interrupted, on behalf of the defense, declaring that this was not a fair account of what was in the record. But Judge Thayer failed to make the facts clear to the jury, and Katzmann went right ahead: "Why, gentlemen, deny the ownership of that cap?"

And then the Proctor incident; a long, detailed argument to the jury, to the effect that two experts had testified that the "mortal bullet", taken from the body of Berardelli,

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had come from Sacco's revolver. Said Katzmann: "You might disregard all the identification testimony, and base your verdict on the testimony of these experts". And all the time Katzmann knowing that he had framed a trick question, to which Captain Proctor could answer yes, and fool the jury as to what he really believed. Two years later, when Proctor made affidavit to this trick, both Katzmann and his assistant, Williams, made answering affidavits—and they were trick answers, seeming to deny Proctor's statements, but in reality not denying them!

From half past two in the afternoon until seven in the evening a court-room packed solid with human beings listened to the district attorney deal with witness after witness in that spirit. The Supreme Judicial Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts has never specifically declared that a prosecuting attorney must be fair; and Katzmann himself, five years later, would be cynically flippant on the subject. When it was pointed out how he had concealed the witnesses Kelly and Kennedy from the defense, because they said that Vanzetti was not in the bandit-car, Katzmann would argue before his friend Judge Thayer, as one lawyer to another lawyer: "I wonder if Mr. Thompson has not an exaggerated and too ethical notion of the functions of a district attorney".

But nothing like that now! To this jury he was the lover of truth, the noble-minded, upright friend of justice. "Gentlemen, there is some responsibility upon the Commonwealth. There is some responsibility upon a prosecutor . . . He should think long, and he should always have his intelligence and his conscience with him." Also he should be a patriot, he should incite the prejudices of the jurors. When he comes to the end of a four and a half hour tirade, exhausted, dripping with perspiration in the heat of a crowded court-room, he should remember that the prisoners are wops, while the jurymen are Yankees; his final words should be a call to local solidarity:

"Gentlemen of the jury, do your duty. Do it like men. *Stand together, you men of Norfolk!*"

XIV

Next day was Bastille Day in France, and the day a new Bastille was built in America. Web Thayer mounted his throne and delivered his charge to the jury. The throne was banked round with flowers, gifts from admirers of law and order; and Web's discourse began in a lofty and emotional strain, as if affected by the intoxicating perfumes. "The Commonwealth of Massachusetts called upon you to render a most important service. Although you knew that such service would be arduous, painful and tiresome, yet you, like the true soldier, responded to that call in the spirit of supreme American loyalty. There is no better word in the English language than 'loyalty'." Thus again he related the trial with the dead bodies brought back from France, and the patriotic exercises going on all over the country.

The judge was supposed to be guiding the jury through the mazes of technicalities, explaining the law, what they were to decide and what not. He took two hours for his oration and used more than half of it in legal generalities and more exhortations. He talked about God and country, state and fellowmen, and the highest and noblest type of true American citizenship "than which there is no grander in the entire world". He talked about the pure waters of the government, "the grandest and noblest in the civilized world", and he talked about "the day that little band of pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock". He used up so much time in that way that when he came to the mass of identification testimony, he could deal with it only briefly and in abstract terms. To the alibi testimony of the two defendants he gave only a couple of paragraphs, and without mentioning any witness specifically.

But he found time for an elaborate discussion of "motive" in connection with crime. In great detail and at great length he explained that the motive in the South Braintree crime was robbery. That was something never disputed by the defense, and therefore needless to mention. The question was not if the South Braintree murderer had committed murder, but whether Sacco and Vanzetti had been at South Braintree. When the judge proceeded to deal with the wrong issue, it was plain enough that he was throwing dust into the jury's eyes.

And then the "consciousness of guilt", upon which Thayer was to hammer during the next six years of the case! He had deliberately obscured this issue, by excluding the testimony about Salsedo and Elia; and now he proceeded to give more than one-fifth of his time to explaining to the jury

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what might have been in the minds of two men who lied to the police when they were arrested. The judge who had not mentioned a single alibi witness now found time to deal, point by point, and in great detail, with the testimony of the arresting police officers, and of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, to whose place Boda and Orciani, Sacco and Vanzetti, had come on the night of the arrest. The judge's charge called up the most dark and sinister images. "If a person is willing to use a deadly weapon such as a revolver upon an arresting officer in order to gain his liberty, what would you naturally expect would be the quality of the crime of which such person would be consciously guilty?"

And then the testimony about the bullet. Did the judge know about the catch in Captain Proctor's testimony? At any rate he told the jury that the captain of the State Police had testified: "it was his (Sacco's) pistol that fired the bullet that caused the death of Berardelli". Two years later Web Thayer would be twisting and turning and wriggling like one of Vanzetti's Christmas eels, to make people think he was denying that he had said that to the jury; but there were his words, and they were false, and they sealed the fate of the two anarchist wops. Had not the great Mr. Katsmann told them, only the afternoon before: "You might disregard all the identification testimony, and base your verdict on the testimony of these experts". To exhausted and bewildered jurymen, looking for a life-line, there was something to hang on to; and they did so. Headed by their flag-saluting foreman, who had said, "Damn them, they ought to hang anyhow!" the twelve good Yankees and true retired to the jury-room to deliberate.

XV

A hot summer afternoon; the jury locked in its room upstairs in the court-house; the prisoners back in their cells in the jail; the judge in his chambers; the lawyers, the court officials, the reporters, sitting about the grounds, under the heavy shade-trees—the two sides, prosecution and defense, keeping rigidly apart, a miniature war.

Cornelia went to her room in the hotel. She could not sit up; but then she could not lie down; she would get up and pace about, doing odd things, aimlessly; impossible to read, impossible to think consecutively; if anyone spoke, you started; if the telephone rang, you went faint. No one had eaten; the very thought of food made your stomach uneasy. Betty would sit by the bedside and try to comfort her grandmother.

At six o'clock they went out, and strolled towards the court-house. The jury-room was dark—Judge Thayer had ordered the twelve taken to supper. Swenson and Moore were sitting on the grass—in their shirt-sleeves, something shocking to the proprieties of this staid New England town. Workingmen might do such a thing, but never gentlemen—unless they came from the wild and woolly west; it was almost enough to convict their clients. They put on their coats and stood up when they saw the ladies coming; they discussed the rumors, which had begun to fly—how the jury looked, what a court officer had been heard to whisper. Lee held Cornelia's arm. "Keep a stiff upper lip, Nonna! There are many legal tricks—this isn't the end!" "Oh, Lee! then you think ——" "I don't think —— I wait! But prepare for anything."

The jury was back again from supper. The lights were shining in the upstairs room, the shades down. Now and then a shadow moved across. Irresistably your fancy was drawn to that room; impossible to be in any other place, to think of any other thing. The twelve good men and true would be arguing; now and then they would take a ballot; they would question the ones who disagreed, find out what was troubling them, argue again, cite this detail and that, seeking to change the doubters—but which way? Surely in all that group there must be some who could think—some who could realize the hazardous nature of the evidence—the almost complete lack of proof concerning Bart! But no, Mr. Katzmann had told them that the reason the defense had concentrated its arguments on Sacco was because they considered the case of Vanzetti hopeless! He had said—

"What were you saying, Lee?" The lawyer had made a remark about the swallows; they didn't have that kind in the west. Yes, he was trying to help her, to distract her mind! It was kind of him; he was one of the kindest of men. She said: "Do they fly all night, Lee? Or does the judge order them to bed?" And she did not know that he smiled.

XVI

It was five minutes to eight o'clock. Suddenly one of the little groups in front of

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the court-house began to melt and flow into the building. One, and then another. People were going inside! Then loungers about the square began to notice it, people in the corner drug-store; like magic the word spread—the jury was ready! One of the guards condescended to tell the lawyers—the sheriff had telephoned to bring the prisoners over. It took about ten minutes to fetch them; and in that time the court-room was crowded, and half the town of Dedham thronged outside. The doors were locked, the state police with their rifles guarding the doors.

The prisoners in their cage; Vanzetti tense, anxious, his brows knitted; Sacco pale, almost green. A deep silence; then came the jury filing in. One glance was enough; every man had his eyes fixed on the floor. Lee Swenson made a gesture of despair. Cornelia saw it; and caught Betty by the arm.

The jury was polled; they answered faintly to their names. Said the judge, "You will please take the verdict". Said the clerk, "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verict?" Said the foreman, "We have".

The jurors rose; the prisoners rose; they stood facing one another. "Nicola Sacco!" said the clerk, "hold up your right hand. What say you, Mr. Foreman, is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty," said the flag-saluting foreman. "Damn them, they ought to hang anyhow," added a voice from within him; but the clerk did not hear that.

"Of murder?" said the clerk.

"Yes."

"Murder in the first degree?"

"Yes."

"On two indictments?"

"Yes."

There was a pause.

"Bartolomeo Vanzetti, hold up your right hand. What say you, Mr. Foreman, is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty."

"Of murder?"

"Yes."

"Murder in the first degree?"

"Yes."

"On two indictments?"

"Yes."

A look of incredulity was on the face of Vanzetti. He could not realize that this had happened to him. He stood with his hand still in the air, like a statue. The dead, expressionless face of the old judge was gray. "Gentlemen of the jury, as I did this morning, I again offer you thanks for the services you have rendered. You may now go to your homes, from which you have been absent for nearly seven weeks. We will now adjourn."

The bailiff began his familiar formula: "Hear ye! Hear ye!" But now Sacco realized what had been done to him; he shouted above the bailiff: "Sono innocente!" And then to the jurors, who were filing from the court-room, "Two innocent men! You kill two innocent men!"

Mrs. Sacco had been close behind the cage. At her husband's cry she leaped to her feet and rushed to him, and flung her arms about his neck. "You bet your life!" she cried—the only way she knew of being emphatic in this strange tongue. "Oh, Nick! They kill my man!" Her shrieks rang through the room—a terrible moment; women began to weep.

Sacco stood, caressing his wife, trying to comfort her; Vanzetti still like a statue—not a sound from him. But Rosina's shrieks rose louder and louder; she fought away the lawyers who tried to disengage her hands; she was a wild thing, possessed of more than human strength; she thought they were going to take Nick away and electrocute him that night, and the lawyers tried to explain to her the refinements of American law—the appeals and technicalities, the infinitudes of red tape, the millions of words to be printed and the hundreds of thousands of dollars to be spent. But she only shrieked the louder, "They kill my man! I got two children—what I do?"

Until at last the stern policemen pulled her hands away, and forced her back, and formed a ring with her outside. Quickly they locked the hand-cuffs upon the pair—an old story to the police, American efficiency. Snappy orders, "All ready! March!" Through the door they went, the state police closing about them, twenty-five men in a solid bunch, guns ready. "Stand back! Out of the way there? Forward, march!" The sheriff's men flung a line across the street, holding the curious onlookers, while down the street into the twilight went prisoners and escort, tramp, tramp, tramp! Anarchists, who do not believe in organization, learn a lesson from the grim efficient Commonwealth!

(*To be continued next month*)

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FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

By Beverly Stark

LIFE AND I. *By Gamaliel Bradford. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.*

AT times somewhat ponderous, somewhat didactic, somewhat Olympian, this "autobiography of humanity" is none the less well worth a vast amount of careful reading. It is not a book to be begun and finished at a single sitting; but to be weighed, considered, and slowly digested in the course of many sittings. It is the autobiography of a singularly rich mind that has mellowed wide reading with meditation; and it reflects and explains the processes of evolution of earlier books that have been deemed important. Perhaps not quite "a book for all time", to quote from the glowing wrapper endorsement, it is unquestionably a book for next year as well as for this.

Mr. Bradford writes of Love and I; Power and I; Beauty and I; Thought and I; Christ and I; Christ and Not-I; Christ and More than I; and Christ and I and God. In his earlier chapters he tells much of the method of sifting employed in writing what he calls his "psychographical" studies. In analyzing men he found it of extreme interest to trace the attitude of their wives. In the specific case of James G. Blaine he considered particularly illuminating Mrs. Blaine's sentence: "I do not say that he is the best man that ever lived, but that of the men I have thoroughly known he is the best". Mr. Bradford had found conversation extremely disappointing, especially as compared with books, and echoes the opinions expressed by the Duchess of Albany: "They (books) are the only pleasure of a reasonable person who has passed a certain age; for conversation is mediocre, and ramblingly inadequate, and always uninformed".

Naturally there is an abundance of literary anecdote and allusion. In his chapter on "Beauty and I" he considers some of the aspects of the creative process, comparing Trollope's method of simply starting with a certain conception of certain characters and letting them develop their own adventures and relations, with that of Wilkie Collins, which perhaps represents "the last word of elaborate dove-tailing of every element of structure". The puzzle of Hamlet he ascribes to Shakespeare's habit of never inventing his plots in their entirety, but taking hold of some popular play or novel, letting his imagination work on it, and making profound, perplexing human creatures out of mere dolls and puppets.

To Mr. Bradford Shakespeare's "glorious mastery" over words is ever a source of wonder and delight. Shakespeare, having little formal education, did not grow to the use of words in slow academic and pedantic discipline, but heard them, caught them, loved them, as they fell from the lips of breathing, loving, hating, laughing fellow creatures. "Who in the world," writes Mr. Bradford, "can do with them what he did? Who in the world can so mould them and twine them and load them with spiritual grandeur and insinuating grace? Who can actually create words as he does: to *chapel,* to *inurn,* to *besing,* and hundreds of others, wayward, unruly, astonishingly significant?"

Approaching his somewhat unorthodox chapters dealing with matters of religion, Mr. Bradford suggests that, if it were possible, it would be a most interesting experiment to take a man of average intelligence, with average modern mental training, critical sense, and contact with the world, who had never heard of the Christian religion or anything connected with it, give him the New Testament to read, and get his fresh impression of it. But of course no such experiment could ever be made. As Jules Lemaître said of the great literary classics: "I am condemned never to know them because I know them too well", Mr. Bradford says of the Bible: "We have been so saturated with

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its language, its traditions, its viewpoint, from earliest childhood, that we can never come to it or judge it with any freshness of impression at all".

BRINGING UP MOTHER

By Rachael O. Kallen

PSYCHOLOGICAL CARE OF INFANT AND CHILD. *By John B. Watson. Norton. $2.00.*
THE NERVOUS CHILD AND HIS PARENTS. *By Frank Howard Richardson. Putnam. $2.00.*
THE MENTAL HEALTH OF THE CHILD. *By Douglas A. Thom. Harvard. $1.00.*
HEREDITY AND CHILD CULTURE. *By Henry Dwight Chapin. Dutton. $2.50.*
LIVING WITH OUR CHILDREN. *By Lillian M. Gilbreth. Norton. $2.50.*

EVER since the theories and observations of Dr. Freud gained their vogue, the unfortunate aspects of the mother's rôle in the life of the child have perhaps been more than duly stressed. But one need not lose oneself in the jungles of psychoanalysis. One need only acknowledge the commonplace that the neuroses of adult life have their beginnings in childhood. If it is true that the boy is father to the man, then it cannot help being true that the unadjusted man had a badly brought-up boy for his progenitor, a boy who suffered unhappy experiences and had bad habits imposed upon him in early childhood. And the usual source and matrix of these infantile misfortunes is, unwittingly —Mother!

The discovery that Mother is the menace to her baby's future is not limited to psychoanalysis. Wherever a school of psychology began to consider the problems of the child at school, the investigator was led back to the pre-school child and finally to the infant in arms (a place now recognized to be as improper for an infant as a night club for a clergyman). The result has been the growth in recent years of an extensive and varied literature about the young child, his nature, his needs and his development. Whatever school of psychology a book in this field may represent, it calls up the menace of Mother.

Why is Mother a menace? Because she is closest to her child, most intimately in contact with him during his most plastic period of life. And her contact with him is ruled not by understanding, but—it is a hard thing to say, yet it is the truth as teacher and psychologist see it, and it must be told for Mother's own sake—by emotion (mother love is the name this usually goes by), ignorance, and a combination of laziness and selfishness which is still another emotion. I figure the retort which arises in the mind of the typical American mother who reads what I have just written. It has been made to me times without number by mothers who suddenly found their children difficult. "Of course I am emotional about my child. I can't help that. And perhaps I am ignorant compared with psychologists, but I think a Mother's instinct is truer than all the reasoning in the world. Nobody knows my child as well as I do. But I do resent your saying I am selfish and lazy. Why I would give my life for my child, or work my finger ends to the bone! And then Mother proceeds to spoon-feed two year old Mary because Mary gets so dirty when she is allowed to feed herself. Mary is quite capable of using a spoon and would learn to hold a fork if given half a chance! And Mother dresses five year old Willie from head to toe because it is so much easier than teaching Willie to dress himself.

These books about training infants and bringing up children have really for their purpose bringing up Mother. Mother, and in her, womankind, is educable. I call these five books to witness.

Of the five Dr. Watson's is easily the most important. It truly does what it sets out to do—provide a clear and simple guide that any parent can use to give an infant the safest kind of psychological start. It explains what are the fears of children, how they are caused and how they can be controlled; how to free children from rages and tantrums, how to establish in them proper personal habits. It pleads for an impersonal attitude and scientific candor about sex. And it is unequivocal in its warning about too much "mother love". Dr. Watson is the leader of the Behaviorist school of psychology, and he naturally makes much of

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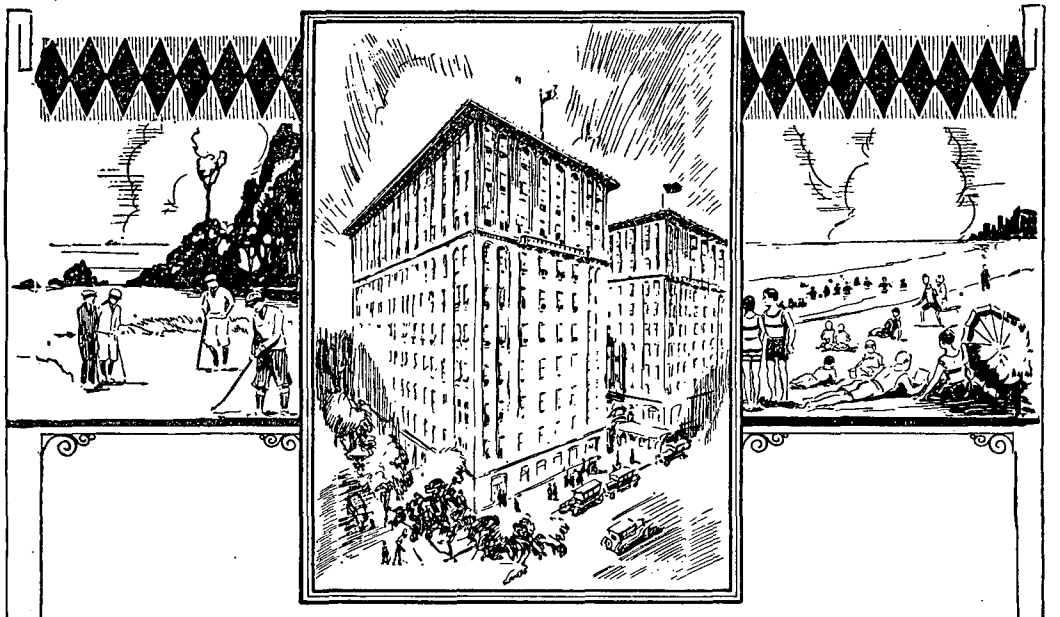

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his doxy in connection with his teachings about children. But the doxy seems to me to be irrelevant. One could believe in Christian Science and still do what he says. For its importance arises from the fact that it is based on more than twenty years' study and experimentation with infants and children (work in which he was later assisted by his wife, Rosalie Rayner Watson, who helped in the preparation of the book) in the Johns Hopkins Hospital, at the Heckscher Foundation, and in private families. I think it may be safely said that a child who is trained according to the methods of Watson will not when he is older need saving by the methods of Freud.

If you are especially careful during the first two years of a child's life you will not have the nervous child of later years, about whom Dr. Richardson writes. He gives wholesome advice on the many specific irregularities of child behavior that trouble parents. Many of the irregularities he reviews are by no means peculiar to nervous children. I suspect that the good doctor had his tongue in his cheek when he named the book "The Nervous Child and His Parents". He knows Mother.

Dr. Thom's book contains the condensed and general advice that a lecturer can sum up in fifty minutes before a Boston audience. "Commonly one hour spent with the parents," this optimistic physician declares, "will accomplish more than many spent exclusively with the child." Even if he has a rosy idea of the time parents need, one must inevitably share his view of their importance. That comes out even more forcibly, because the principle is generalized and includes all adults who influence children, in Dr. Chapin's "Heredity and Child Culture". This book is of the kind that teachers and social workers find useful. Uneven though it is in outline, it brings together in very brief space summaries of the various theories of heredity and expositions of the major physiological, mental and social influences that play upon the life of the growing child, whether at home or in a Home. In a certain sense Mrs. Gilbreth's book is the record of a demonstration. She implies the tale of how one family went over the top in an educational adventure. Her tale might have been a vivid case history. Instead it tells very abstractly how domestic and other sorts of efficiency were orchestrated with a gay family morale and high-power learning. It is a suggestive abstraction but presents, I suspect, the exception which proves the rule. Unless Mrs. Gilbreth and her family can be generalized in fact her record cannot be repeated. At any rate, she is a model for Mother!

IN BLACK AND RED

By Don C. Seitz

BLACK DEMOCRACY: THE STORY OF HAITI. *By H. P. Davis. Dial Press. $5.00.*

UNCLE SAM'S position in Haiti has become much like that of the gentleman in the rough and tumble fight who held his antagonist down by inserting his own nose firmly between the other's teeth, or of the inebriated gentleman who could not lie down without holding on. He is under agreement to get out, but is under obligations to stay lest the work so far done be wasted. Mr. Davis discusses the dilemma intelligently, but is without a remedy in the perplexity. He concludes that "our policy in Haiti should be determined by Congress rather than left solely to the executive departments of the government". This, however, is something better done at the beginning than at the end.

Aside from America's problem, the story of Haiti is one of interest. Largest of the West Indian Islands, outside of Cuba, Hispaniola was the first settlement made by Columbus in the Western world, and the only bit of soil on which the black man has been able to maintain himself against the white—that is, until the American marines took hold. The black Haitians destroyed one of Napoleon's armies with considerable help from Yellow Jack and have had emperors, dictators and presidents in considerable crops. Bloody tales are left behind, but their people have remained unconquerable.

The rich soil and tropic clime make work unnecessary. Barbarism and the jungle keep pace with each other in matching civilization

(*Continued on page* XXX)

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FICTION NOTES

THOMAS BOYD'S new novel, *Shadow of the Long Knives* (Scribner, $2.50), is a graphic account of the battles and treaties between Ohio frontiersmen and the neighboring Indians. It is interesting to find a period in our history habitually romanticized to the point of pure fiction looked upon with the enlightened eyes of post-war realism. Patriotism is clearly revealed as a matter of accident and geography. Angus McDermott, captured and brought up by the Senecas, found it impossible when he rejoined his own people to share their patriotic animosity against the Indians. He chose the only possible medium through which he could express his sympathy: the double rôle of interpreter and peacemaker in the employ of the British, whose commercial interests depended upon peace with the neighboring tribes of Shawanese, Miamis and Delawares. The Revolution in the east passed almost without McDermott's knowledge, his only information being the muttered complaints of his British employers about an undefined gang of "rebels". For this ignorance, his old friends, who had remained in the east and had therefore become loyal Americans, branded him as a traitor. And his wife, while he was attempting to form a confederacy of the Indians to defend their Ohio lands, had planted the seeds of patriotism and a strong distaste for the Indians in the heart of their son George. Everything collapsed at once for McDermott. Young George joined the "rebels" under Mad Anthony Wayne in an attack on the Indians for whose salvation his father was giving his life. The British turned their guns upon the Indians to whom, through McDermott, they had promised protection. The bewildered futility of McDermott's predicament is conveyed with all the significance of a symbol. Mr. Boyd's handling of the local color is admirable. And his battles are made of blood and thunder and brave young men whose uncomprehending loyalty forced them to their guns, now on one side, now on another.

The world-famous Lorelei, having deposited a "Little Mouse" in a "real genuine Italian cradle of one of the oldest centuries", lunched one day at the Algonquin and was inspired by the "envirament" to turn her attention a second time to literature. *But—Gentlemen Marry Brunettes,* by Anita Loos (Boni & Liveright, $2.00), is the story of Dorothy because Lorelei considered that the life of her unrefined brunette girl-friend could not fail to "teach some lesson". A total absence of sentiment made the earlier book a brittle and amusing bit of nonsense. But Miss Loos has to some extent sacrificed her attitude of dispassionate comedian, and there creeps into this second volume that insidious variety of sentiment labelled "pathos" by those who choose to weep rather than laugh at Charlie Chaplin. The cynical wit which characterized Dorothy's conversations in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" is less effective here, because it is counteracted by her indifference to worldly success, her unfailing susceptibility to poverty-stricken gentlemen, and her innocence in general. The matter conflicts with the method. Yet although this book is less essentially comic than its predecessor, many readers will find it more substantial, more moving, and almost as quotable. And there are deliciously satirical scenes in the Algonquin, in which both author and illustrator revel in easily recognizable and extremely funny caricatures.

The English Babbitt has arrived—per Douglas Jerrold, who calls him *Quex* (Cosmopolitan, $2.00). Quex despises industry, hates labor, uses other men as tools and women as a relaxation from the monotonous tread of the machine. Born with the one idea of getting something for nothing, he thoroughly achieves his ambition. Jerrold mocks his hero and sneers at all his other characters. But it is not quite accurate to call "Quex" a story. It is a political-business record of a "big deal" smartly—one might even say showily—written.

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The Scandinavian novels which have reached this country have been characterized by a uniform simplicity and power. Lives uncomplicated by civilized psychological problems, free from affectation and rationalization, make sound and healthy reading for the habitual reader of more sophisticated books. *The Sea King*, by Harry Soiberg (Morrow, $2.50), while lacking in the elements of greatness, is true to the refreshing Scandinavian traditions. Ole Skarpe, the richest and most powerful member of his fishing village, held the lives of the community in his hands. The youths fought to risk their lives on his daring expeditions, while the women remained on the shore, drinking coffee and gossiping together, divided between fear that the Sea King would sacrifice lives to his greed, and a trust in his sublime power. The dramatic climax is reached on the occasion when Ole Skarpe, aging, appealed to the law for justice instead of relying on the strength of his own hands. Too proud to bring witnesses, ignorantly confident that the mighty law would recognize an honest man, he stood, baffled and broken, before the judge who explained to him that in court a man's word was nothing. The effect of this mighty fall was equally tragic upon the uncomprehending minds of the villagers. Not only had a tyrant's will been broken, but the childlike trust of a whole village was destroyed.

We are indebted again to the Scandinavian traditions for the freshness and charm of *The Norns are Spinning*, by Andreas Haukland (Macy-Masius, $2.50). The tale is of the feud between the house of Ulv and the house of Grim, a feud that waxed fiercely and bitterly for two generations. It commenced with the jilting of the well-born Grima by Thorstein of Ulvstad, at the very betrothal feast. The insult was promptly resented in good old feudal fashion, and war was tacitly declared between the two factions present at the feast. Grima, instructed by her old witch-nurse, prayed to the Norns, or Fates, and it was their celestial weaving which directed the malevolent and tortuous revenge upon Thorstein and all of his family. The characters are as moving as children, with their elemental motivations of love, revenge and superstition. Their emotions are as strong as they are simple. Far from a memorable tale, "The Norns are Spinning" nevertheless conveys a vital impression of the Vikings as a race of splendid, barbaric, simple-minded giants, perhaps better suited to literature than to life.

Queer Street, by John Wiley (Scribner's, $2.00), is a story of growth and decadence: the growth of an American city, the decadence of a once prominent family. The city is New York, the family the Skeffingtons. Using for high-lights the coming-out parties of the three daughters, ranging over the period from 1907 to 1919, the author paints in as his background the changing scene in New York and its effect on families such as theirs. This phase of the book is well done. As the story progresses the aristocratic brownstone street somewhere in the west Fifties becomes "queer"; the family mansions are either demolished or converted into rooming houses, sinister clubs, and the like; strange new names spring into social prominence. With the decadence of the family, the story becomes the too-well-known saga of modern youth in the Jazz Age.

Despite a number of serious defects, Warner Fabian's *Unforbidden Fruit* (Boni & Liveright, $2.00) does to some extent achieve its purpose of revealing the effects of a woman's college upon its unnaturally restricted inmates. The faults are those of rubber-stamp characterization, high-pressure romance, and wildly impossible melodrama. But his thesis, obscured though it is, touches upon an important truth: that to cloister high-spirited girls on a campus, where for eight months a year they are surrounded only by women and rules, is to cause their thwarted desires to turn inward until their minds become obsessed with the forbidden subject of sex. A surprisingly large number of the girls whose experiences fill this novel put an end to their restless curiosity by determined action, generally regretted afterward. The best portions of the book occur when the author is not over-burdening himself with the preposterous story

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which is meant to illustrate his thesis, but allows us to overhear casual conversations and female "bull-sessions", which reveal the nature of the girls' problem without too much pointing. If Warner Fabian has failed to be deeply illuminating in the more significant phases of this problem, it is to his credit that he has awakened us to a situation too much neglected.

Except for a rather stumbling beginning, *Men Atwhiles Are Sober,* by Stephen Raushenbush (Albert & Charles Boni, $2.50), is a powerful and moving book, at once a challenge to those who cautiously content themselves with being spectators of life and a warning to the man who tries to take from it more than it is accustomed to give. Lathrop Baker wanted all that life could offer and more; he wanted to "be drunk forever with liquor, love or fights"; his tragedy was that there were sober moments. The story is of him and the two women he hurt the most. In contrast with these three characters there are others of a different caliber: Tarquin Anderson, the tired mocker who called being in love a "quaint phrase"; the Dancing Kid who saw everything with clear eyes; Rodney Thayer, drifting early into middle age and ineffectualness. The internal lives of these people are presented in a subjective style which at times is so tense that the story becomes a melodrama of the mind. The author displays everywhere a keen perception and a sensitiveness to psychological nuances. His book is a notable achievement as a first novel.

If by a novel is meant a story with a preconceived plot, however vague, which untangles itself, or an interplay of characters toward some definite end or climax, then *These Men, Thy Friends,* by Edward Thompson (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), is not a novel. It has the directness, the simplicity and the charm of truth. A group of men, in nowise distinctive, neither braver nor cleverer nor more unselfish than others, go through a campaign in Mesopotamia, fight, suffer, form friendships, talk, in some cases die. The campaign ends and with it the story. In their discussions these characters state uncensored opinions regarding the stupidity and mismanagement on the part of their superiors; also, regarding the horrible tragedy of war. But their strictures are without bitterness, often clothed in quiet irony. If they lack what is commonly called heroism they also are devoid of hysteria. Those who are looking for a war story will be disappointed in the book, in its matter-of-fact tone; but those who want a story of war will find their desideratum. When it has been read there is no doubt left as to what Edward Thompson thinks of war.

Maurice Dekobra may be suspected of laughing at the so-called sophisticated novel. Certainly *The 13th Lover* (Payson & Clarke, $2.50) reads like a parody of all the "witty and ironic" novels ever written. Lady Diana Wynham, the "Madonna of the Sleeping Cars" continues her amorous adventures and diffident exploits with the same quiet arrogance. The thirteenth of her lovers had a very sad end, and Lady Diana takes the veil in the last chapter, which is rather too bad. There are moments which the reader very nearly takes seriously, but the author snaps him back to farce just quickly enough. As farce the book is to be highly recommended.

Pilgrims of the Impossible, by Coningsby Dawson (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), is the story of a revolt. Unfortunately, for men like Robin, revolt from one mode of living to another can mean little more than a change of residence. Robin was a preacher at heart, and leaving the pulpit for the double career of writing plays and loving an actress wrought no fundamental change in his behavior. This inability to react to altered circumstances is smiled upon with indulgent pride by the author, but it reveals itself to the reader as nothing short of stupidity. And Mr. Dawson follows the pattern to the last heart-rending detail.

That there is still something to learn of D'Artagnan is demonstrated in two entertaining volumes offered by France: *The Years Between,* by Paul Feval and M. Lessez, translated by Cleveland B. Chase (Longmans, Green, $5.00). The first volume,

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entitled "The Mysterious Cavalier" sketches, perhaps unconsciously (for the finer effects are often made unconsciously), one of the most striking portraits of D'Artagnan's great foe, Cyrano de Bergerac, which has yet been written. One's heart warms toward the sturdy Gascon and his stout Gascon oaths that have so rich and unique a flavor. Despite all the pains taken to render lovable the young cavalier hero, Anne of Austria's unacknowledged son, the reader remains comparatively cool toward him, and his sudden disappearance in the Bastille at the end of the second volume, "Martyr to the Queen", seems quite reasonably unavoidable.

H. Bedford-Jones was so fortunate as to obtain possession of an old passport signed by Louis XIII, and upon that inspiration he was led to construct a sparkling romance around D'Artagnan which he named *The King's Passport* (Putnam, $2.00). The story runs off the reel excitedly and adroitly. But it is historically less convincing, its atmosphere is less vivid, than the one the more cultured and exquisite French authors of "The Years Between" have managed to produce. Mazarin lisps rather too much; stabbing and swashbuckling are a little too plentiful. If all historical romances were as thrilling but as vapid as this one, then realism would have a less sturdy rival in romance than she is obliged to face right now.

Not everyone will recognize at first glance in Temugin, hero of *Prelude to Battle* (John Day, $2.50), the world-conquering Jenghiz Khan, for Manfred Gottfried presents him in this romance in an unusual light. The early years of his life, before he embarked on conquest, are dealt with here, and if we believe the narrator, young Temugin was more successful with women than with military tactics. But at that, his hundred wives sometimes gave him trouble. The author has apparently been more faithful in depicting the manners and customs of his hero's period than in adhering strictly to the historical facts in his life. Accordingly the story may often lack authenticity, but it makes entertaining reading. It is at once a comedy of robust, salty humor and a serious romance.

Tristram Tupper, author of *The River* (Lippincott, $2.50) has written a tale of adolescent love. The characters are stock fiction personalities moving obediently and heavily to an old and sentimental tune. Rosalee, the central figure, is a synthetic heroine, combining the naughty and charming qualities of all the charming and naughty nymphomaniac heroines of all mediocre fiction. In round numbers, there were, beside the adolescent hero, two hundred construction engineers in love with her annually. For Rosalee was a woman with a Tradition, but, true to the magazine pattern, without a Past. Her wild passions took the amiable, if inconvenient, form of midnight swims in the dangerous parts of the river. Crews of the hopelessly loving engineers formed the habit of rescuing her regularly, just as her soul was preparing for eternal fusion with the turbulent stream. These heroic adventures, with a goodly sprinkling of medieval love-brawls, form the major part of the book.

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

THE full-blown bloom of Baroque art shed a fragrance too heady for the generation of critics immediately preceding ours. They embraced the Renaissance, then skipped to the more restrained forms of the late eighteenth century. Of late there has been a tendency to re-value Bernini and Caravaggio and Wren, but the Baroque of Central Europe has almost entirely escaped the attention of English writers. Sacheverell Sitwell has characteristically set himself the task of filling the void. Finding practically no word in English upon the subject, he has followed his study of "Southern Baroque Art" with *German Baroque Art* (Doubleday, Doran, $6.00) which is a review of the corresponding period in Germany and Austria. The result, he admits frankly, "is a list of things more than an interpretation". An "Architectural Tour" is followed by a consideration of painters and craftsmen. Out of the rather spare and erudite text and the more revealing plates one may piece together glowing intimations of an art too little known here—an art exuberant and large-gestured and perhaps more closely allied to the spirit of our times than ignorance has led us to suspect.

Harold Kellock has written an engaging biography in *Houdini* (Harcourt, Brace, $3.75). Ehric Weiss, later Houdini, was born in Appleton, Wisconsin, was unusual from his childhood until his death at fifty-four. Though his father was a Jewish rabbi, poverty deprived him of education. He began to take care of himself when only nine years old, and succeeded after a record of adventure and hardship that makes those of Horatio Alger's heroes read small. To genius he added a capacity for hard work and the ability to get along on five hours' sleep. He was always in practice and to the stock tricks of the magician added a number that died with him. As a matter of safety he never revealed the secret of his amazing ability to pick locks and open safes or cells. He truly believed if the knowledge became common it would work world-evil. In his later days he made a stir, exposing spiritualistic frauds—something often done, but never to be ended against the soul's desire. He married Beatrice Rahner on their second meeting; John Y. McKane the satrap of Coney Island, performed the first ceremony, but Jewish and Catholic services had to follow to satisfy all scruples, though his mother-in-law took twelve years to forgive him. Beatrice was his chief assistant for thirty-three years. It was a model mating. He earned his first great success abroad, where he drew enormously, and at last conquered America, becoming the highest priced star on the variety stage. More than this, he was a great collector of theatrical and occult items, leaving to the Library of Congress an invaluable collection of rarities. Mr. Kellock's story is straight-away, and never lags in interest. He has made his singular subject live again.

A good deal of sound psychology, and a good deal more of the deep, homespun wisdom from which all sound psychology emanates, has gone into the slender fabric of this book. *Cambric Tea,* by Rebecca Lowrie (Harper, $2.00), is a retrospective adventure into the region of childhood—an attempt to recreate the first fumbling years of childish adjustment to life, and to recapture some of the dim, half-forgotten fragrance of those years. Rebecca Lowrie has a clean and delicate touch, and she penetrates without disarranging the gossamer fragments of her recollections. She reconstructs the desperate, bright fancies which the child places between itself and the recognition of reality —the alien and resplendent origin of herself, and the enchanted princesses which were her dolls. The child develops a passion for collecting useless but extremely significant objects, she yields to an attack of wanderlust, she makes pagan excursions into an infantile, home-made demonology—she learns about death when her small brother suc-

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cumbs to appendicitis, and about bereavement when her pet horned toad, Alcibiades, dies of eating a snail. Through it all there is a kind of bewildered lack of relationship in the events of the child's life until the day when a question began to grow in her mind, ". . . Spring and summer and fall—then winter; and spring again, what then?" And the child was no longer quite a child.

Dragons and Dragon Lore, by Ernest Ingersoll (Payson & Clarke, $3.50), supports his thesis that the dragon is a purely imaginary form, neither derived from, nor suggested by, any known actuality. The dragon was born of the prehistoric East, and was believed to be a monster able to prevent the fall of an adequate supply of rain. As the dragon legends became more universal, spreading as far to the West as England and Ireland, the mythical beast's powers for evil became more manifold and more earthly until he was reduced, in the generation of St. George and such doughty dragon-slayers, to the entirely mundane occupation of eating alive those who crossed his path. In the Orient, however, the dragons were converted into symbols of protection as well as destruction, and their similarity to the prehistoric creature lies in the exercise of their functions on behalf of the preservation and supply of water. Mr. Ingersoll does not confine himself to the history of the physical dragon (if an imaginary creature can be so termed), but describes in some detail its influence on the art of both East and West.

The volume does not discuss the theory that dragons are not entirely the figment of prehistoric imaginations but the temporarily distorted conception of such animals as the dinosaur. The author has had to be brief in his discussion of the fables and superstitions which have grown up around the subject of his book and has relied for descriptions principally on extracts from secondary sources.

Colour in Art and Daily Life, by M. Bernstein (McBride, $2.50), translated from the German, is a typically Teutonic mixture of scholarship and sentiment. After a preliminary survey of the general properties of color and the scientific theories regarding the nature of light and color, Professor Bernstein takes up each of the primary colors in turn, and concludes with considerations of color in relation to line, surface and space. How colors have been used by different peoples and different artists, to what uses and materials they are best suited, how they may be combined—these are some of the aspects which the author treats. The artist and student may find helpful and shrewd hints as to the application of color; the amateur will acquire a refreshing sense of the importance of color in everything which the eye sees—in the stuff of our clothing and house decorations no less than in the art of the museums.

Most of us have or have had teeth without suspecting them of possessing anything but aches. Now comes Dr. Leo Kanner with *Folklore of the Teeth* (Macmillan, $4.00) in three hundred entertaining pages to prove that our molars, bi-cuspids, *et al.,* have a literature of their own, blending facts and superstition in about equal shares. A German scientist even developed a cult of character-reading by the teeth. It appears that people with pointed teeth are not to be trusted and that broad, sharp ivories indicate villainy. The golden tooth of the dentist had a forbear in the mouth of a Silesian lad, whose strange possession beset the savants of his day (1593) and led to much discussion—and, alas, to the discovery that the supposed miracle was a fraud! A queer lot of remedies for tooth troubles developed through the ages before modern dentistry arrived, yet some of those were effective, such as rubbing the gums with alum and honey. Some savages still wear necklaces of other people's teeth to keep aches away from their own. Roman babies were expected to eat live mice to ease tooth-cutting. The toothache cures cited are queer enough. One from Westphalia will suffice. It consists in reciting three times:

My teeth are aching
A black one, a white one, a red one.
I wish they would bleed to death.
In the name of God the father.

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The BOOK MART

THE death of Herschel V. Jones, editor and proprietor of the Minneapolis *Journal,* was of outstanding import in the world of book-collecting, coming as it did so soon after the appearance of a magnificent catalogue of three hundred selections from his library of Americana. Among dealers and book-collectors Mr. Jones was equally at home in Minneapolis, New York, London and Paris. He will be remembered by the present generation of book collectors as "The Miracle Man"—a title which would have delighted him—and the dispersal of one of his collections will be remembered beyond the present generation as "The Jones sale", an outstanding event in the history of book-collecting. Mr. Jones made four collections of books in his lifetime, three of which have gone under the hammer of the auctioneer. The story of his collecting shows how fairly he won his title. Many years ago he picked up a copy of Browning's "Inn Album" and was still a few months distant, the "Jones edition. Oblivious at that time to the joys of collecting or the charms of a first edition, Mr. Jones began to look into this field. In a short time he had accumulated six hundred volumes. These he soon sold to make way for the volumes covering the Dickens-Thackeray period. But he found that in collecting the works of these two great Victorians his library was becoming too specialized to suit his tastes, and this collection, too, went under the hammer. Then he caught the spirit of the Elizabethan collector and formed a curious resolution. He planned a representative library which would give him the pleasures of the collector and have such a historical background that the books would serve as examples not only of literature, but of the development of printing, of binding and of illustration. This collection, he decided, should be dispersed when he had accumulated two thousand volumes and had reached the age of sixty years. Before he had acquired the full number of volumes and when the selected age was still a few months distant, the "Jones library" was dispersed at the Anderson Galleries, New York, at three sales—in December, January and March of the season of 1918-19. Books purchased in peace times were sold in a "war market". Then conditions changed, and books bought in war time were sold under the unsettled conditions of a sudden cessation of hostilities. Nevertheless, the sales were the most successful ever held up to that time. The gross total of the three sales was $391,854.60, an average per lot of $226.11, which had not been equalled in any sale. Mr. Jones realized a handsome profit on his investment, although the same books at the present time would undoubtedly bring a great deal more.

Having performed this miracle of book-collecting, Mr. Jones started to gather a few "primitives" of English literature. He gave it up in a short time, for his vision showed him that the popular taste was turning more and more toward the collecting of Americana. Now in Americana the field of collecting is limitless. So Mr. Jones concluded that he would limit himself to the rarest works recording "The Romance of Voyage and Discovery from Spain to the Indies, the Spanish Main, and North America; inland to the Ohio Country; on toward the Mississippi; through to California; over Chilkoot Pass to the Gold Fields of Alaska". Within six years he had gathered a collection of more than seventeen hundred volumes, covering, in chronological order, the whole period of American exploration, by original or contemporary publications, for about three hundred and seventy-five years. The collection is pre-eminent for books of extraordinary rarity and cost, or those which are believed to be unique. "The result," says Wilberforce Eames, dean of American bibliographers, "shows what can be accomplished by a combination of good judgment, courage and means." The catalogue describing three hundred of these books, re-

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cently issued by William Edwin Rudge in two volumes and in a limited edition of two hundred copies, with collotype facsimiles, is a monument to a great collector.

In the conversations between New York dealers, regarding this latest collection formed by Mr. Jones, the uppermost question was, "How did he do it?" Nearly all the leading dealers had sold one or more rare books to Mr. Jones, but many are still wondering where all these rarities came from and how Mr. Jones managed to get them before other collectors had a chance. For, while there are weak spots—books of no great importance which reflected Mr. Jones's personal likings—the number of great rarities is such that when it is sold, as it probably will be, there will be another dispersal which will long be known as "the Jones Americana sale."

There are some collectors—and some dealers too—who have been inclined to point to Mr. Jones as the commercial type of collector. This is unjust to his memory, for while Mr. Jones was a shrewd and courageous buyer, the uppermost idea in his mind in forming all his collections was the character of the collection itself and not the probable profit which would ensue from its sale. In the "Jones sale", for instance, although he made a large gross profit, he included a considerable number of books which in that day no one would have thought of buying as a speculation. He bought and sold his Conrads before the Conrad cult was fairly started. He had a lot of cheap Eugene Field items, because he knew and liked Field. He was one of the earliest to gather the writings of Masefield and Galsworthy, because he considered them great writers, and Gissing, not because he thought Gissing was going to be in demand, but because he liked his books. He liked Hewlett, and did not hesitate to include in his sale nineteen Hewlett items, which brought less than they cost him. Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller inter-

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The Book Mart

ested him because they reflected the West that Jones knew, and he purchased the works of George Bernard Shaw as they came out because he found Shaw stimulating and amusing. These were not the kind of books that the purely commercial collector would buy to sell again, ten years ago. But in the exercise of his collecting faculty this "miracle man" had the same vision which made him successful in his newspaper business, and which built the Northwest. He had vision.

While there is a current impression that dealers in rare books have a vacation during the summer, this is far from the fact, and the dealer who can manage to steal away from business for a week considers himself fortunate. If he goes to Europe it is not for a mere pleasure trip, but to buy more books to sell so that he may buy more books to sell, et cetera, ad infinitum. Out-of-town people have a way of dropping into the book-dealer's in New York to do a little summer shopping, and the book-seller is hardly through with one season's auction sales before he begins to prepare for another season. One of the problems puzzling the book-dealers and the auctioneers is where to get the books to sell, and the problem becomes one of increasing difficulty as the great private libraries go more and more into public institutions.

Beside the interest in Americana and the continued interest in modern first editions, there is a growing demand for finely-printed books. Such exhibitions as are given annually by the American Institute of Graphic Arts do much to stimulate this attitude on the part of the public. More typographical books have been issued in the last three or four years than in the decade preceding, and in the last decade more than in a quarter-century before. There are more printers in America today trying to do first-class work than at any previous period of our national existence. And there is less of the meretricious "de luxe" book publishing than

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(*Continued from page* XX)

and the axe. The language is French, the temper African at its worst. To remedy this with education, good roads and order, we have intervened. That self-sustaining advance has been secured Mr. Davis doubts. The mulatto San Domingo, half of the great island, has better blood and uses the Spanish tongue. It has never presented the puzzle found in all-black Haiti. Here the outlaw Cacos made life and property unsafe until we came in with the Marines and a native constabulary. The latter is proving efficient—under white officers. It is refreshing to read of American accomplishments in the way of school-founding, road-building and sanitation, but rather discouraging to learn that this all will be in vain if the prop is removed. Legally and morally the United States has no right to rule Haiti. The standpoint of the humanitarian is the only one that can justify it, and it has taken a deal of killing to clean up as far as we have gone. Fifteen percent of the country's revenue is required to support the police. As the United States takes eighty-seven percent of its own vast revenues to take care of wars past and future, this is not so bad—and the police do preserve order!

It is quite clear that President Borno's government would soon fall if the bayonets that support it were removed. He is capable, and complaisant to American orders. That in itself is an offense to his people. These 2,500,000 in all, for the most part poor and ignorant, are intrenched in the mountains and do not wish to work. Idleness and civilization do not thrive together. Without the taskmaster they are worthless. With him they are oppressed. That is the whole story of a structure that admits of no workable compromise.

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BEWARE MY DOG!

Warning from the Wife of a Friend of Mankind

In the "American Mercury" for May I read the life-story of Jim Tully, and what a hard time he had, when, as a young and struggling author, he brought a manuscript of his first novel to Upton Sinclair, asking help from "the renowned Socialist." "Mr. Sinclair said politely that he would look at it. Then Tully waited, in a fever of anxiety, for days, weeks, months. At last, in desperation, he sent for the manuscript, and it was returned to him—unread. Mr. Sinclair's yard was filled with fierce watch-dogs," and Mr. Tully's messenger "counted himself lucky to escape."

Upon reading that, I went digging into boxes of old letters, with the result that I produced ten letters from Jim Tully to Upton Sinclair, nine of them written several months before the publication of Mr. Tully's first novel. Several are published in the "Haldeman-Julius Monthly" for August. Here are a few sentences: (1) "Thanking you for your kindness in the past, and assuring you that I'll not soon forget the man who saw the first page of my attempt, and who told me to avoid all exclamations and make short sentences." (2) "You are the one man to keep me true in it." (3) *"Thanks."* (4) "Many thanks for that fine letter to Julius. You see beyond Jim Tully to the ideal you have followed all your life. Thanks again." (5) "I want to thank you sincerely for that big letter you wrote to Mr. Harcourt." (Alfred Harcourt, the publisher). "I wish you the best of the season, and I thank you again." (6) "If you are willing to write a review, I will see that Harcourt gets in touch with you. This will mean a great deal to me, as I am very anxious to get the book into the hands of all the intellectuals and radicals possible." (7) A 553-word review of Jim Tully's first novel, written by Upton Sinclair and published in the "Appeal to Reason," April 15, 1922; the concluding sentence being: "So here is good luck to him—and if you have a couple of dollars to buy a novel, buy this one!" (8) Carbon copy of a letter from Upton Sinclair to Jim Tully, dated November 28, 1921, stating, "I owned a dog about fifteen years ago, but I never owned a dog in Pasadena, and if your little boy was scared by a dog when he came to see me, it wasn't my dog, and this is the first I have heard about it." (9) A photograph of Mr. Tully, inscribed: "To General Upton Sinclair. 'Yours for the revolution.' Private Jim Tully. Dec. 1, '21." (10) A letter from Mr. Tully, the successful novelist, writing from the Algonquin Hotel, April 4, 1926: "Horace Liveright told me yesterday how wild you were about young Hennessy." (A tramp writer.) "It brought back memories of how lousy you treated me. . . . You at least cured me of the Brotherhood of Man stuff."

Through the years of married life, I have had one serious trouble: the fact that my husband persists in solving the problems of everybody in the world but himself; that he persists in reading manuscripts and trying to find publishers for endless persons who do not know how to write, or who, knowing how, have nothing to say. I hereby serve notice: from this time on I am going to keep a dog. *Beware my dog!*

UPTON'S BROTHERHOOD OF MAN STUFF

"Boston" will be finished in July. It is to be published August 22nd, Boston's great anniversary. It is running serially in the "New Leader" (London), "Ogonyok" (Moscow), and in Prague. Was running in Warsaw, but the government suppressed the magazine. What about Boston?

"Singing Jailbirds," which I have called "Upton's only work of art," will be produced by the New Playwrights, New York, in October. First produced in Vienna, then in Prague, then by Piscator in Berlin; Universal News Service reports "a phenomenal success." Also produced by the Phalange Artistique in Paris; "l'Humanite" reports "le succes a ete grand." To be produced in Tokio, unless the caste is in jail.

"Oil!" continues the best-selling novel in Germany: 55,000 in first six weeks. First part issued in Paris; Romain Rolland writes: "I am seized by the irresistible vitality." The novelist, Henri Poulaille, writes in "Le Peuple": "There has not been since the War a single novel which can be put beside 'Oil!': not a single one, not Russian, not German, not French, not English, not Scandinavian. . . . One of the masterpieces of human literature." Amsterdam is reading "Oil!" in the "Notenkraker," Copenhagen in "Politiken." Polish, Hungarian and Japanese editions under way.

Public libraries of Sweden report the books of Upton Sinclair most in demand of any author, native or foreign. Spanish edition of "Samuel the Seeker" out. "Money Writes!" out in Moscow; German translation completed. "Jimmie Higgins" a movie in Hollywood—beg pardon, in Kharkov. After nine years an English publisher dares to risk "The Brass Check." Also "Money Writes!"—but cutting out the paragraphs on Kipling. American editions of all these books exist, and may be ordered from me or my husband.

P. S. I think Mr. Mencken ought to pay for this advertisement, as I have to pay for the dog!

MARY CRAIG SINCLAIR

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